


STORIES OF
INDIANA

THOMPSON



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STORIES OF INDIANA

BY

MAURICE THOMPSON



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STORIES OF INDIANA.

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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this book will be easily felt by the reader. In passing from sketch to sketch a fair impression will appear of what has entered into the commonwealth's making from its earliest beginnings in the wilderness down to the present time. A history of Indiana has not been attempted; yet it is hoped that no person will turn from the perusal of these pages without a distinct sense of how interesting and instructive our State's history really is.

The author, in choosing materials for his sketches, looked first to their value as testimony tending to establish a correct understanding of both traits and conditions. We may be sure of holding human attention and interest whenever we present human life. There is no romance more picturesque and wonderful than the story of actual life; and life in Indiana has not been less romantic than life elsewhere, as these true stories from her history will tend to prove. From the first footfall of the white man in her forests down to this hour, our State, as wilderness, territory, and commonwealth, has been a theater for tragedy, melodrama, comedy, song, and farce. Upon its stage human life has passed from scene to scene, always developing, spreading, increasing in power and value.

To present a somewhat connected, and yet by no means continuous, series of life sketches, taken at times most favorable to picturesque historical effect, has been the task here assumed. Dry statistical and political details have been avoided. Men and events have been preferred to philosophical and analytical studies of cause and effect.

Each story stands by itself, and may be read without reference to any of the others. In choosing them, one by one, consideration was given to their availability as presenting the characteristics of the people, the time, and the locality, so as to make the book unfold scene after scene running apace with the progress of our State's civilization. Of course the student learned in history will not find much that is new to him as he reads; yet some of the chapters are made wholly out of matter never before in print, while others contain incidents drawn from the author's private stores of research.

In a work like this it has not seemed necessary to burden the pages with notes of reference and acknowledgments of authority. No man's work has been quoted without a proper indication of the obligation; but quotation marks have been deemed sufficient for this. Young people, for whom the stories are chiefly intended, do not take kindly to any breaks in what they are reading. Their feelings have been respected, and every page has been written with a hope that it would give them so great a thirst for history that at the end of this little book they would turn to the masters of historical writing, and find them the noblest teachers of what life has been, is, and ought in the future to be.

The history of Indiana may be much easier to read and understand after one has taken a lively jaunt over its most interesting parts, and has seen its most characteristic phases come and go. As an excursionist in a railway coach catches from the windows fine, strong impressions of the country he passes through, may the reader take into his memory what he sees of Indiana's life and progress while perusing the stories of her history herein told.

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STORIES OF INDIANA.



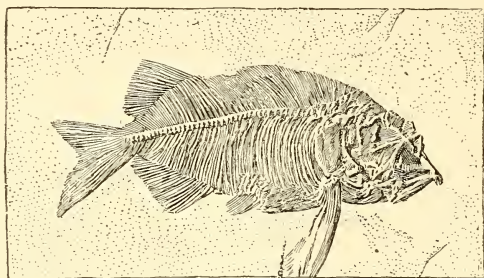
THE VERY FIRST INHABITANTS.

THE first legend of Indiana is recorded in a great book whose leaves are of sandstone and limestone; it is written in a language, if we may so call it, best known to geologists, who have translated it for our benefit. It tells us that thousands of years ago the whole surface of what is now our State was a plain of granitic rock covered by a deep salt sea, in which no fish existed, upon which no sea birds were living or had ever lived. Desolate, dreary, silent, —save the noises of waves tumbled by the winds, — it was a mere waste of water.

From somewhere the Great Power that built the universe made arrive in this sea or ocean some tiny forms of animal life resembling, more or less, the simplest small organisms now found in salt water bodies. These increased enormously; and, as fast as they died, their remains sank and were deposited at the bottom of the sea in the form of cast-off shells, to a great extent ground up and turned into a limy substance, which, in turn, took the form of limestone, covering the whole sea floor. In this rock are preserved many

curious specimens of those little animals, the very first known inhabitants of Indiana.

And the sea went on building layer after layer of rock in this way. Meantime, the first inhabitants disappeared, giving place to shellfish of a different kind, which, in their due time, also were destroyed, and so on; the rocks increasing in thickness, each new layer holding within its substance specimens of new animal forms, until fishes began to appear in our Indiana sea.



To-day quarrymen in breaking some of our beautiful limestones find impressions of these fishes perfectly outlined, even to the finest markings of their fins. Such specimens have been preserved in various museums, like the one in the State Geologist's rooms in our capitol at Indianapolis.

From time to time, during the long ages, our sea flowed away from Indiana, leaving the rock bare. This is supposed to have been the result of slow upward movements of the sea floor. At all events, the water must have entirely disappeared; for the remains of plants, leaves, stems, seeds, roots, and fruits are found plentifully in some of the later-formed rocks, and then

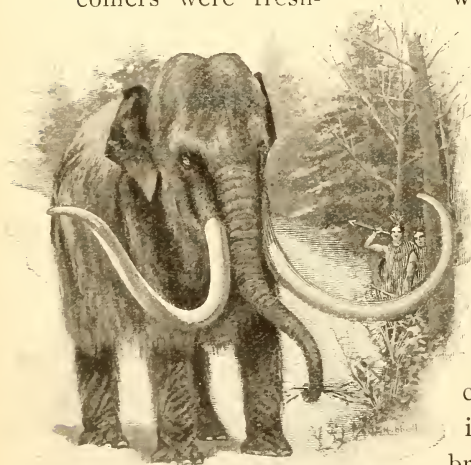
appear the well-preserved forms of various insects which could not have lived on a sea. Later the rocks show bird tracks and the impressions of reptiles' feet; and at last the bones of large land animals and of men. But after the plants and insects had come, after vast wild forests and jungles had grown, back again rolled the sea and remained covering Indiana for a long period, during which more thick rock layers were deposited all over the land. Again and again this happened, the water passing off, land and forests coming, only to be once more overwhelmed for an age and buried under slowly forming limestone or sandstone, until finally the sea withdrew forever, as we hope, leaving a great plain of rock upon which a fertile soil was to form for our benefit.

Still another mighty change came. A vast glacier poured down from the north. It was a deep ocean of ice slowly moving southward with irresistible weight, grinding the hardest stones into dust. It passed over a large part of Indiana, at one or two points reaching beyond the line of the Ohio River. Wherever this glacier went it carried a load of ground-up rock substance, which it deposited in the form of what is now called boulder clay. This clay at present covers the greater part of our State to a depth of from ten to three hundred feet or more, its surface, flat or gently rolling, upholding a soil as rich as any in the world. Under it lies a sheet of rock, mostly limestone, on the upper surface of which may still be plainly seen the long, straight grooves and scratches cut by boulders and pebbles dragged or driven over it by the glacier.

After a great while the ice melted, causing enormous floods of water, which followed such depressions as it found, and opened for itself the channels of rivers and brooks. By means of these natural ditches, as we may call them, the country was slowly drained until it was fit for plant life. Meantime, the climate softened down to a temperate degree, so that the sun and the rain rapidly changed the surface of the land into soil; then the winds and waters transported seeds from other and older dry lands; green grasses, shrubs, trees—the growth of prairie, marsh, and upland—spread everywhere.

About this time, when Indiana was probably a land of lakelets, ponds, and strong, turbulent streams, swamps and clayey ridges and gravelly hills, there came to it a new sort of inhabitants. These newcomers were fresh-

water birds,—such as cranes, swans, geese, ducks, and plovers,—swarming in the shallow waters and along the grassy and reedy shores; and four-footed animals, strange to think of now, wandered on the firmer land. Huge creatures very much like immense elephants browsed on the hills and waded in the plashy prairies.



Many skeletons of these giant creatures have been dug up in various parts of the State. They were of two kinds—the mammoth and the mastodon; the former a hairy elephant, the latter the most ancient of its family; both have been extinct for thousands of years probably. Nearly all of the skeletons and fragments of



skeletons have been found in low, marshy spots, which has led to the supposition that the monsters came to their death by miring in the mud.

Other curious animals inhabiting Indiana in those far-off days were a huge sloth, called *Megalonix*, as large as a cow, two species of horse, the peccary or wild hog, and the strange beaver (with the outrageous name of *Castoroides ohioensis*) whose bones have been found in Carroll, Vanderburg, and Kosciusko counties. This beaver, or beaverlike animal, was as large as a black bear.

So it is to be seen that the earliest land inhabitants of our State, after the ice had receded, were, some of them at least, of wonderful size and strength. How they came to die and leave the land to a less powerful group of animals it is vain to conjecture; but they did all die, and it is very doubtful whether or not any

human being ever saw one of them alive within this State's limits.

At some indefinitely later date, bears, deer, bison, pumas, wild cats, and the many smaller animals of our time, along with the birds familiar to us, and the deadly snakes and slimy reptiles, came to this region and were here when the first men arrived. The woods, the brakes, the grassy prairies, the waters, the clefts and caves were swarming with wild life. Indeed, the whole region which long afterwards was made into a State and named Indiana, was a paradise of a sort to make glad the hearts of wild men who depended upon the hunter's art for a livelihood.

But there were no men here; the only hunters were the beasts and birds of prey. The puma sprang upon the deer, the great eagle struck down from on high to seize the hare, the wolf prowled the thickets by night, the bear shambled from grove to grove. Millions of wings flickered where waterfowl whirled above the lakes, ponds, and streams, intent upon taking the fishes, reptiles, and aquatic insects with which the water teemed. Song birds, too, were everywhere in the woods, making a great, sweet tumult of voices in all the groves and thickets.

Surely now it was high time for people to come and take possession of a land so plentifully supplied with game, with fish, with sweet springs of water, with soil, timber, stone — indeed with everything that simple, primitive man could desire.

But where were people to come from? America had not yet been discovered by Columbus; not even

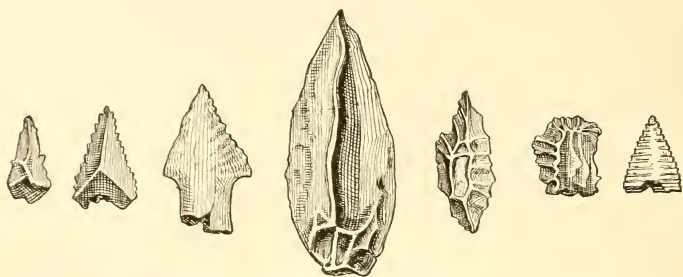
a savage Indian knew that such a land as our State then existed for him. On the north lay the Great Lakes, beyond which stretched the cold, bleak region of snow; southward to the Gulf of Mexico the wilderness was unbroken and unpeopled; westward it was the same all the way over plain and mountain to the vast Pacific; and eastward to the Atlantic coast not a human being had ever invaded the solitude.

In time people came; but we do not know much more about how they came, or where from, than we know how and where from came the mastodon, the giant beaver, and the great sloth. We know only that they came and took possession some time after the glaciers had melted and the forests had grown; how long ago, who can ever tell?

Nor is it certain just what race or kind of people came here first. Learned men who have devoted much time and deep study to the question have reached widely differing conclusions. We will not stop here to trouble ourselves with what cannot be settled; let us rather go straight to what is known, find the people, look at what they did, make their acquaintance as best we can, and go on to the next comers; for Indiana has attracted more than one or two classes of human inhabitants, and the history of her growth from a solitude to a great enlightened and prosperous commonwealth is rich in picturesque and romantic interest.

Some writers have thought that the first men probably invaded this region before the mammoth and the mastodon had become extinct; and, curiously enough,

the fact appears that rude spearheads and arrowpoints have been found in the earth covering the skeletons of these monsters ; but to one acquainted with the range and effect of such weapons 'it seems scarcely possible and not at all probable that elephants could have been killed with them. So we may feel safe in assuming that after the departure of these giant inhabitants came men ; and to the men let us go.



THE FIRST HUMAN INHABITANTS.

EVERY one who has given time and intelligence to the study of our western country has been impressed with the rapid and exceeding great changes caused by the work of civilized men. It is hard to realize now what the face of the land looked like fifty or sixty years ago, even when old people most graphically describe it from memory; nor do most of the books give us a better impression. Still more difficult do we find it when we try to look back to the far-off time when the first human footprints were made in Indiana.

We naturally suppose that these first visitors were Indians, but we do not know that this conjecture is anywhere near the truth. What we do know is that strange and interesting traces of human activities, dating back probably many centuries, are clearly marked in almost every region. These are mostly earthworks of various forms — mounds, embankments, and curious gardenlike arrangements of soil beds with walks between. In some places beds or heaps of shells, broken and charred bones of fish, birds, and quadrupeds, suggest camping spots where cooking and feasting went on for years. And almost always in connection with

these mounds and the like are found human bones, curious copper and stone and pottery implements, and the crude ornaments worn by the people.

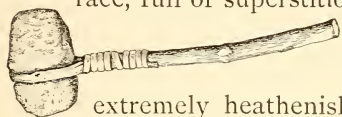
One thing seems certain: these people were savages. The men were wild; they had for arms crude bows and arrows, and clumsy spears; they used mostly stone axes and knives; the women sewed with flint needles — indeed there is not a hint of anything approaching civilized usages or enlightened knowledge in anything they left behind them. They were hunters, fishermen, warriors, delighting in a roving life, ruthless destroyers of beast and bird, and merciless in their fighting with one another. And the existence of charred human bones, among those of beasts and birds in some of their mounds, has raised a strong suspicion that they sometimes were guilty of cannibalism. At all events, whether they were red men or white or black, every mark they left behind them attests their savagery.

And it was as savages that they came into Indiana to take possession of a land charmingly attractive to their wild nature. It is said that the Indians found here when white men first arrived had a vague tradition that their distant ancestors came from far towards the setting sun, probably the southwest. We do not know whether or not these ancestors were the mound builders.

These first men liked to dwell beside running streams, where they could build their earthworks, for whatever purpose, on high, well-drained land overlooking the course of the water and commanding a view of the surrounding country. Some of the most beautiful land-

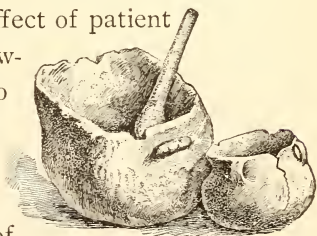
scapes in Indiana lie round about these ancient sites of savage encampments. Doubtless the mound builders were expert canoemen and used the streams as highways of travel and as base lines from which to make explorations and hunting excursions; for almost every water course in Indiana then navigable for canoes has here and there along its banks traces of the mound builder's rude art.

The lives of these wild people were chiefly spent in procuring food and clothing and in wars between tribes. Judged by what we know of our Indian savages generally, they must have been a hardy, brave, and restless



race, full of superstition, with vague and romantic religious feelings which led them into grotesque and extremely heathenish practices. But they had gained considerable skill in making many things that were useful to them in hunting, fishing, and war, as well as in their simple domestic pursuits. The implements of copper, of stone, and of pottery found imbedded in the mounds show the effect of patient

and quite accurate work. Arrow-heads of flint were sometimes so neatly finished that they are marvels of symmetry even when compared with like heads made of steel by the best workmen of



Europe for archers in the time when the bowmen of England were the finest soldiers in the world. Stone mortars and pestles for pounding grain and the kernels of nuts and acorns into meal served them instead of

mills. For knives they had sharp stones and keen-edged blades of bone.

It is evident that the mound builders depended mostly upon spears and bows and arrows for killing game. Cunning as foxes and as sly, they doubtless stole noiselessly through the woods and jungles, their keen eyes alert and their strong bows ever ready for a shot. If we knew the form of their bows it would aid us greatly in finding out more about their character as men; for among savage wildwood hunters, before firearms reached them, the bow was the best sign of their condition. Short, weak bows stood for an inferior people; long and strong bows indicated a stalwart race of men. But many of the arrowheads found in the mounds are large and heavy, fitted for use only with powerful bows; and the axes and spear-points were ponderous weapons suggestive of great muscular force in those who used them.

From the northernmost part of the State down to the Ohio River the mound builders had their so-called fortifications, and the same may be said of the whole country on down to the Gulf of Mexico. In many places rude stone walls were built instead of earth-works, the masonry being regular and strong, but laid without mortar. Not far from the Ohio River in our southern tier of counties, a number of these walls built in various shapes can still be traced, albeit greatly fallen to ruin.

We have noted that the mounds were almost invariably built on high points of ground overlooking considerable areas of surrounding country. This choice

may have been a measure of precaution against the approach of enemies, but there was a more urgent and natural reason for it. In those early days Indiana's territory was almost as much water as dry land. During a great part of the year nearly all the low, flat lands were too wet for camping purposes, and in times of long-continued rain even the animals were all forced by the water to take refuge on the high places. How easy it was then for the mound builders to go in their light canoes to the grounds thus surrounded by water and kill all the game they needed! No doubt the floods often drove whole herds of deer, flocks of wild turkeys, and even many bears and pumas, wild cats, and wolves up to the very walls of the encampments. Maybe this is why such vast numbers of arrowheads are to this day found on the high grounds.

A great many signs point to the south and southwest as the direction whence the first inhabitants reached Indiana. Sometimes little things are more significant than large ones, and the fact that some of the arrowheads and stone ornaments found in and around our ancient earthworks are made of certain kinds of stone not appearing anywhere this side of Tennessee, speaks almost as clearly as written legend of the route by which their owners came to this region. Still we know that even written legends are often untruthful, and so we must be slow to accept any conclusion as final on this subject.

Some historians have thought that the mound builders were a race greatly superior to the Indians found here by the whites, and have tried to show, by remains

left here by that vanished people, that they were somewhat advanced in intelligence beyond common savagery, and that they were killed off by hordes of far more savage Indians who invaded the country not so very long before its discovery and occupation by European explorers. The subject is open for bright young minds to investigate; for on the other hand equally strong arguments have been made by eminent men, maintaining that the mound builders were but ordinary Indians, the ancestors of tribes still in existence when the French missionaries and traders came to this region.

The chief interest that the subject can have for ordinary people is the starting point it gives us when we wish to trace the progress made by mankind, and the great changes wrought by civilization since our land was first known to men. No boy or girl twelve years old can afford to be entirely ignorant of these far-off picturesque beginnings of human struggle for mastery in the pathless, beast-haunted wilderness. It is only by comparing ourselves and our happy, prosperous, enlightened condition with the savages and their degraded lives, — our country as it now is, with the plashy, tangled, jungle-covered, and malaria-poisoned solitudes of the old times, — that we can truly understand the magnificent extent of our achievements. The rude earthworks and clumsy implements left behind by the mound builders tell the story of their intellectual and moral condition, their mode of life and their limited human aspirations, as clearly as our churches, colleges, schools, and homes indicate the state of our civilization, our hopes, and our ambitions.

TRAITS AND HABITS OF WILD INDIANS.

LONG before any white man that we know of ever entered within the lines now bounding the State of Indiana, several tribes of red men, commonly called Indians, had come here to live either permanently or temporarily. The first knowledge of these wild people



found in our histories was gathered for us by Frenchmen who were explorers, priests of the order of Jesuits, and daring traders seeking wealth in traffic with the savages. These energetic and brave men entered the area of our State from various directions, and it is quite impossible to find out who was the first to arrive;

but we know that very early in the eighteenth century some of them had made considerable explorations, and that as long ago as 1710 a French station or post was in existence at Vincennes on the Wabash River. It was probably there a few years before that date. At that time the whole of Indiana was peopled with savages who had evidently lived here for a long period; so long indeed that they had no credible legends of when their ancestors came, or where they came from; nor had they any connected history of their later movements.

All accounts written by the priests and other explorers agree that the Indians were a stalwart, brave, and hardy people, possessing just the order and degree of intelligence, and just the animal strength of body to make them almost perfect woodsmen, hunters, warriors — men admirably suited to the exposure, dangers, and physical strain of savage life. Father Rasles, or Rale as it is sometimes spelled, writing on the 12th of October, 1723, says, —

“To give you an idea of an Indian, imagine to yourself a large man, powerful, active, of a swarthy complexion, without beard, with black hair, and his teeth whiter than ivory.” Farther on in the same letter he adds, —

“The occupation of the men is in the chase or in war; that of the women is to remain in the village, and to manufacture there, with bark, baskets, sacks, boxes, dishes, platters,” etc.

Among all the tribes of which we have any account there seems to have been not one sufficiently civilized

to be willing that their women should rise above the condition of drudging slaves, or that the men should perform any part of the manual labor necessary to their domestic economy. "Good squaw work heap; good brave, big Indian, fight everybody," was the characteristic expression of a savage warrior setting forth the measure of Indian life.

The women built huts, made canoes, tended the fields of corn, gathered nuts and fruits, skinned the game, made the clothing. They were the keepers of the camp, supporters of the children, and superintendents of all affairs in the absence of the men. This sort of life made them very strong, active, and ingenious. Some of them were as powerful and as courageous as the male warriors; they would oftentimes fight to the death when their camps were attacked.

The French missionary priests were very successful in gaining the respect and confidential friendship of the Indians, so that we may, as a rule, accept their descriptions of savage life as reasonably accurate. But upon one point, at least, due caution must be applied. For example, Father Sébastien Rasles says, speaking of Indian weapons and their use, — "Arrows are the principal arms which they use in war and in the chase. They are pointed at the end with a stone cut and sharpened in the shape of a serpent's tongue; and if no knife is at hand, they use them also to skin the animals they have killed. *They are so skillful in using the bow that they scarcely ever fail in their aim, and they do it with so much quickness that they can discharge a hundred arrows in the time another person*

would use in loading his gun." The reader will note what we have italicized, and accept the statements with liberal use of salt; they are due to a vivid French imagination.

That the Indians were fairly good archers at short range is beyond question; but their weapons were too crude for such accuracy of execution with them as is implied in Father Rasles's sweeping statement. There is a law governing the action of projectiles which applies to the bow and arrows; it is the law which makes it absolutely impossible to do accurate shooting with imperfect weapons, no matter what the experience and skill of the archer. Even a perfect arrow cannot fly truly from a bow not made with absolute art. This has been demonstrated by centuries of enlightened experimenting in England conducted by the best bowmakers and archers in the world. Romance is entertaining, delightful in its place; but history must tell the very truth, and what is, by the clearest demonstration of science, impossible, cannot be true. Therefore, whenever and wherever we see it soberly stated that an Indian archer could hit a silver dime almost every shot at a distance of thirty or forty yards, we must know that the writer is mistaken—the Indian bowman could not and did not do it. Such a feat is almost impossible to the finest marksmen with guns of practically absolute accuracy. Not one expert rifleman in a thousand can hit a silver dollar offhand at forty yards with an average of three shots out of five.

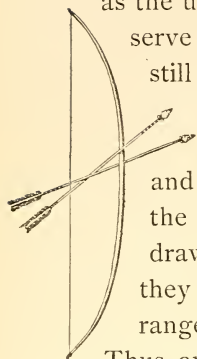
The best English archers of whom we have authentic account have deemed it remarkable bow shooting to hit

inside a nine-inch ring on an average once out of three shots at sixty yards; and this with yew bows of the most perfect make, and arrows beside which the clumsy shafts used by Indian bowmen are not to be considered.

Still, the fact remains that American savages were, all things considered, marvelous archers. They were, moreover, incomparably sly, cunning, light-footed, and resourceful in pursuit of game. It was necessary for them to shoot at short range in order to be reasonably sure of their aim; so they had to steal upon the wild things that they wished to kill. With amazing delicacy of sight they could track a turkey, a grouse, or a hare by observing impressions and signs not visible to ordinary eyes, just as readily as they could follow the heavy trail of a buffalo or the sharp hoofprints of a deer. And so light was the fall of their moccasin-shod feet, so sly their slipping between the tufts of underbrush, so great their knack of keeping always under cover of tree, or grass, or foliage, that even the most watchful bird or beast would be approached unawares.

The best Indian bows were made of mulberry, sassafras, cedar, ash, or hickory; but the last-named wood, though tough and strong, is not springy enough, and is too apt to lose its power of recoil. Arrows were made of any strong, stiff wood. They were pointed with stone, horn, bone, and the like. Even the lower mandible of the kingfisher, the crane, the heron, and other birds having sharp bills, was used for pointing light shafts. Near the end opposite the point, about two inches from the notch for the string, three feather vanes were set upon the arrow and fastened there with

fine threads of rawhide or fibers of animal tendons. The shaft was made as straight and even and smooth as the utensils and skill of the savage workmen would serve them to accomplish, and some of the arrows still preserved from those old days are fairly good ones. The Indian bows, however, were nearly all of inferior workmanship, form, and power. They were short, as compared with the English longbow, flat, and of very limited draw; but in the hands of a burly Indian archer they no doubt shot with great force at short range.



Thus armed, in a land literally teeming with many species of wild game, our savage hunter glided warily and silently through the thick woods, or crept in the tall prairie grass, or lay in wait hidden and alert beside some spot where beast or bird was in the habit of feeding. He knew every sound, every sign by which to foretell the movements of his game, and every precaution necessary to forestall each kind in its turn. He could not afford to lose many arrows. They were too hard to make for mere wasting, so he had no thought of shooting for idle sport, but reserved his shaft until he felt that circumstances all favored the chance of hitting what he shot at.

Many years ago, when Indiana was yet a region very little known to white men, a hunter and trapper by the name of Sylvester Rowe came into the southeastern part of it in pursuit of his vocation. From him was obtained the following outline of how an Indian archer killed a bird. It is given in substance, but not in his words exactly:—

The white man was lying, near noontime of a hot August day, on a little bluff overlooking a small stream and a wide grassy marsh in which there was a shallow pond. He was resting in the shade of a low tree, eating his luncheon of parched corn and venison, when he



chanced to see something moving slowly like a shadow in the marsh grass. A careful gaze showed him that the object was an Indian boy, or youth, sixteen or eighteen years old, who, bow and arrow in hand, was creeping towards a duck that sat quite still on the water at the edge of the pond. There was ugly black mud all over the marsh, and into this the Indian's feet sank deep at each stealthy step. He was stooping very low in order that the grass might hide his movements, and he scarcely seemed to shake the stems and blades

as he glided noiselessly along. Evidently the duck was quite unsuspecting of danger. Nearer and nearer the archer crept, until the coveted game was but ten or fifteen yards distant; then, drawing his arrow to the head, he let drive, hitting the duck through the body at the butts of the wings and killing it almost instantly. Now the whole manner of the young savage changed in a second. He bounded forward, seized his victim, and then ran away with it at full speed, until lost to view in the dark wood beyond the marsh.

The Indian archer always carried his arrows in a quiver made usually of skin, but sometimes of tough bark; this was slung at his back or side, and was large enough to hold from ten to twenty arrows. The feathers used for making the vanes on the shafts were taken from the wings of wild geese, turkeys, eagles, vultures, and herons, for which reason these birds were much sought after.

Boys from infancy were taught the use of weapons; but their arrows were pointed with heavy wood instead of stone or bone. They were able to kill small birds; and in the clear water of shallow streams they waded and shot fish, of which they were very fond, sometimes eating them raw.

In warm weather Indians wore scant clothing, consisting in the main of a short garment of dressed skin reaching from the waist to near the knees. On their feet were moccasins. They thought much of painting their skin, usually red or bright brown, in various fantastic patterns. This was done mostly with soft shale of the color desired, which was found in certain locali-

ties. In cold weather they bundled themselves in hairy and fur robes; but they were very hardy and could stand almost any amount of exposure, fatigue, and privation.

In building their homes the Indians did not show much architectural skill. They lived in huts of the rudest form and workmanship. A common pattern was cone-shaped, made of long, light poles set wide apart at the bottom, and leaning so as to come together at the top, where they were securely bound together with withes of hickory, ropes of bark, or thongs of rawhide. Over these poles the Indians sometimes built a thatching of brush upon which earth was thrown. If they had plenty of skins, these were used instead of the thatching. Bark was also very much to their liking for this purpose. The larger huts had a place for a fire in the middle of the floor, with a hole in the roof above for the escape of the smoke.

Towns and villages were not permanent, for the Indian was naturally a rover and soon grew tired of a place, especially when game had become scarce or over-shy on account of much hunting. Moreover, tribes were jealous of one another, often taking a high-handed course to gain advantages, robbing one another of lands and goods after the most desperate and cruel fighting. The villages, or, properly speaking, camps, were usually situated, as were those of the mound builders, on high lands close to a stream, pond, or lake, where plenty of water could easily be had.

The canoes in use by Indians were chiefly of two kinds: those made of bark or skins, and those dug out

of a log of wood, and hence called by the early pioneers "dugouts." The Indian canoemen knew all the streams and lakes as well as we do, and they had discovered, with the accuracy of the best surveyor, the shortest and best routes overland between the water ways. Over these they carried their canoes and cargoes. The French name *portage*, which means a "carrying," was used by early explorers to denote these convenient passageways across country from one navigable water to another.

Our savages had no money; they dealt very little with one another commercially; but they set great value upon what was called "wampum," which was an ornamental work of beads made of bone, horn, translucent quills, and painted or naturally gay-colored feathers and the like, all ingeniously wrought into belts, sashes, and other decorations for the person. Wampum would generally be accepted in exchange for other articles of value.

Indians were inveterate smokers of tobacco, which consequently was a very precious weed in their esteem. They would go upon long, hard journeys to get a supply of it, and to make it last they mixed with it the dried leaves of various other plants. Their pipes of stone, pottery, and wood were sometimes fashioned to represent animals. One found in Fountain County, Indiana, has the life-size form of a bullfrog. The pipe was the emblem of peace, and to smoke the peace pipe with warrior or council was considered an agreement of friendship solemnly sealed.

EARLY EXPLORERS.

THE rivers of Indiana have had a great influence in shaping the history of the State. All the early explorations were performed largely by navigation in canoes, and the white men, following the examples of mound builder and Indian, set up their first huts and tents on eligible spots near the banks of rivers, the chief of which, the Wabash, the Maumee, the Kankakee, the St. Joseph, the Tippecanoe, and White River, all flow through our history, as it were, with a strange tumult of battles, treaties, treacheries, massacres, gradually softening down to the sweet murmur of peace and the happy activities of the present time.

Early in the eighteenth century the French made a settlement at Detroit, Michigan. At that time Catholic missionaries were busy in their noble endeavors to plant the Christian religion in the hearts of the Indians wherever they could be reached; and French explorers and traders were pushing their enterprises along the shores of our great northern lakes. Even so early as 1679, Robert Cavelier Sieur de La Salle had built a small fort on the St. Joseph River, near its mouth, in Michigan. It was called Fort Miamis. At that time the Wabash River was but vaguely thought of as a stream described by Indians; or possibly some white

prisoner, returning from captivity, had brought an account of it. La Salle, at the beginning of the winter of 1679, led a small body of men down to Lake Peoria, in Illinois, by way of the Kankakee River, which he had reached at what was called from that time on the "Kankakee portage." This portage is a space of but



two miles

between the river St. Joseph and the Kankakee, in St. Joseph County, Indiana, near the present city of South Bend.

The little band consisted of thirty-three men in eight canoes. Father Hennepin, a priest of remarkable character who was one of the party, wrote an interesting account of that daring voyage into the midst of the wilderness. Afterwards La Salle voyaged as far as the mouth of the Mississippi River, and there erected a cross and formally took possession in the name of the French king by claiming all the great

territory watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio, and their tributaries. This was on the 9th of April, in the year 1682.

Another priest, Father Zenobe Membré, also accompanied La Salle upon his first voyage down the Kankakee; and Hennepin having been taken prisoner in Illinois by the Sioux Indians, Membré wrote an account of what happened to the party after that. Some years later, after La Salle's death, Hennepin published a book, in which he claimed that he had explored the Mississippi to its mouth before La Salle. Much doubt has been cast upon this claim by the criticism of careful historians.

We do not certainly know what white man discovered the Wabash River, nor do we know whether he was free or a prisoner, a trader, a missionary, or an explorer. Under different names, and with many variations in the spelling, the river was mentioned in accounts of travel, from Father Marquette's writings on down, always as an important stream. The Indian name of the Wabash was probably not exactly pronounceable by Frenchmen, and they had no combination of letters that would accurately represent it. The efforts to spell it are very amusing as they appear in the old books. At first Father Marquette tried "Ouabouskigou"; but that would not do. Other men tried their pens, and wrote the name "Abache," "Ouabache," "Oubashe," "Oubask," and "Wabascou." Then "Wabache" and "Waubache" led the way to the present spelling, "Wabash." So the historic river of Indiana got its name settled in literature. The

meaning of that name in the Indian tongue was "White River," while Kankakee came from another Indian word or phrase standing for "the River of the Wonderful Land," or, as others make it, "Wolf-land River."

Not far from the city of Fort Wayne a branch of the Wabash called Little River runs within a short distance of the Maumee. Here was the old-time "portage of the Wabash," over which canoes were carried from one stream to the other, first by the Indians, and afterwards by the whites. Up the Maumee came the famous D'Iberville in 1699. He was then leading a colony of Canadians to far-off Louisiana, where the French were struggling to get and maintain a foothold on the Gulf coast. From the Maumee he crossed the portage to the Wabash, which he descended.

The immense value of trade with the Indians now began to attract many adventurous spirits, and at the same time the good Catholic missionaries redoubled their zeal and energy in efforts to convert and somewhat civilize the savages. French enterprise soon set itself to establishing a line of posts or stations, extending from the Great Lakes to the Gulf coast near the mouth of the Mississippi. One of these posts was fixed at a point on the Wabash near the present city of Lafayette, and was called Ouataton; another was placed on the same river, where the city of Vincennes now stands.

There was not much trouble with the savages until the traders began to sell intoxicating liquors to them. Something in the Indian nature seemed to crave strong

drink with a consuming and irresistible appetite from the first moment that it was tasted, and ever afterwards the desire grew. Unscrupulous men saw at once their advantage. So long as they could offer whiskey, rum, gin, or brandy to their victims, they could have absolute control of traffic. Drunkenness spread like a deadly epidemic, followed, of course, by crime, outrage, and wretchedness. The noble and unselfish labors of the missionary fathers were thus in a large degree neutralized by this insidious influence. The Indians were swindled without mercy, deceived, and plundered, and so lost confidence in the white man's pretensions to great virtue and Christian philanthropy—their simple minds could not discriminate.

But in order to have a striking impression of what the white explorers themselves had to undergo, let us turn back for a while and spend a few days with La Salle and his men. They are in their canoes, toiling up the St. Joseph River and trying to find the Kankakee portage, of which they have had information from some source. La Salle himself has gone on shore to examine the country afoot and alone. Night comes on, with a snowstorm; the canoes are anchored while the men wait for their commander, but he does not appear. Searching parties go forth up and down the river banks and all about through the woods, looking for him, shouting, firing guns to let him know where they are. Not a sign of him is discovered.

"We all returned toward evening," says Father Hennepin in his account, "after unsuccessful endeavors to find him."

The little band now fell into a despondent mood ; for if La Salle were indeed lost to them, what could they do ? The night passed ; he did not return. Hennepin again went in search of him, but all in vain ; he came back still more discour-

aged, and found the men much troubled. Late in the afternoon, however, when they were all despairing, La Salle stalked into camp as black as a negro, tired almost to exhaustion, and carrying "two animals the size of muskrats, having fine skins, like ermine, which he had killed with a club while they hung by their tails from the boughs of the trees." Of course they were opossums.



It turned out that La Salle in passing around a bad marsh had gone beyond hearing distance of the river. When night came on with almost blinding snow he had trouble finding his way, and it was very late when he again reached the bank of the river. There he fired his gun. Getting no answer, he trudged on for three hours longer, when, seeing the light of a fire on a hill, he went near it and called. No answer came, so he marched boldly up and found beside the blaze a dry bed of grass still warm from the body of a man, who had evidently just left it.

Doubtless it was an Indian who had been scared from his lonely couch by La Salle's call; but the sturdy Frenchman did not hesitate to take possession. He shouted to the savage in several different dialects, bidding him come back to the fire. "I'll not hurt you; I'm friendly, I'm going to sleep in your bed; come back to your place," he cried; but the Indian did not accept the invitation. La Salle cut brush and built a blind around the fire, after which he lay down in the bed and slept. The fire was probably made of resinous pine wood, for it smoked La Salle's hands and face to the blackness of tar.

When the canoes had been carried from the St. Joseph to the Kankakee, our voyagers paddled away down the cold current between marshes and vast, weedy, wet prairies all covered with snow. Their provisions were scant, and the only game they were able to shoot was now and then a turkey. At last they came upon a buffalo stuck fast in the mud by the river's side. They killed the poor beast, pried him out of the mud, and found his flesh very palatable.

Another priest, Father Gabriel Ribourde, was in La Salle's party during the expedition through Indiana and into Illinois. One day this good man, who was old and gray, went ashore to take some exercise walking. It was lovely weather, and the groves and glades were very attractive. He wandered along, enjoying the fresh air and the charming scenery. Suddenly a party of young Kickapoo warriors, hideously painted, rushed upon him and struck him dead. Not satisfied with killing him, they scalped him and afterwards proudly

showed the white-haired trophy as evidence of their valor.

The Miami Indians were in possession of the Wabash portage at the time of its discovery by the French, and when exploring parties and bands of immigrants began frequently to pass that way, the shrewd red men gained a considerable income by keeping a trained force there ready to transport boats and cargoes from one river to the other. Indeed, as General William Henry Harrison said, the Miamis were "the undoubted proprietors of all that beautiful country watered by the Wabash and its tributaries." They had villages and farms near the present city of Fort Wayne, also on the Wea near Lafayette, on the Vermilion, and at Vincennes, not to enumerate many smaller places on the Wabash and its tributaries all the way from the Maumee to the Ohio.

The Iroquois Indians were the inveterate enemies of the Miamis, and often entered their territory to make war upon them. In the year 1680 a notable fight took place between two large companies of these tribes. The Miamis were hunting in the region of St. Joseph River when they were surprised by an army of Iroquois, who defeated them with great slaughter and carried off about three hundred of their women and children. At that time the Iroquois were well armed with guns, while the Miamis had but their bows and arrows and their war clubs. What followed this terrible defeat is a striking example of Indian war strategy.

The Miamis, although far inferior in number and equipment, were unwilling to let their wives and chil-

dren go without a desperate effort to rescue them. So they stealthily followed the Iroquois, and when a rain came on which would obliterate their tracks, they passed far around them and concealed themselves on either side of the path their enemies were following.

With their bows and arrows held ready for instant use, they crouched in the tall grass of a prairie and



waited. On came the happy and proud Iroquois, marching at ease, not dreaming of danger, when suddenly, out of the silent, motionless grass whizzed a flight of deadly missiles, volley after volley in rapid succession, and with murderous effect. The Miamis did not cease shooting until their quivers were empty. Then, shouting the war cry, they flung aside their bows, leaped forth from the grass, club in hand, and charged. It was a close and terrible fight, but the

desperate Miamis won, and so retook their families, besides capturing all the arms of the Iroquois. .

It was, perhaps, on account of the French having furnished the Iroquois and Sioux with guns and ammunition that the Miamis first became prejudiced against white people. It is certain that Count Frontenac had great trouble with them because the Sioux had been thus favored. As time passed on, with the French and the English bitterly and most often unscrupulously struggling for control of the Indian trade, almost every possible kind of treachery and double dealing toward the savages opened the way to those terrible wars which for a hundred years rendered pioneer life a scene of deeds and experiences unequaled elsewhere in history.

When we consider the treatment of the savages by the whites, we are tempted to relish the grim humor of a remark made by an Indian, to whom a white prisoner put a pointed question. "What have I done," this prisoner demanded, after he had passed through the dreadful ordeal of "running the gantlet" between two long rows of Indians who had beaten him with clubs meanwhile. "What have I done to anger you and cause you to treat me thus barbarously?" "Nothing, that's nothing," was the response. "That's just like howdy-do to you."

EARLY FRENCH LIFE IN INDIANA PONTIAC.

NOT long after the beginning of the eighteenth century, although the exact dates have not been preserved, Frenchmen, as we have seen, penetrated Indiana and Illinois; and the posts at Vincennes, Ouiatenon, and Vermilion, and the portages of the Wabash and the Kankakee became in time well known to traders, trappers, and hunters. While at that time the French assumed to own the entire Mississippi valley, including all the lands drained by the Mississippi's tributaries, the English colonies on the Atlantic coast were making large yet indefinite claims to the same territory.

In order to hold the coveted trade with the Indians it was necessary to gain their confidence. The French were for a long time singularly successful in doing this. Their scattered posts were admirably located, usually upon spots originally chosen by the savages themselves, and thus they easily and naturally became centers towards which the various tribes were drawn when they had valuable skins, furs, and the like to sell.

The missionaries lived with the Indians on the most familiar terms, and the traders used every art to gain power over them, the main policy being to induce the

savages to leave off barbarous customs, habits, and dress, and live somewhat as white men. For, of course, if the Indians threw away clothes of skin and dressed in civilized fashion, they would have to buy all their garments from the French. If they broke up their crude pots to use iron kettles, there was another item of trade; and when they abandoned bows and arrows and stone hatchets for guns, ammunition, and steel axes and knives, see what a gain to commerce! Then there was the savage taste for gaudy trinkets, glittering glass beads, tinsel ornaments; and, above all, thirst for rum grew and spread. Cupidity, the bane of the white man's life, was thus urged to the highest pitch in the hearts of French and English colonists.

In a short time the Indians began to modify their lives to suit these new conditions so cunningly forced upon them. Formerly they had hunted for no other purpose than to get food and sufficient skins and fur for their own use. The supply of game had always been abundant. Herds of buffalo innumerable lived on the Wea and Grand prairies and amid the vast marshes of the Kankakee. Deer, bear, turkeys, and prairie grouse, waterfowl, and smaller game of many species scarcely seemed to diminish as the years went by. But now the greed for new luxuries and the means of debauchery stimulated the savage men to hunt for the market at the posts. Skins and furs had a value measured by what the Frenchman offered. The destruction of wild animals soon reached a stage of indescribable wantonness and brutality, and the fur trade became a source of immense revenues.

Meanwhile some of the French posts grew into straggling villages made up of rude houses built close together. Agriculture was not much attended to; small plots for vegetables and melons, a few acres planted with Indian corn, and some small orchards of fruit trees were the chief evidences of husbandry. The French would not eat corn bread, nor have the centuries changed them much in this regard; they still refuse it. But from the Indians they learned the value of hominy, a dish much used in pioneer days. Pumpkins, turnips, carrots, cabbage, and the like were easily grown in the new soil, and various kinds of wild fruit and nuts could be had for the gathering.

Jesuit missionaries, the indefatigable priests from the days of Marquette and Allouez on down, were at every post. From these good men we get most of our information touching the early settlers on the Wabash. The life of these people was romantic and picturesque, looked at from this distance, and some of the descriptions indicate a free and easy, idyllic existence; but the hardships and privations must have far overbalanced the pleasures. The men were rough hunters, trappers, traders, guides, adventurers, as much at home on a bed of grass in the wilderness as in a house. The women were mostly Indian squaws, until the time came when men could bring their families to the posts.

Hard enough was the task undertaken by the priests; for as fast as they converted the Indians, the reckless traders undid it all. The little log churches held up their wooden crosses in mute protest while the debauchery went on. And finally great trouble began.

The French in Canada were reaping too rich a harvest of furs; the English colonies, acting in the name of their king, were too ready to trespass upon the French claim. In time this rivalry ripened into a war between the British and the French; first a war for the fur trade, then a struggle for dominion over this vast territory of the Northwest, midmost in which lay Indiana, unnamed as yet, waiting to become a great State. In this struggle the British were victorious, and Canada and the Northwest were surrendered to them by the French.

And now an Indian chieftain named Pontiac undertook to drive the English out of the territory they had won. Near the beginning of winter in the year 1762, this great savage began to organize an army. He sent emissaries to a large number of Indian tribes inhabiting the territory west of the Alleghanies. These

messengers bore each a black wampum and a red tomahawk, signifying war, and they were instructed to

arouse the tribes for a concerted general onslaught, with a view to capturing all the English forts and posts.

In an amazingly short time these arrangements were made and the blow fell. Nearly all of



the forts were taken. Pontiac himself, at the head of a large force, attempted to get possession of Detroit; but his plan failed, and for many months he besieged the place. At one time he defeated the English when they sallied forth and attacked him. He was at last forced to quit the siege on account of expending his ammunition. When it was gone, he had no base of supplies to draw upon, and so was powerless. He withdrew, still cherishing his great ambition.

On the 8th of June, 1765, Colonel George Croghan, an English deputy superintendent of Indian affairs, was encamped with a small party of men on the north bank of the Ohio River, six miles below the mouth of the Wabash. At break of day he was attacked by a large band of Indians, who killed five of his men and took Croghan and the rest prisoners, robbing them of all their effects. Colonel Croghan was wounded, but his captors forced him to go with them up the Wabash valley, tramping through the heavily timbered bottom lands, a toilsome journey of seven days to Post Vincennes.

In his "Journal," Croghan gives a graphic, albeit not very complimentary sketch of the French inhabitants of the celebrated post. He describes them as lazy renegades from Canada, much worse than the Indians. Doubtless his statements were true, in a measure at least, for a Catholic priest, writing of the place as it was in 1769, said, — "Vincennes on the Wabash, although a place of some eighty or ninety families, had not seen a priest since Father Devernai was carried off in 1763; as a natural consequence of this condition, vice and ignorance were becoming domi-

nant." Naturally these Frenchmen looked upon Colonel Croghan as an enemy and an emissary sent by the English to interfere with their Indian trade, and this caused them to treat him with contempt.

From Vincennes Croghan was taken by his captors up the river to Fort Ouiatenon on the Wea, just below the present site of Lafayette. There he was given his liberty. A little later he set out for Fort Chartres, and on the way met Pontiac at the head of a large body of warriors. The great Ottawa chief was now about fifty-three years old, but still straight, nimble, and powerful, and feeling that his scheme of getting active support from the French was no longer to be thought of, he was on his way to offer his services to the English. Croghan and Pontiac went together up the Wabash and on to Detroit, where a peace was made, after which Pontiac retired from public life and for three years roamed the woods as a hunter.

But a spirit like that in the breast of Pontiac could not be calm. In the spring of 1769 the ambitious chief once more journeyed across Indiana and Illinois and called upon St. Ange, who was in command at St. Louis. It is not known what object Pontiac had in view by this visit; but it ended in his death. An English trader named Williamson hired a brutal Kaskaskia Indian to assassinate him, paying for the dastardly deed a barrel of whiskey. Pontiac was drunk at the time of the killing. Truly a regrettable close to a life as heroic as any in history. All accounts agree in stating that this great Indian was of noble proportions, grand in his bearing and looks — a man born to lead.

CLARK'S CAPTURE OF FORT VINCENNES, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

IN 1778 Col. George Rogers Clark took Fort Kaskaskia in Illinois and sent from there to Post Vincennes Father Gibault, a Catholic priest of great influence and noble character, who undertook to win the inhabitants over to the American cause. The Revolutionary War was then in progress between the colonies and Great Britain. Father Gibault succeeded perfectly in his mission, and the flag of freedom was hoisted, while the inhabitants of the place gathered at their little church and took the oath of allegiance to the State of Virginia. It was an exciting moment. Like a sudden refreshing change of the wind was the revolution in local sentiment. The volatile spirits of the French bubbled over with spontaneous patriotism. Colonel Clark now sent Captain Leonard Helm to take command at the post. The Indians round about were pacified, and for a time all went merrily enough.

The State of Virginia, in October of the same year, by its General Assembly passed a law declaring that all of its territory on the "western side of the Ohio" should thereafter be called "Illinois County." But before the State's authority could be set up in this region, Henry Hamilton, governing Detroit for the British,

went down the Wabash and took possession of Vincennes in the middle of December.

As soon as Colonel Clark heard of this movement on the part of the British commander, he set about to recapture the post. In February, 1779, he sent Captain Rogers down the Mississippi and up the Ohio, with



orders to enter the Wabash and ascend to some proper point below Vincennes, and there guard the river with a small force, while Clark himself, at the head of his remaining army, pressed rapidly across Illinois. There was not much fighting. The heroic Clark had planned so well, had marched with such rapidity over watery prairies, through tangled woods and across swollen streams, that Hamilton was taken quite by surprise. He surrendered on the 24th of February, amid a fresh outbreak of rejoicing from the inhabitants.

From that day forward until the end of the Revolutionary War, Colonel Clark held control of the Northwest. No man did more for our country during those perilous and trying times than George Rogers Clark. He was one of the truly heroic figures, one of the master spirits in the great struggle for American freedom.

While directing the movements in the neighborhood of Vincennes, Colonel Clark learned that a flotilla of British boats was on its way down the Wabash laden with supplies for Hamilton. It was in charge of Philip Dejean and consisted of seven large boats with cargoes valued at about fifty thousand dollars. Clark acted with characteristic vigor and promptness. He sent three boats well manned up the river in command of Captain Helm and two brave Frenchmen, Francis Bosseron and J. M. P. Legrace, with orders to capture the flotilla. Captain Helm had proceeded one hundred and twenty miles, when some of his scouts on shore brought word that they had seen the British boats coming. Immediately a plan was formed to lie in wait and take them by surprise.

A narrow place in the river where its current divided to flow around an island, and where thickets of willows hung over the water, offered a hiding place for the American boats, which were armed with small cannon (swivels) and well supplied with other effective weapons.

The British were all unaware that Fort Vincennes had fallen into American hands; they were rowing away merrily down the stream, when suddenly they found themselves in close quarters. Three boats bristling with guns and manned by determined patriots

swung out in front of them, a swivel's muzzle yawning from the bow of each. It was useless to think of fighting, the chances were all against them; so Monsieur Dejean and his precious supplies fell easily and gracefully into good American hands.

On the 27th of February, 1779, Captain Helm arrived at Vincennes with his valuable prize and chap-fallen prisoners. Then again did the mercurial French population of the old town go wild with delight; for Frenchmen, some of their best citizens, had participated in the glorious but bloodless victory on the Wabash. Indeed, according to Hamilton's report of his surrender, the inhabitants of Vincennes were not willing to fight against Clark and his little band of patriots. He gave as one of his reasons for making but feeble resistance that some of the Frenchmen in his garrison grumbled at having to "fight against their countrymen and relatives, who they now perceived had joined the Americans."

One incident of the attack upon Vincennes casts a shadow upon Clark's noble record. While the fort was invested, Hamilton having refused to surrender at discretion, a party of Indians, returning from the Falls of the Ohio, whither they had been in search of scalps to sell to the English, were attacked and captured by a detachment of Clark's men. A number of these savages were placed in full view of the fort and there executed by being tomahawked under Hamilton's eyes, and then cast into the river. This is substantially Hamilton's account, and Clark's letters to a great extent corroborate it; but in these same letters it appears

that Hamilton's outrageous treatment of Americans was well known to the writer, and in a short proclamation addressed to the people of Vincennes, Clark calls Hamilton by the name of "Hair-buyer General," referring to his brutal offer to pay liberally for human scalps.

The little fort of Ouiatenon was the last post on the Wabash that gave Clark any trouble. A Canadian Frenchman named Céleron was the British Indian agent there. A detachment under Captain Helm was sent to capture it, which was done without firing a shot. Céleron escaped alone.

Colonel Clark felt that Vincennes was probably the most important post east of the Mississippi from which to observe and control the Indians, many of whom were now well disposed toward the Americans. It was highly necessary that he should find out who were his friends and who his enemies. To do this, and to teach the savages a frightful lesson, he ordered the British flag to be kept floating over the fort at Vincennes, and dressed some of his men in red uniforms. This was to deceive any parties of Indians returning from scalping expeditions, and cause them to think that the English still held the post.

The ruse was highly successful. Painted warriors with bloody scalps dangling at their belts came strutting boldly into the open fort to claim their pay from Hamilton, the "Hair-buyer General." But no sooner did they enter the gate than they were promptly shot down. About fifty of these scalp-takers were thus destroyed in Hamilton's presence. It was a terrible mode of warfare, and it had a wholesome effect



upon the savages. Indeed, it was the only method by which they could be made to understand that the Americans would no longer hesitate to punish them without mercy for every act of cruelty or treachery.

Hamilton himself deserved the same fate, for he was worse than any savage whom he hired to do his bloody and inhuman work; but he was held a prisoner of war for some time, and then released on parole. He was Lieutenant Governor at Quebec after the end of the war, but for all time his chief distinction will be the stigma set upon him by Clark—the title of “Hair-buyer General.”

In the year 1780 the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians combined to attack Fort Jefferson. This fort was in Ballard County, Kentucky. The savages were

led by a Scotchman named Colbert, and were defeated with great loss by the brilliant management of Captain George Owens, who was afterwards killed in Indiana while on his way from the Falls of the Ohio to Vincennes. He was captured by Indians and taken to Ouiatenon, where he was burned at the stake in a slow fire.

A very picturesque and interesting figure in the history of those early days is that of Simon Kenton, a pioneer Indian fighter of remarkable bravery, sagacity, and energy. He was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1755, and while yet a youth ran away to the wild woods of the West on account of a romantic fight in which he killed, as he thought, a young fellow who was his rival in a love affair. Long afterwards he found out that his antagonist did not die, but instead recovered from an ugly wound and probably married the sweetheart about whom they had quarreled. Kenton joined Clark and became a trusted guide, scout, and spy. Before the capture of Fort Vincennes, or Sackville, as it was then called, he journeyed alone from Kaskaskia to the Falls of the Ohio with despatches from Clark. On his way he passed by Vincennes and lay concealed in the neighborhood for three days, entering the town by night; and thus he gained valuable knowledge of the sentiments and condition of the people and of the strength of the fort and its garrison, which he reported to Clark at Kaskaskia.

About this time Kenton was captured by the Indians and forced to run the gantlet eight times; he was tortured almost beyond endurance by every method known

to the heartless savages; but he was as wily and swift as a fox. He bore the agony with calm fortitude and finally escaped to inflict dire punishment upon Indians wherever he found them. He lived to be eighty-one years old and died very poor. The only pay he ever received for his heroic services was a bit of land, one hundred and eight acres, in southern Indiana, near Lexington. One of his kinsmen cheated him out of a fine estate in Kentucky.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the settlers in the Northwestern Territory gradually increased in confidence and numbers. The Indians, although still restless and often aggressive in certain regions, were for a time comparatively quiet in Indiana. From the South and East, but chiefly from Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas, came a stream of emigrants to get possession of the wonderfully rich lands in all this great area of wilderness. Men of the greatest personal courage were naturally always in the van, pushing farthest, taking the chances of border life with heroic daring. Nor were the women less brave than their husbands, fathers, and brothers. Families sought homes in remote, isolated nooks of the forest, despite the impending tomahawk and scalping knife, and the Indians saw the whites rapidly taking possession of all their hunting grounds from the Lakes to the Ohio.

TECUMSEH — THE PROPHET — TIPPECANOE.

ON the 7th of May, 1800, Congress passed an act, to take effect on the 4th of July, by which a certain part of the Northwest Territory lying "to the westward of a line beginning at the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Kentucky River, and running from thence to Fort Recovery, and thence north until it shall intersect the territorial line between the United States and Canada," was set apart as a "separate territory," to be called "Indiana Territory," over which General William Henry Harrison was appointed to rule as governor.

Accordingly Governor Harrison went to Vincennes in 1801, and took control of affairs. Thus again the old French post on the Wabash became a place of importance. From a queer little village of backwoods huts it was growing into a town with some pretensions to civilized life. A few comfortable homes had been built, and some families of cultivated taste were among the inhabitants.

About five years after Governor Harrison took charge of his office, a new trouble began to threaten. Indeed, it was the most remarkable of all the strange things (connected with savage life) that we have any account of — the advent of a Prophet who foretold, or professed

to foretell, the total destruction of the whites. This Prophet, as he styled himself, was a Shawnee Indian named Lolawawchicka, which means "loud-voice," and if his voice was not really louder than befitted a crazy savage, it certainly reached very far and had a tremendous effect.

Lolawawchicka, after the manner of all like pretenders, began by working upon the superstitious prejudices of those who would listen to him. He soon drew about him a band of Shawnees and Indians of other tribes, many of them outcasts, vagabonds slinking away from punishment for crime, and miserable wrecks of debauchery who looked to him for leadership and protection. He began in a way to be a preacher, and his sermons were of a sort to inflame his savage hearers with intense hatred of the whites, and at the same time make them believe that the day of their triumph was approaching. He told them that he was the Prophet of the Great Spirit; that he could not be killed; that the white man's bullets could not harm him; and that if his followers would do what he told them to do, neither harm nor death would ever come to them: they would be victorious in every fight and drive all their enemies far away out of the country.

Two years after he began to teach this insidious falsehood, the Prophet led his people to a place on the Wabash near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. His influence grew and spread with great rapidity, until it became alarming to all the whites in Indiana, and Governor Harrison took efficient steps to find out just what it meant. He was not long in discovering that

the Prophet was but the tool of a man whose genius soon startled the whole country. Behind the loud-voiced pretender, and using him with admirable skill and judgment, was his brother Tecumseh.

Like Pontiac, Tecumseh had in mind the grand scheme of uniting all the Indian tribes in a great war upon the whites. He journeyed as far west as the Rocky Mountains, he went among the tribes of the South, and indeed visited in person all the principal Indian villages west of the Alleghanies, urging the chiefs to enter into his plan for regaining the lost homes and hunting grounds of their people. He was a most eloquent orator, and knew well how to work powerfully upon the superstitions, the passions, and the aspirations of savage hearts.

Tecumseh was one of three brothers all of the same birth, and great things had been expected of the triplets. Now he and the Prophet were apparently making good the predictions of old Indian wise men. From tribe to tribe went the story of how Lolawaw-chicka, one of the wonderful brothers, had been rendered bullet-proof by the Great Spirit; how by divine gift he was able to tell just what the Great Spirit desired; and how by the same endowment he could shield all his followers from wounds and death, and make them always victorious in battle. At the same time the great Tecumseh, another of the triplets, was binding all the scattered Indian tribes together in a common cause.

Meantime, the pioneers who were delving in the thick woods and on the prairies of Indiana felt the

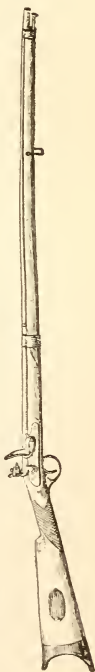
danger of the time and often suffered from the inhuman brutalities of the Indians. Every cabin had to be built with portholes, every family had to live in daily and nightly expectation of the war whoop and an attack, or, worse still, of the stealthy approach of sneaking scalp hunters. A prominent man among our early settlers wrote a graphic description of his experience in farming at that time.

He had a cabin around which he had cleared a few acres for cultivation in corn, potatoes, and the like. When he went out to plow he took his loaded rifle and laid it on the ground with a stick stuck into the earth beside it, so that he could know the spot and run to it if Indians appeared. In his belt he wore two loaded pistols, a tomahawk, and a knife. At night he kept a dog in the cabin and another outside. If the dog outside barked, the one in the cabin did likewise and so awoke his master. There were portholes through the walls of the cabin, one of which commanded the stable where the horses were kept. These portholes were cut small on the inside and wide on the outside, thus giving play to the rifle without exposing the shooter. When not in use, the holes were closed by slipping over them on the inside thick blocks of wood.

In such a cabin, perhaps miles distant from any other dwelling, lived the man and his wife with a family of children. It was so everywhere all over the wild country. Little girls and boys became accustomed to feeling that each night might be the one for a terrible tragedy in which they would fall victims to heathen treachery and cruelty. Nor can we, in this day of

magazine rifles, breech-loading shotguns, and rapid-firing revolvers, easily understand how difficult it was in those pioneer times to make a defense even when armed with the best weapons then made. All guns and pistols were single-barreled, muzzle-loading, clumsy affairs with flint locks. To load a rifle the shooter had first to measure his charge of powder by pouring it out of a horn into a charger; then when he had poured it into the gun he next had to lay a piece of cotton cloth or a thin bit of buckskin on the muzzle; upon this he placed a bullet which he pressed in as far as he could with the handle of his knife. The next move was to clip off the cloth or buckskin close to the bullet with the knife's edge; then the ramrod was drawn from its groove and "thimbles" underneath the barrel-stock of the gun, and with it the bullet was rammed down to the bottom of the barrel upon the powder. Next, after putting the ramrod back into its groove and thimbles, the pan of the flintlock had to be primed; that is, filled with powder. Then, when the pan was shut, and the double triggers set, and the cock drawn back, the gun was ready to fire.

But it would be a great blunder to imagine that the pioneer's rifle was not a deadly weapon. On the contrary, it was very powerful and accurate at short range. The savages had great dread of it; for our backwoodsmen were "dead shots" with those long, heavy, small-bore guns. At any distance within a hundred yards, an Indian was doomed when one of our grim marksmen aimed at him. The "click" of the flint, the shower of sparks into the pan full of



powder, the keen, spiteful, whip-crack report, and the little leaden bullet had found its mark. Yet sometimes the flint failed and the lock had to be snapped several times before the gun would fire. And woe to the pioneer whose powder got damp!

While the Shawnee prophet was collecting his followers on the Wea and Tippecanoe, a number of families were murdered by the Indians; and at last Governor Harrison gathered a large body of men and set out from Vincennes with the purpose of breaking up—peaceably if possible, but by force if necessary—this dangerous assembly inflamed by the Prophet's teaching and stimulated by insidious secret promises of aid from Canadian and English traders.

It was in the autumn of the year 1811; there was a feeling that another war with Great Britain could not long be avoided. Not only the whites, but the Indians as well, were conscious of the threatening storm. Everywhere restlessness and anxiety marked the movements and countenances of the people. It looked as if nothing but bloodshed and turmoil was evermore to be the share of the brave men and women and children who had sought homes in the West.

Governor Harrison set out from Vincennes on September 26, at the head of nine hundred men well armed and equipped, marching up the Wabash, while boats on the river conveyed his supplies; and on the 6th of November he encamped not far from the village of the Prophet. The spot selected was a somewhat uneven swell of land thinly covered with an oak forest, and irregularly triangular in shape. Here, as

the forces encamped, they faced a wet prairie, and in their rear stretched away another with a little stream known as Burnetts Creek wriggling across it and washing the foot of the high ground. On the banks of this stream grew dense thickets of willows and other small trees. Not very far away, in front of the army, lay the Prophet's town.

It was a dark and cloudy night. No attack was expected, but a strong picket guard was set around the camp and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise. All went well until four o'clock in the morning; the tired soldiers sleeping with clothes on, and with their guns carefully loaded and at hand, bayonets fixed, everything ready for fight at a moment's notice.

Meantime the sly Prophet was not idle. In the dead of night he silently gathered his warriors and led them to the camp of his enemy, under cover of darkness, so stealthily that before the picket guard saw them they were rushing into the camp, yelling like demons. Governor Harrison had just got out of bed in his tent, and was on the point of ordering the signal for calling out his men when the attack was begun. The Indians had greatly the advantage, as they were in the dark, while the camp fires of Harrison's army were still burning brightly, thus making the men easy targets to shoot at.

In a short time our army was nearly surrounded, and was under fire in front, on the left, on the right, and in part of the rear. It looked as though the savages in overwhelming force would crush the lines

in. The time had come to test the Prophet's power, and above the noise of the battle his voice arose urging his men on and telling them that they could not be hurt. But, strange to say, the bullets from musket and rifle began to cut the red men down, despite the supposed charm under the fictitious protection of which they so courageously fought. Poor, deluded savages, they fell dying while yet the Prophet's words rang in their ears!

Although taken by surprise and at first somewhat thrown into confusion, our troops did not lose their presence of mind, but soon sprang to their places in line. The officers were mostly old Indian-fighters who knew perfectly well what to do. Governor Harrison ordered the fires put out, after which the battle was in the dark, each army shooting by the blaze of the other's guns. Indians and whites were within ten paces of each other, even nearer; bayonets and tomahawks were used, and on all sides the struggle was close, desperate, deadly.

Daylight began to glimmer in the east; the clouds overhead caught a gray tinge, and the oak woods gradually lost their dense black shadows. All around hung the pale smoke of the guns which were yet spitting their spiteful fire from out the thickets and from behind the trees and logs. On a slight rise amid his warriors the Prophet stood, waving his arms, singing a war song, and shouting his insane rigmarole of promises, encouragements, and imprecations; but it did no good. The deluded Indians soon felt that his whole treatment of them had been basely fraudulent. As soon as it was

fairly light, the whites charged furiously upon them, scattered them, slew many, and drove the rest of them into a swamp utterly routed and cut to pieces. It was a victory, but a very dear one; for many a gallant man had fallen.

In this memorable battle, ever since known by the name of Tippecanoe, Governor Harrison's forces lost sixty-two killed and mortally wounded, and one hundred and twenty-six wounded who recovered. Among the killed were several distinguished officers.

Tecumseh was not present at the battle of Tippecanoe, being then away among the tribes of the South, perfecting his grand plan of a general confederation. When he returned and found his people defeated, his brother in disgrace, and his town practically abandoned, he was greatly enraged; but he did not forget his cunning, although in a council near the Mississinewa he pretended to Governor Harrison that he intended to be friendly ever after to the whites. What he now most wished for was time to rearrange his plans.

Very soon a new opportunity offered, and Tecumseh hastened to accept it, to make war upon the destroyers of his town and army. On the 18th of June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain, and the ambitious Shawnee chief hurried away to Canada to seek an interview with English officials. He told them of the success that he had met with in combining the tribes, and offered them his services in the war. They were glad to have him on their side, and he soon raised a large force of Indians for the British army.

Meantime the white inhabitants of Indiana were suffering greatly from the cruelties of the savages. Early in the autumn two men who were making hay were murdered and scalped. In what was known as the "Pigeon-Roost Settlement" twenty-four persons were massacred, and all over the country the greatest uneasiness prevailed. Blockhouses were erected, families left their homes, and it looked as if the end of all safety and happiness had come.

On the 4th of September Fort Harrison was attacked by Indians, who fired one of the blockhouses. The garrison was at first panic-stricken; but Zachary Taylor was in command, and of course could not be defeated. After a hard fight the savages were beaten and driven off. About the same time a band of Indians surrounded Fort Wayne, which stood where the beautiful city of that name now is; but they too were compelled to leave.

In November, General Samuel Hopkins led a force to the Prophet's town and destroyed it; but he was soon forced to retreat, owing to the fact that many of his men were almost naked, while the weather had become very cold, with snow deep on the ground and the streams covered with ice. The Kentucky troops belonging to this command were in a deplorable condition. They had left home in pleasant weather, wearing linen trousers and hunting shirts, which had been torn and ripped into shreds, and now, with the temperature almost down to zero, what were they to do? Of course, their suffering cannot be described or imagined. The retreat was a bitter one to all concerned, and at the end General Hopkins resigned his command. It was during this march

that a detachment under command of Captain Beckes fell into an ambuscade and was cut to pieces, losing sixteen killed and three wounded.

And so, as the war between the United States and Great Britain went on, the Indians continued to give trouble. On one day some of them would declare for peace and promise to bury the hatchet; but next day, perhaps, they would be on the warpath, hideously painted and behaving in the most demoniac manner.

But Tecumseh, the Indian Napoleon, at last had his Waterloo. At the battle of the Thames he was defeated and killed. He died fighting, as became a brave and truly great warrior, leading his men into the midst of the battle and encouraging them by his fearless conduct. He fell when a desperate charge was made upon his line by Colonel Richard M. Johnson's mounted infantry; but what became of his body was never certainly known. The Indians always refused to give any information; they would not even admit that he had been killed, and to this day the mystery has never been cleared up.

In his charge upon this occasion Colonel Johnson was attacked in person and had a single-handed combat. His assailant was a noble-looking Indian of commanding stature. Colonel Johnson fired his pistol at short range, and the savage fell heavily to the ground, apparently killed on the instant. This was supposed to have been Tecumseh; but a curious controversy arose on the subject. Colonel Johnson in describing his assailant said that he was very tall, large, and powerful, with dark complexion and black eyes. In answer to this, Colonel William Stanley Hatch declared that

Tecumseh, for an Indian, had a light-colored skin, and that his eyes, instead of being black, were hazel, while his height was about five feet nine inches.

In the light of common sense and ordinary human experience, the whole argument is strikingly foolish.



In the first place, let us think a moment upon Colonel Johnson's statement. He was making a charge as a forlorn hope at the head of but twenty men. He and his little band rushed at full speed right into the thickest of the Indian army and began the terrible fight under the stress of almost certain self-sacrifice, as it looked. Now in the height of this furious charge, the Indian confronted Colonel Johnson, who most surely just then had something

more to do than to sit in his saddle and calmly make note of the exact height, build, and complexion of his dangerous adversary. How could he, at a mere glance, while aiming his pistol from the back of a plunging horse, make out the exact shade of the Indian's eyes, whether black or dark hazel? Doubtless any savage's skin under such circumstances might look a good shade or two darker than common! Moreover, it would be quite natural for Colonel Johnson's vision to magnify somewhat the size of a warrior thus rushing upon him with deadly intent.

Be all this as circumstances have made it, we can but admire the splendid courage and determination of the great Shawnee chief. He lies buried no man knows where; but so long as history shall last, his name will be one to attract the attention of all who admire true genius.

The Prophet, after the destruction of his town, was no longer a significant figure. His influence had departed forever, and he was unable to command attention. He is remembered as a pretender whose only greatness was the greatness of his fraudulent claims to almost divine power, as a prophet whose prophecies all failed.

A DARING MAN—NARROW ESCAPES.

HONORABLE Oliver H. Smith, in his book entitled "Early Indiana Trials and Sketches," gives the outlines of a very interesting incident of the investment of Fort Wayne. At that time the whole country in the neighborhood of the fort was swarming with Indians, and it looked as if they would overpower the little garrison before aid could reach it. A very critical moment arrived when a messenger had to be sent from Fort Meigs to Fort Wayne, advising the commander of the latter to hold out at all hazards until reinforcements should reach him, which would be within a few days.

There was nothing very attractive in the thought of undertaking the work of bearing this important message; but in those terrible days brave men were always ready for daring and heroic deeds. No sooner was the need of the moment made known than forth stepped the man who dared to undertake anything, no matter how desperate, in behalf of his fellow-soldiers in mortal danger.

Most of the distance between the two forts was very difficult to pass over, on account of tangled woods and marshy prairies. The Maumee River flowed between wild thickets, tall forests, and grassy flats, winding its way like a lazy serpent. In order to shut off succor

from Fort Wayne and at the same time prevent the garrison from escaping, the Indians had scattered their forces, and were encamped in many small groups all around a wide circle. The messenger from Fort Meigs would have to make his way through this line of investment in order to reach his destination.

It was felt that no man should be sent upon this dangerous journey unless he volunteered his services; for the chances were a hundred to one that he would be killed and scalped, or captured and put to the torture of fire. The subject was considered gravely, and then a volunteer was called for. William Suttonfield, a private soldier, stepped forth and said that he was ready to try. He was a small, wiry, resolute man, active as a squirrel and tireless as an Indian, a fine horseman and well acquainted with the country over which he would have to pass. Indeed, he was just the man for the occasion, and yet it seemed a pity that so excellent a soldier, so brave and so willing, should be placed in such terrible jeopardy with so little hope of ever coming out of it alive.

But the despatch had to go, and he must be its bearer. So the paper was written and placed in Suttonfield's boot. The swiftest and best horse among those at Fort Meigs was saddled for him. He mounted and rode away, his fellow-soldiers bidding him good speed and a safe journey, although they felt that they would probably never again see him alive and smiling as he was when he turned to wave them a light farewell just outside the wall of the fort.

Twilight was fading into darkness when he got well

on his way. He rode at as fast a gait as he thought his good horse able to bear for many hours, keeping his course by the stars and by various landmarks familiar to him. The route lay up the Maumee River, and he had to wind and twist this way and that, in order to avoid impassable bogs and dangerous ravines leading down to the bed of the stream. No Indians were seen, and he had come almost within hearing of Fort Wayne before anything unusual happened to him. Then suddenly, just as he entered a brushy region, some dark forms leaped up all around him. He had ridden right into the midst of an Indian camp where several noted warriors and a chief named Richardville had their temporary quarters.



A man of Suttonfield's character might be surprised, but never dismayed or in the least cast off from his

self-possession or presence of mind by the predicament in which he now found himself. Terrible stress of danger did but brace his nerves and quicken his powers. In an instant he comprehended the whole situation. There was but one thing to do; he and his horse must take their chances upon a bold and strong dash for escape. So, without a wink's length of hesitation, he bent low over the pommel of his saddle and set his horse into a run, bolting right through the group of amazed savages, and rushing away without regard for obstacles, tearing through the brushy undergrowth at breakneck speed.

The Indians gazed for a moment, not knowing what this mad charge of a single white man could possibly mean; but they soon sprang to their guns and began to fire at the receding horse and rider. Some of them had good horses of their own. Quickly enough they mounted and pursued, pellmell. It was a reckless and desperate race, in the height of which Suttonfield's horse sank belly-deep into the mud of a marshy place and could not get out. On came the mounted Indians, yelling like mad. Suttonfield leaped from his saddle, and, finding the mud stiff enough to bear him up, he ran on as fast as his nimble legs could carry him. Right into the marsh dashed the Indians, and there in the same mud their horses floundered wildly and stuck fast.

It was now a foot race. One of the Indians, a young and active fellow, proved himself a full match for Suttonfield; but the latter had the advantage of a good start, and he made the very most of it. Fort Wayne

came in sight just as day had fairly lighted up the woods and prairies. Suttonfield redoubled his exertion and shouted lustily, hoping to attract the attention of the garrison. His foremost pursuer was now gaining upon him, tomahawk in hand, ready to give the deadly blow.

Sentinels looking from the fort saw the approaching white man with the straining savage at his heels; but they dared not fire for fear of killing the wrong man; all they could do was to fling the gate wide open. The Indian saw this, and, fearing to go farther, turned about and fled. In rushed Suttonfield and fell panting and exhausted, but untouched by bullet or tomahawk. After being stimulated and somewhat revived, he took from his boot the written communication from Fort Meigs. This when read was found to require an immediate reponse by return messenger.

And now the question again arose: who would volunteer? "I will carry the despatch to Fort Meigs," promptly spoke William Suttonfield. "Give me the best horse you have." So the message was written and safely hidden in the bottom of his boot. The speediest horse in the fort was made ready for him, the gates were opened once more, and out he rode into the clear moonlight of as beautiful a night as ever fell in Indiana. He galloped down the Maumee by the way that he had come, and, of course, was soon discovered by the watchful Indians.

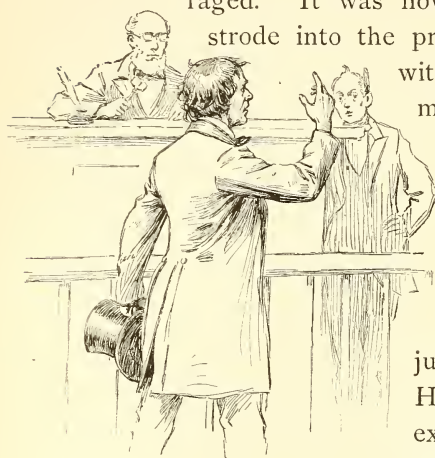
Suttonfield was not taken by surprise on this second run, for he knew just when and where to expect the attack. His plan was to dash through the line so

swiftly that it would be hard for his enemies to be sure of their aim. They began firing upon him before he was out of hearing of the fort; but he did not swerve from his course. He kept his horse at its swiftest pace, and went right through the howling mob of Indians. Bullets clipped his hat and filled his clothes with holes; but not one of them wounded him or his faithful horse. Again it was a lively race over marshes, through thickets, across prairies covered with tall grass, and up and down hill, until at last he reached Fort Meigs safe and sound.

Like many another man of strong character, William Suttonfield was imperious in temper and very much inclined to have his own way about every affair with which he had anything to do. He afterwards became a colonel and did good service, and when the war was over he married and had his home at Fort Wayne. The close of the war did not, however, make an end of Colonel Suttonfield's habit of trying to subject men and things to his iron will. When he spoke, he did so with a tone and an air of absolute authority and command. This caused him some trouble and made him some enemies among his neighbors. One man especially had a grudge against him. This was a little ill-tempered fellow whose voice was like that of a screech owl, querulous and squeaking. After some personal fallings-out and not a little bickering, the colonel's enemy thought he saw an opportunity to vent his grudge to the fullest effect.

Colonel Suttonfield had gone to Indianapolis, where the Legislature was in session. Meantime his enemy

filed an affidavit before a justice of the peace, charging him with the crime of marking the prosecutor's hog with the intent to steal it. Upon Colonel Suttonfield's return he was promptly arrested by a constable and taken before the justice for a preliminary trial. Of course the colonel was innocent and felt greatly outraged. It was now his turn to act. He



strode into the presence of the rural court with fire in his eyes and demanded the cause of his arrest. The justice explained as best he could.

"Impanel a jury at once!" commanded the colonel.

This, under the law, the justice had no right to do. He had jurisdiction only to examine into the probable guilt or innocence of the prisoner and bind him over to appear at the circuit court if probably guilty. But Colonel Suttonfield's order was obeyed. A jury was called to try the case, and only eleven men could be found.

"Put the prosecuting witness on the jury for the twelfth man!" roared Suttonfield.

This was promptly done. But the justice did not know how to administer the proper oath to the jury. Colonel Suttonfield swore them to try the case honestly and fairly. No evidence whatever was offered for the State or for the defense; but the jury was called name

by name to answer "guilty" or "not guilty" as they thought fit. Every man answered "not guilty" save the prosecuting witness. When his turn came he squeaked out "guilty." The colonel then announced that the verdict stood eleven to one for his acquittal, and the justice arose and said, "It is considered by the court that Colonel Suttonfield stands unanimously acquitted, except by the prosecutor, who, the court considers, was governed by malice prepense and aforethought."

Colonel Suttonfield then dismissed the court and jury, gave the little squeaking prosecutor a scowl of contempt, and walked away. He lived a long while after that, and was a good citizen all his life.

Another incident, which had its touch of grim humor characteristic of those troubled days, may fitly be added here. A man by the name of George Carter had built him a cabin on White River, and was trying to open a little farm. He was an odd genius, and spent much time, during his evening leisure and on rainy days, trying to invent new models of gunstocks and the like. In the course of his experiments, he put two short, smoothbore old gun barrels into one stock, and so made for himself a clumsy, heavy, double-barreled gun. But in order to finish it properly, he had to set one of the flintlocks into the stock in a reversed position. To fire the left-hand barrel, he had to *push* the trigger instead of pulling it. He was very proud of this gun, and was in the habit of carrying it on his shoulder wherever he went.

One day Carter was out looking for a bee tree;

that is, a tree in which bees had stored their honey. His search led him into a heavily timbered part of the White River bottom lands. Besides his gun he carried a heavy ax, with which to chop down the bee tree if he should find it. When two or three miles from his lonely cabin, Carter was confronted by a large Indian warrior, fantastically painted, who sprang behind a tree and tried to aim his gun at him from that safe cover. But Carter was not to be killed so easily; he, too, jumped behind a tree; and now began a play of cunning between the two men. The Indian tried every trick he could think of, vainly maneuvering to get the first shot.

For nearly an hour this went on — the men sticking close behind their trees, only peeping around the bole for a momentary glance now and then. At last the Indian tried a plan which seemed to work admirably. He slipped off a part of his scant clothes, which he rolled into a ball about the size of his head, took some feathers out of his hair and stuck them into this ball, and then thrust it out from behind the tree. His purpose was to deceive Carter so that he would shoot at the dummy, thinking it the Indian's head. This would empty Carter's gun, and the Indian would run forward and shoot him before he could reload it.

Carter saw the false head and instantly understood the trick. Then a bright thought entered his mind. He raised his heavy gun and fired the left-hand barrel. Immediately the Indian darted from behind his tree and ran towards Carter, who stood partly covered by the trunk of his own tree.

“You just ought to have seen that Indian’s face as he came at me,” said Carter, telling the adventure long afterwards. “He was the picture of perfect, demoniac, hideous delight. He felt sure of me, for he saw that I had on no pistol; and so he strutted along, evidently intending to shoot me at perfectly safe range. He was probably already imagining how gorgeous my scalp [Carter wore long red hair] would look dangling at his war belt. But I rather think I changed his feelings. When he had come within about twenty yards of me, I took deliberate aim at his breast with my right-hand barrel. He actually grinned, as if he thought I did that only to scare him. Little was he to be scared by an empty gun. When I got a safe bead on him, I pulled the trigger. The Indian leaped high in the air, gave a big grunt, and fell dead. That paid me for all the time I had ever spent patching up that ugly old gun. It saved my life.”

Not all the dangers of frontier experience came from Indians. While, doubtless, the constant fear of torture and death, as the savages delighted in inflicting them, was always uppermost,—especially in the minds of women and children,—wild beasts added their portion to the uneasiness day and night. Bears, wolves, and panthers, when pinched by hunger, were very apt to attack defenseless persons, young or old. Little children were in danger whenever they strayed even a short distance from their homes. All the older people now living who have been reared in the West have heard their parents and grandparents tell of shocking tragedies in the woods, and of hairbreadth

escapes from the ravenous jaws of these monsters always prowling in the vicinity of every clearing. A story of this sort was told to the present writer by his grandfather, who was himself a western pioneer thoroughly trained in all the ways of backwoods life, — a noted hunter and fearless explorer.

A man and his wife, with three children, — a boy aged nine and two little girls, the elder seven and the younger five years old, — lived in a comfortable cabin not far from the eastern line of Indiana. Their nearest neighbor was six or seven miles distant, and all around their little clearing stood a wall of dense forest. The father tended a small field of corn and vegetables, but their main dependence for food was upon the game killed by him, so he was often absent all day in the woods, hunting deer and turkeys.

The children were forbidden to go outside the inclosure while their father was away, and the mother, at the slightest hint of danger, was instructed to close the door and bar it and shut the portholes. But even in times of such danger, people grew careless and permitted themselves to take risks in a way quite incredible to our minds. Children were restless when confined to a cabin or within a small yard, when the green woods were but a few steps away with flowers blooming and rich mosses growing all around. They constantly longed to be free, if only for a few moments, to wander at will and make playhouses in the dusky shade, to climb upon the great logs and watch the gay-winged birds flit about in the foliage on high.

One day in early spring the father went to the woods

to hunt. Before setting forth with his rifle on his shoulder, he particularly charged his wife not to permit the children, no matter how much they begged and cried for it, to go outside the yard.

"At this time of the year," he said, "bears and all other wild beasts are cross. They wander everywhere and are very dangerous when met with. Watch the children."

The wife did try faithfully to keep her eyes upon her darlings; but she had many household duties to perform, and so at last she forgot.

The spring was very early that year, and although it was not yet May, the green tassels were on the maples, and the wild flowers made the ground gay in places. All around the clearing ran a ripple of bird song. The sunshine was dreamy, the wind soft and warm.

The little boy felt the temptation. It was as if a sweet voice called him to the wood. Nor were the little girls less attracted than he by the thought of gathering mosses and flowers and running at will under the high old trees.

Before their mother knew it they were gone. She had not yet discovered their truancy when a cry coming from some distance startled her; it was her little boy's voice screaming lustily, and upon looking out she saw all three of the children running as fast as they could across the clearing from the wood toward the house. Behind them, at a slow, peculiar lope, a huge bear followed.

Frightened almost to death, the poor woman scarcely knew what she was doing; but she had the fighting

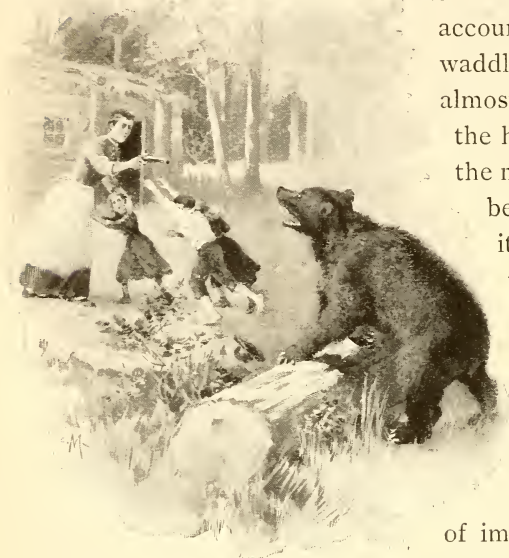
instinct of all backwoods people, and her first motion was to snatch off the wall, where it lay in a deer's-horn rest, a large horse-pistol. With this in hand she ran to meet her children. Some hunter had broken the bear's

fore leg with a bullet a few days before, which accounted for its strange, waddling gait; but it was almost within reach of the hindmost child when the mother arrived. The bear at once turned its attention to the newcomer, and with a terrific snarl rushed at her. On sped the children, screaming and crazy with fright.

It was a moment of imminent peril to the mother; but she was equal to the occasion. She leveled the pistol and fired. Six leaden slugs struck the bear in the head and neck, knocking it over.

Not very far away in the woods at the time, the man heard the loud report, and, fearing that Indians were murdering his family, he ran home to find his wife just reviving from a swoon. She had fainted immediately after seeing the effect of her shot.

The bear was not yet dead, but a ball from the rifle



finished him. He was a monster in size. Doubtless the wound in his fore leg had made it difficult for him to get food, and he had attacked the children on account of sheer hunger. But had he not been in that maimed condition, his attack would have been successful, and the hindmost child would have been torn to pieces and eaten up in the shortest time, and with little show of table manners. It need scarcely be said that for a long while after this narrow escape the mother was more watchful, and the children less inclined to run away, no matter how fine the weather or how attractive the moss and wild flowers.

AN ITINERANT PIONEER PREACHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hardships and worries of backwoods life, our pioneers were very religious. Ministers of the Gospel who came among them were always welcome and were usually treated with great consideration and reverent respect. While the Catholic missionaries were the first to preach and teach among the Indians, and to found churches wherever a post could be maintained, they were soon followed by zealous and tireless Protestant ministers, who labored in much the same way to convert and organize into congregations both savages and whites.

It quite frequently happened that these early preachers met with strange adventures, and had their deadly perils and their almost miraculous escapes. Moreover, while traveling from settlement to settlement, they encountered almost every kind of men, both savage and civilized. Nor did all their dangers and troubles come from the Indians. Reckless and desperate white men were hanging along the frontiers, often committing heinous crimes in such a way that Indians would be accused in their stead. On this account the preachers went heavily armed, and were quite ready and willing at need to fight with stubborn courage in self-defense.

Most of the travel was done on horseback or on foot, as it was almost impossible for wheeled vehicles to pass through the woods and muddy swamps, the thickets and the tangles of fallen trees. Ferries were almost unknown, and the streams had to be forded or swum by the traveler. In making a long journey the preacher often had to wrap himself in his blanket and sleep on the ground wherever night overtook him. His faithful horse was trained to graze and browse near by, and come to him at his call in the morning. For food the good man depended largely upon what was given him at the cabins he visited; but he could broil a squirrel or a bird, a cut of venison or a slice of pork, as well as the best cook in the city.

As he rode through the lonely wilderness the preacher sometimes sang his favorite hymns, making the old groves ring with his sonorous voice.

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,”

awoke the sleeping owl, or made the shy deer bound away over the hills.

“Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,”

went echoing across the breezy prairies, or stirred the blooming sprays of wild plum thickets.

Baptists were probably the first Protestants to enter the western country in very considerable numbers. From Virginia and the Carolinas they passed over the mountains into Kentucky. Many of them joined

Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer soldier, in his struggles to possess the "Dark and Bloody Ground." A few years later they passed over the Ohio into Indiana, making settlements and proving themselves worthy and valuable citizens. They sent missionaries among the Indians, established churches, and were active supporters of the government in all its wars for freedom and the full control of the territory. Indeed, the Protestant ministers, following the example of the Catholic fathers, were an advance guard in the wilderness.

In 1805, soon after the first careful exploration of the Whitewater valley, a settlement was begun not far from the present city of Richmond, and within a few years the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are sometimes called, had become quite numerous. In many other places these simple, frugal, and excellent people added a high moral influence to the development of Indiana life. In time Earlham College was established and has ever since been a thriving institution. Methodists, Presbyterians, and other Protestants came also, preaching and praying and doing good in the great wilderness. And thus religion developed apace with freedom.

In the year 1815 Wilson Thompson, a Baptist preacher, or elder, as his denomination preferred to call their ministers, came from Ohio into Indiana. He was a man of superb proportions; six feet tall, broad-shouldered, extremely muscular, active, and energetic. His father had come from North Carolina into Kentucky with Daniel Boone. There Wilson was born

in 1788, in Woodford County, on Clear Creek. When he was but a young man, he went to Ohio to the place where Lebanon now is, and it was from there that he first visited Indiana. Afterwards he made many journeys through the State, and finally settled in the Whitewater country. He became widely known as an eloquent preacher, was an early member of the State Legislature, and at one time made a strong but unsuccessful race for Congress. It is from his statements that the following sketch of a pioneer preacher's experiences and adventures is made up.

Elder Thompson had only the education obtainable by a strong mind during a few months of backwoods school and through hard study at home by the cabin fire light; but he knew his Bible and he read the human heart more easily than he could peruse a book. He was a perfect woodsman, a tireless hunter, and a restless seeker after what would build up his church and spread its influence far and wide. He wrote some religious books of a controversial sort, and his own biography from the religious point of view. Yet the most interesting parts of his life have never been printed.

At one time he was making a journey on horseback from the eastern part of the State to the Wabash valley. On his saddle he had a pair of leather saddlebags, in one of which were his changes of clothing, while in the other was his food. Crosswise on the pommel he bore his long rifle, while strapped to the rear of his saddle was a comfortable blanket. At his side hung a coon-skin bullet pouch, containing, besides bullets and patch-

ing, a good supply of punk and flints and a piece of steel with which to strike fire.

The punk used by pioneers was a peculiar dry, spongy wood found in the knots on the trunks and larger branches of trees. Hickory trees especially furnished excellent punk. But the substance was not plentiful, and so had great value as a necessary part of the hunter's and traveler's supplies. It was absolutely necessary to keep it dry; the least dampness rendered it useless. Hence it was usually wrapped carefully in a piece of buckskin, and carried either in the pocket or at the bottom of the bullet pouch.

To start a fire, a small bit of the punk was held close to the edge of a flint, which, when smartly struck with a piece of steel, let fall a shower of sparks upon it. When one of these sparks took hold, the punk was surrounded loosely with dry tow or leaves, which were fanned into flame by being whirled in the hand. Then with dry kindling wood a good fire was soon built, and the hungry traveler could broil his venison and parch his corn, or roast his "roasting-ear."

One day about noon Elder Thompson found himself on a thinly wooded ridge of land many miles from any white settlement. A slow, fine rain was falling, and the air was raw and went to the marrow with its chill. The trees were dripping, the underbrush was beaded with water. Tired and hungry, Elder Thompson stopped here to prepare his dinner; but how could he make a fire in this rain with all the fuel wet? His punk and tow were perfectly dry; that part of the requisites was all right. The trouble was to find wood that

could be set on fire by the tow's weak and short-lived flame.

With a light hatchet which he carried in the saddlebags he began chipping and testing every stump and log in the vicinity. All were thoroughly water-soaked, and he had nearly exhausted his patience when at last in splitting open a small beech knot he found the dry nest of a mouse, filling a hollow at the center. In this he placed the handful of burning tow; the knot caught well and he soon had a fire, by which he broiled his last remnants of pork and venison. As was his way, he invoked the divine blessing before he began to eat this lonely meal, and just then five Indian men stalked into his presence and grunted a friendly salute.

This was very embarrassing, for the good elder saw that the savage visitors were hungry and expected to join him in the repast. Moreover, Indian etiquette required him to offer his food, and he felt it dangerous to neglect the formality. Imagine his feelings, then, by trying to put yourself in his place, when the five stalwart men silently accepted his hospitality and ate every morsel of the meat!

As soon as they had made an end of the feast, they grunted forth thanks and stolidly went their way. Elder Thompson continued his journey, hungry, wet, and cold, until nearly nightfall. He could see no game, not even a squirrel. It is safe to say that he remembered his savage visitors with no pleasant feeling for them; and now, all of a sudden, they came upon him again, well mounted and armed. He was

not glad to see them ; but they made friendly signs of recognition, and one of them spoke, —

“ White man give Indian to eat. Indian give white man to eat.”

Thereupon they made a great fire in a hollow, where



they had a camp, and gave the preacher a banquet, took care of him through the night, and next morning loaded him with provisions for his day's journey. Nor was this more than he might have expected ; for Indians rarely if ever failed to be grateful for a kindness and to return it with interest. Had the elder done them an injury, they would have avenged it just as rigidly as they rewarded his enforced hospitality.

At one time Elder Thompson and his father were traveling together in a wilderness, when just at night-

fall the weather fell very cold. They made a fire and lay down beside it to sleep. The wind was blowing and shifting so that there could be no choice as to which side of the fire was safest from the flying of ashes and the annoyance of the smoke. In due time they were slumbering sweetly; but the elder was presently aroused by a peculiar pungent odor like that of burning cloth. He rubbed his eyes and looked about for the cause, only to discover that his father's coat was on fire. The old gentleman was so fast asleep that he was with great difficulty awakened, but too late to save his coat, which had a hole in it almost a foot square. In the elder's own words, "He might have put his head through the hole that was burnt in his new cloth coat."

Some of Elder Thompson's journeys were made on foot, and he preferred to wear Indian moccasins on account of their softness. For long distances through swamp lands he was forced to wade in mud and water, and in places the only bridges over streams and deep ponds were the trunks of fallen trees. Whenever he reached a cabin, the poor pioneers made him warmly welcome, sharing their scant comforts with him and asking him to pray and sing hymns at their firesides.

Often enough there was no sign of a road or path to guide him on his way, but usually the lines of travel were marked by ax-cuts, called "blazes," on the sides of the trees. These chipped spots where the bark was removed shone white and could be easily seen at a considerable distance. The tracks of horses, and occasion-

ally the wheel-marks of wagons, helped to distinguish what were then the only highways.

As early as 1811 Elder Thompson traveled to southeastern Missouri, and lived for a time among the settlers there. One of his experiences as recorded by himself will serve as a typical example of pioneer hardships all over the Northwest at that time. It will clearly show how great has been the forward sweep of life, from that time till the present. He and his wife found themselves, after a long horseback journey, all alone in a single-room cabin, without food, without sufficient furniture, and by no means well clad. As for money, all they had was a "cut" quarter of a silver dollar. In those days, when small change was needed, silver money had to be cut into pieces with an ax or chisel. The fragments passed current at their value.

Elder Thompson did not despair, as many a man would have done. He went to the nearest store, which was a long distance away, and spent his twenty-five cents for powder and lead. Then, having cast some bullets for his rifle, he went forth in search of game, and was fortunate enough to kill a brace of turkeys and a deer. A kind neighbor loaned him some meal and a piece of bacon. Thus they began to live.

Once, while on his way through a dangerous part of the country, having his wife and a young baby with him, he chanced to ask for lodging at a lonely house where foul murder had been committed only a short time previously. It was a dark night, and the elder's wife was greatly fatigued. All day long she had ridden

with the baby in her lap. It would be such a comfort, she thought, to rest on a bed, no matter how hard and uninviting. But as soon as they entered the cabin, the elder knew that he had made a great mistake. He had been warned against this place. It was believed that many travelers had here been murdered and robbed. Certainly one man was known to have lost his life by trusting to the hospitality of the place.

Elder Thompson, for a wonder, had no efficient gun at this time, the old musket he carried having a broken lock. When he called at the house and asked for lodging, a brutal-looking man bade him welcome. Several other ruffians appeared soon after, and began to act in a mysterious, furtive way, as if they had some secret about which it was necessary to hold whispered consultations. Elder Thompson felt the need of great self-composure and presence of mind. To appear afraid or suspicious would be sure to bring on violence. So he put on a bold front and took his wife and child and all his baggage into the room assigned to him.

What made the situation an uneasy one at best was that in his saddlebags he had several hundred dollars in coin which belonged to a relative; and he had seen one of the ruffians lifting the saddlebags as if to guess at their weight. That was a terrible night; but the elder was quite equal to what was demanded of him. When the men produced a large bottle of whiskey, he pretended to drink with them, all the time watching every movement they made. In due time they fell upon the floor drunk, and the elder and his wife escaped. A little later another traveler was killed and robbed at this

house, after which the desperate occupants disappeared to avoid the punishment of the law.

On this journey of four or five hundred miles through the wilderness, Elder Thompson and his wife spent many nights beside a camp fire, sleeping on the ground, the baby snug in its mother's arms, while the wolves yelped and howled close by in the prairie grass, or in the thickets of underbrush. And yet all three slumbered sweetly until daybreak.

Elder Thompson was so fond of deer hunting that his chief regret, when once he fell very sick, was that he could not roam the woods with his gun. His illness was long, and it reduced him almost to mere skin and bones; he was so weak that he had to be fed with a spoon; he could scarcely lift his head. One day his wife, standing at the cabin door, saw a deer leap the fence of the turnip patch, and begin nibbling at the vegetable tops. Thoughtlessly she spoke, saying, "Oh, see that deer!"

"Where?" feebly yet quickly demanded the elder.

"In the turnip patch," was the reply.

Without another word, and with amazing activity, Elder Thompson sprang out of bed, snatched his loaded rifle from its rack on the wall, and ran forth; but the deer took fright, and fled before he could shoot it. Then instantly all strength was gone from the elder's legs, and he let fall his gun, at the same time tumbling down limp and pallid upon the ground. He had to be carried into the house and put to bed, where he lay for many days.

One of his adventures with a deer he told often

to listening grandchildren in his old days. His larder, on a cold January day, was found to be empty, so he shouldered his trusty rifle, to which he had given the name of "Old Spread" (on account of a spreading of the bore at the muzzle), and went into the woods. He was about a mile and a half from home when he saw a magnificent buck lift its antlers above a low clump of underbrush fifty yards away. Here was his opportunity for venison, and with steady aim he fired. Down fell the deer. Apparently, the shot had done its work well; but when Elder Thompson approached his game and took hold of its horn, up it leaped, with such vigor that it dashed him flat upon his back. By the time that he was on his feet again, he saw the deer a little way off behaving strangely, as if somewhat confused. It was going round and round in a small circle with its head to one side.

Elder Thompson drew his long hunting knife, and, boldly approaching the deer, seized its horn once more, and attempted to cut its throat; but again he was knocked down, though still not hurt. After a few short bounds away, the deer turned about and came charging back, horns down, straight upon the elder, who had risen to his knees. There was no time to lose; the stroke of those horns would be deadly. Ten feet distant stood a large tulip tree, and toward this the elder sprang in a great hurry, reaching it and leaping behind it just in time to avoid the thrust of the antlers.

And now began a struggle by no means less dangerous to the hunter than if a panther had been his

pursuer. Round and round that tree they sped, the maddened deer and the fast-tiring man. How was it to end? Elder Thompson was too closely pressed to

be able to turn about; and even if

he could have done this, his arm was too short to reach past the deer's horns to a vital point.

But the strain was too great to last. Both deer and man soon

began to weaken. At this

point the elder, calling upon his immense reserve

of muscular force, sud-

denly redoubled his

speed, and, falling

forward, clutched

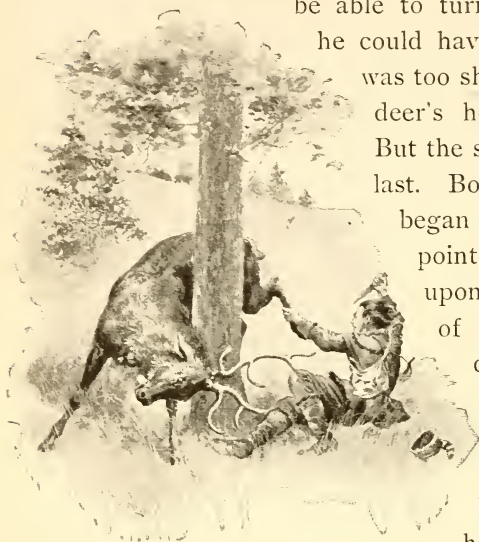
one of the buck's

hind legs with his left

hand. That grasp once

fixed never was loosed until the vicious and badly wounded animal was stabbed to death; and, after all, a fine supply of venison went to the elder's cabin.

Elder Thompson died in 1866, after having lived to see Indiana grow from a savage-haunted wilderness to a great and prosperous commonwealth. In his later days he often preached to audiences of ten thousand people.



FLATBOAT DAYS

ON the 13th of May, 1816, an election was held in Indiana Territory by which delegates were chosen to meet in convention and frame a State constitution. The vast area which was included in Indiana in 1800 had since been reduced to the present limits of the State by the formation of new Territories; yet in 1816 Indiana Territory had a population of free white people numbering nearly sixty-four thousand. The convention met at Corydon with delegates from all the counties, and a constitution was duly framed, under which a general election was held on the first Monday in August. Jonathan Jennings was elected governor of the State of Indiana, and took his oath of office on November 7, 1816, at Corydon; and on the 11th of December following, Indiana became a State of our Union and her star went to its place on the nation's flag. To that flag Indiana has always been true.

Early in the history of the Northwestern Territory an effort had been made to exclude slavery; for there was a considerable number of the settlers who felt that the future of the country would be greatly endangered by the establishment of involuntary servitude in the West. On March 1, 1784, Virginia ceded the Northwestern Territory to the United States, and on the 13th of July, 1787, Congress prohibited slavery in the Terri-

tory. But slavery continued, nevertheless, directly in defiance of congressional enactment, and, at the time when the subject of statehood for Indiana began to be freely discussed, it was necessary to face the situation and have the vexed question permanently settled. Just across the Ohio lay the State of Kentucky, in which a great many negroes were lawfully held as thralls. Indiana as a State must be either free or slave; the choice must be made and fixed in the constitution.

On the 14th of December, 1815, the Legislature of Indiana Territory addressed a memorial to the national Congress in which it was clearly stated that slavery was not desired as one of the institutions of the proposed commonwealth, and in his first message to the Legislature Governor Jennings recommended a law for the protection of free persons of color. Indeed, from the beginning of civilization in the great Northwestern Territory, slavery had but feeble foothold, and when Indiana became a State freedom was fixed in her organic law.

From the date of admission into the Union, Indiana was quite free from savage warfare and depredations. Population increased rapidly, — a tide of immigration setting in from all the older States, — and, although most of our people were poor, a period of prosperity and happiness followed. The Indians had become poor, disheartened, and not a little lazy and dissolute; so that the only trouble they made was due to the impossibility of civilizing them. Gradually they were induced to go out of the State, until at last only a small remnant was left of all the tribes.

It was not long after the commencement of this new life that men of great energy and ability began to urge upon the people's attention the subject of public improvements. Good highways were needed, navigation demanded encouragement from the commonwealth, and proper aid must be given to the establishment of a school system. Even before any legislative enactment on the subject of education, the people had begun the work. Cabins once used for blockhouses were taken for school and church purposes, and in most of the settlements schoolhouses were built.

But public improvements were extremely difficult to make in those early days. Money was scarce, and the undeveloped condition of the country offered great obstacles. High taxes could not be borne, nor were the people ready to assume a large debt. Still, if agriculture could not have an outlet for its products, there could be no prosperity. All the rich land in the interior of the State was practically worthless without a means of transportation. As for the roads, they were almost impassable during a large part of the year, as may be seen by the light of the following description, taken in substance from the statements of travelers who passed through Indiana in every direction between 1818 and 1821.

In driving a very light two-horse wagon with but a scant amount of household furniture for its load, it was often necessary to take out every piece of this lading and carry it over long stretches of mud, while the horses could scarcely flounder through with the

empty vehicle. What was called corduroy—that is, a road made of logs laid side by side at right angles to the line of travel—was the best improvement then

known, and over this the wagon bumped and jolted for miles. There were a few ferries across the larger streams, but even mere creeks were for a large part of the year almost impassable. From the line between Ohio and Indiana to a settlement not far from Terre Haute, a great part of the road was only line; and the way had

a blazed to be cleared by cutting down trees, removing logs and underbrush, and opening a track through dense brakes. Frequently a mile was a good day's journey.

We can easily imagine the difficulty in the way of marketing agricultural products under such circumstances, especially where the settlement was at a great distance from a navigable stream. Cincinnati and Louisville were the chief marketing points, whither most of the surplus of grain and other farm produce found its way. But either of these places, then small and ill-supplied with means of transportation, was so



far away from the interior of Indiana that it was a long, wearisome, and laborious journey at best, choose whichever the pioneer might. New Orleans, indeed, was the great port of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and from the earliest days of western settlement, a visit to the famous "Crescent" city was the chief desire of every one who dreamed of travel.

The Wabash River was navigable for light-draft flat-boats and keel boats, during a large part of the year, far above Lafayette. White River and a number of smaller tributaries were used as channels by which to reach the Wabash, and all the available streams falling into the Ohio were similarly utilized. Indeed, flat-boating was one of the most profitable and picturesque features of early commercial activity. A journey or "voyage," as it was called, from Terre Haute, Vincennes, or Lawrenceburg to the far-off city of the Creoles set in the warm lowlands of Louisiana, was an experience full of lively adventures and constantly enriched with lovely variations of scenery. Long after the introduction of steamboats, this means of navigation was very profitable to the hardy men who pursued it as a vocation.

Flatboating was a very simple business. Late in summer or early in autumn, according to the cargo in view, a boat was built and launched. It was a rough piece of work, being scarcely more than a large, shallow, flat-bottomed scow, with a sort of house amidships. A long steering oar at the stern and a sufficient number of side oars constituted the propelling machinery. The boat was loaded at a rude wharf, and for most of the voyage the current of the river was depended upon

much more than the oars to bear the craft along its way. The crew usually consisted of the owner of the boat and a number of hired men.

In 1812 the first steamboat passed down the Ohio from Pittsburg and went puffing and wheezing all the way to New Orleans. This was the beginning of a new era of prosperity in the West and South. But steamboats did not immediately interfere with the business of flatboating. On the contrary, a strong impetus was given to it. The flatboatman could now voyage leisurely down to New Orleans, there dispose of his cargo, sell his boat for what it would bring, and return with his pocketed profits on board a steamboat.

The Ohio and the Wabash now became immensely important to Indiana. Almost every road led to their banks, where flourishing little towns soon grew up, and where every sort of trade useful to the country showed great activity. But the roads themselves were bad almost beyond what is credible. An enterprising man living in the interior of Indiana, when he made up his mind to try a speculation in the way of buying a cargo of produce and shipping it to New Orleans, found his undertaking one of great hardships and worries, not to count the actual dangers. But such a venture had its mighty fascination, and not unfrequently the speculator's family went with him on the long, slow voyage.

While the flatboat was being built at the most convenient point on the river, wagons were hauling the prospective cargo to the spot, where it was safely housed; and when all was ready, the loading began. Meantime the owner's family had made a long trip in a

covered wagon over the hills and across the prairies and through the swamps, arriving at the place of embarkment worn and tired, but eagerly looking forward to the day when they should be afloat.

The accommodations of an ample flatboat were by no means cramped as compared with what dwellers in log cabins were accustomed to. The family had a small sleeping room well sheltered, and the deck



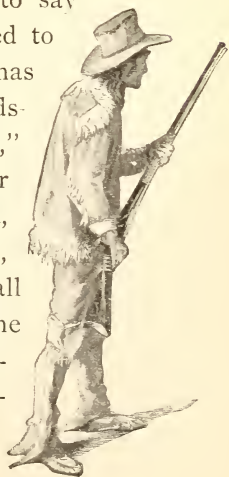
afforded space for open-air life in good weather. With plenty of provisions, good health, and the constant stimulus of ever-changing and novel scenery, every person on board found the voyage delightful. Of course rainy weather often interfered with the full enjoyment of the outdoor scenes, and sometimes a wind-storm would force the boat to seek shelter in some nook of the shore until the danger was past.

The voyage to New Orleans usually began when the weather in Indiana was growing cold. The long winter was coming on, with gray days and icy winds from the northwest; but there was not yet any ice in the Wabash or in the Ohio or its smaller navigable tributaries, and what was most desired was to get beyond the freezing line before any ice obstruction could form. All hands, therefore, were kept actively at work until the boat crept out of the mouth of the Ohio and turned its prow southward down the broad current of the Mississippi.

And so for weeks and months the cheerful voyagers floated on their way. A few small towns had grown up by the great river's side. At these the boat stopped, sometimes for a week's sojourn, while the owner and his family enjoyed the hospitality of the best inhabitants. Dances and dinners were given in their honor, provided they bore letters of introduction from well-known persons, and the long journey was thus made very attractive in a social way. Day after day the winter weather of the North gave place to softer sunshine and balmier winds. Along the river's banks the perpetual green of a southern climate began to show itself instead of the leafless, frost-crisped trees to which the voyagers had been accustomed. Flocks of waterfowl haunted the still bayous or overflow lakes, or flew overhead in vast cloudlike bodies. Deer were often seen at the water's edge, browsing amid the green canebrakes. At that time there were no levees, and in many places the river spread out over miles of country now in cultivation.

Late in winter, perhaps, the flatboat reached New Orleans after stopping at Natchez Under the Hill and at various Creole landings farther down. It was a memorable experience, this arrival at the metropolis of the Mississippi valley. Our "Hoosier" family found themselves in the midst of a people quite strange and interesting to them. On every side they heard the glib speech of the French traders, and the soft *patois* of the colored people. Every sight, every sound was novel and attractive. It was quite easy to sell the boat and the cargo, usually at most profitable prices, and so, after a delightful stay in the city, the return home was made in good time on a steamboat. Nor need it be doubted that the family which had made such a voyage with success came back among their friends in Indiana with glowing accounts of their experiences. Hoosiers who had traveled so far and seen so much were looked upon as fortunate indeed.

At just this point it is well enough to say that the nickname "Hoosier," as applied to Indiana people, is of uncertain origin. It has been said that it arose out of the backwoods-men's pronunciation of the word "here," which was "yer." When a stranger knocked at the door of a cabin in Indiana, the inmate would clutch his gun and pistol, and, going close to the shutter, would call out: "Who's yer?" In time the name "who's yers" was fastened upon the inhabitants of the State. Doubtless this explanation is based upon a clever guess; but



in the absence of a better story it will serve its purpose, and will let the historian escape from an enforced confession of ignorance.

But if the inhabitants of Indiana who dwelt far off from any navigable stream had the worst possible means of marketing their produce, they yet were able to live in reasonable comfort. They had plenty to eat—vegetables, fruits, excellent bread, pork, and game; they grew flax, spun it, and wove their linen cloth; they raised sheep, from the wool of which they made their winter clothing; so they had small need of money.

A few of the old-time spinning wheels, the small ones with treadles, the large ones to be turned by hand, are still preserved as curiosities; and at wide intervals, in the rural nooks distant from railroads, the old hand loom may be seen under its lean-to shed behind a cabin; but the day of these primitive engines of domestic industry is over. Along with the maul and wedge for splitting rails, and the heavy cradle for cutting grain by hand, many other implements suited to backwoods civilization have disappeared. The flatboat lingers dolefully on the rivers, and even steamboats have lost their old-time splendor; but it is well to remember the steps by which we have made the great progress of the past seventy or eighty years.

And this mention of flatboats, mauls and wedges, and rail-splitting somehow calls up the name dearest to Americans, reminds us of the greatest man of modern times and, perhaps, of all times—Abraham Lincoln, whose life in Indiana we will sketch in the next chapter.

A GREAT MAN'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

IN the year that brought statehood to Indiana, Abraham Lincoln's parents came from Kentucky to Spencer County. The southern part of the State was then but thinly settled, and its inhabitants were mostly simple, ignorant, honest people, who gained a livelihood as best they might by farming. Spencer County was no better, no worse, than the average of "river counties" in those days. It had its rough element, its flatboatmen, its rude knights of fortune, and, possibly, its outlaws; but the sturdy American citizen of upright conduct and honest aspiration was strongly in the majority.

At that time Abraham Lincoln was a boy seven years old — a tall, lank, bony lad, whose features wore a look of premature wisdom. His parents were very poor people, belonging to the class called by the negroes of Kentucky "po' white trash"; but they were honest, and Abraham himself showed from earliest childhood that strain of unchangeable probity, and that fixed purpose to make the most of his life, which in later years bore him to the highest seat of honor and greatness. He might easily have chosen the career of John A. Murrell, the outlaw, who went from Kentucky to become the terror and the scourge of Mississippi and

Louisiana. In that case he would have died in disgrace, cast out of respectable history, a miserable wreck of what had once been a strong and capable man. But Lincoln, though distressed with poverty, and cut off from almost every opportunity to get an education and to cultivate his manners with a view to an influential life, yet held himself firmly to duty and to honor.

The best part of the training that Lincoln had received before coming to Indiana was what had resulted from being subjected during infancy and early childhood to hardships, frugal diet, humble surroundings, and direct contact with the elemental forces of nature. In cold weather he had to feel the cold, in hot weather the sun beat upon him; the winds blew down the cabin's "stick-and-dirt" chimney, the snow and the rain sifted in through the loose clapboard roof; there were no napkins on the rough table where he ate; doubtless his fingers did service in place of a fork; table manners were not much understood; dining room, kitchen, bedroom, parlor, were all the same room. From year's end to year's end, day in and day out, the round of labor repeated itself. He saw his father work, his mother work, the whole family work, only to gain a slender supply of the coarsest food and the most humble apparel. Instead of accumulating property and the means of comfort, the Lincolns barely lived, barely secured from day to day what would keep off hunger and avoid nakedness.

From his eighth year onward until he was twenty-one, when he left Indiana to live in Illinois, Lincoln steadily struggled to get the rudiments of a useful edu-

cation. He was sent to school a little, and he managed to study a great deal at home. But he felt the necessity of knowing how to work as well as how to read and cipher. He did not, as so many students have done, make a mere bookworm of himself. There was no kind of work much in demand in his neighborhood that he did not quickly learn how to do, and to do better than other boys of his age could; and by this versatility he was nearly always able to find employment. Nature had given him a powerful frame; he grew to be six feet four inches tall, with great muscles and strong bones and sinews.

Many persons have eagerly borne testimony to Lincoln's industrious habits and trustworthy character during his stay in Indiana. He was also a leader in boyish plays and sports, and liked to wrestle and to show his superior strength in various athletic tests. It is said that he never found his match at lifting, wood chopping, rail splitting, or wrestling. He worked as a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and some of his handiwork in this line is still preserved. In those days saw-mills were scarce, and planks were cut from the log with what were called whipsaws. Lincoln was for a time a whipsawyer. Indeed, he was everything and anything where an honest job of work could be had by a strong, faithful, courageous young fellow. Yet all the while he had an eye upon books. How he learned so much as he did is hard to make out; but the genius in him found its way.

Schools and churches were far apart in the new country where so lately scalping parties of Indians

had roamed ; still, Lincoln fell into the way of going to hear a sermon whenever he could. A walk of several miles, no matter what sort of weather it chanced to be, was nothing to him. His long legs never seemed to tire. No doubt even then he was learning from the shrewd and often witty and eloquent backwoods preachers that command of simple, homely turns of speech which in his later years made him an almost irresistible advocate and political orator.

He was always delighted with a good story, joke, or anecdote. When he heard one, he never forgot it, and he became an inimitable story-teller himself, which made him the life of every company he joined. Everybody called him "Abe," and treated him with familiar friendliness ; but not a few thoughtful persons saw his superior mental qualities while he was yet but a boy. They often saw him sitting alone deeply absorbed in studying a book that he had borrowed, or poring over some mathematical problem. He studied land surveying, so that he was able to trace the lines of real estate and calculate areas. Moreover, his imagination led him to try poetry, and some of his rhymes have been preserved ; but he was so full of humor and the jocular spirit that most of his verses were good-natured satire upon persons who chanced to provoke his efforts in that way. He was never bitter or ill-tempered or selfish in the least ; but he would fight at need, and when roused was not to be easily handled.

At one time young Lincoln was a clerk in the store of a merchant, where he made himself both popular and useful. His jokes and stories drew people to him

whether they wished to trade or not. His employer's goods boxes were duly whittled while the fun went on, and the future statesman found it easy to make and hold friends, as, in fact, he did throughout his life. Yet with all his jollity and hearty friendliness toward everybody, Abraham Lincoln was diffident and shy in society, and at times he appeared to be absent-minded, even despondent. Doubtless life, when he faced it seriously, looked hopeless enough; for what could he expect? What promise was held out to a youth so awkward, so ungainly, so ignorant, so poor? It seems that he did not dream that he might some day be a great man. Long after he had succeeded as a lawyer in Illinois, he said, in conversing with a friend, that even when he was a grown-up man it never came into his mind that he "had sense enough" to practice the profession of law.

He intuitively felt, however, that the way to a higher career lay through study. He knew that education gave advantages not to be commanded by the ignorant, and his hard experience early taught him that there was no royal road to useful knowledge. Moreover, a taste of books had inspired him with a sense of what riches might be stored up in his brain by reading and thinking. The lives of great men fascinated him, as did also the history of governments and peoples.

But the boy Lincoln was a genuine boy, and had his faults, like other boys. A wedding party to which he had received no invitation called forth from him, as a salve for his wounded feelings, a rhymed lampoon leveled at the Grigsbys, in whose house the wedding

was celebrated. This was not a dignified thing on his part, but it pleased a good many people and did no harm. It shows, however, that he could resent a slight, and that he possessed in those boyish days the rudiments of a satirical gift which long afterwards served him so well in public debate with the brilliant and engaging orator, Stephen A. Douglas.

He was as generous as he was resentful, even more so; for he was often known to forgive an enemy, and to do good to those who had injured him. To girls and women he offered those gentle considerations and compliments by which you may safely measure the heart of a man or a boy. He had a stepmother, to whom he was as faithful, kind, and loving as if she had been his own mother. She herself testified to this by saying: "Abe was a good boy. . . . Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I requested him. . . . He was a dutiful son to me always. . . . Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see."

To show Lincoln's generous nature, a little story is told of what he did for a girl who was opposed to him in a spelling match at school. It must be explained that in those spelling matches of the old-time log-cabin school, the pupils were permitted to range themselves in two opposing rows of spellers. Beginning at one end of this battle array, the teacher gave out words to be spelled. If a contestant on one side failed to give the correct spelling, one on the other side had a chance to spell the word. If he succeeded, the opponent who had missed had to sit down and could try no

more. The side that spelled all the other side down won the victory. These contests were very spirited, and as they came off once a week, great study and preparation were made for them. Every ambitious student was anxious to be the champion speller, and so be left standing alone when all others had been forced to their seats.

Young Lincoln was hard to beat in a game of this sort. In fact he was the best speller in school. One day when a match was on he stood opposed to a girl, when the teacher gave out the word "defied." Some one down the line failed to spell it. Another and another missed, and then it came the girl's turn. She knew that if she failed in her trial Abe Lincoln would spell her down. Doubtfully she began with "d-e-f," and then hesitated which letter next to choose, an "i" or a "y." She glanced at Lincoln. Very carelessly, but with a droll, significant grin, he placed a finger on his eye. She knew what he meant; he was sacrificing his chance of spelling her down. She



chose the correct vowel and kept her place. We may, with unflagging admiration and regard for the gentle sex, have some doubts whether the girl ever lived who would have done that thing for a boy!

Some of Lincoln's friends predicted his future success; but none of them was daring enough to think

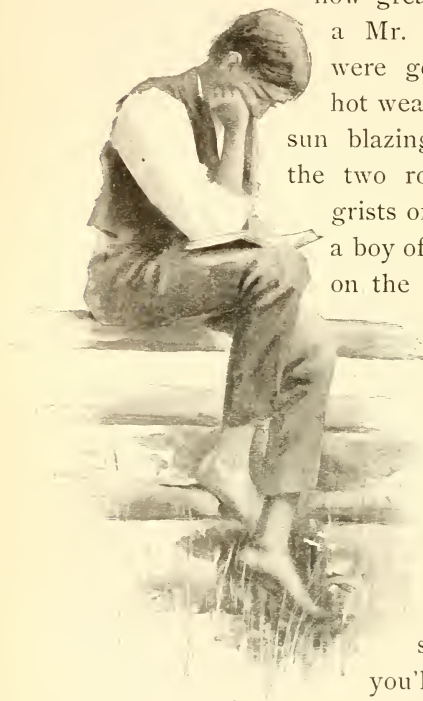
how great he was to be. One day

a Mr. Lamar and his son John were going to mill. It was very hot weather, dusty in the road, the sun blazing in a summer sky. As the two rode along astride of their grists of corn, they saw Abe, then a boy of ten or twelve years, sitting on the top rail of a worm fence,

reading a book. He was so deeply interested in what he was studying that he did not hear the horses' feet. "John, look at that boy," said Mr. Lamar to his son, "and mark my words, he'll make a smart man of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true." They did come

true, of course, and Mr. Lamar's son lived to see the boy's triumph over every obstacle in his way.

This habit of thoughtful reading grew upon Lincoln as his life strengthened. He borrowed books of his



friends, for he was too poor to buy them; nor did he make choice of frivolous literature. From the first he went seriously at the business of informing his mind. What he hungered for was wisdom, not mere idle entertainment. The plebeian lad possessed the rare, pure taste of a nature molded for large and valuable works. One of the first books that he borrowed and read was Weems's "Life of Washington." To him this was more interesting and satisfying than any novel or romance. The calm, steadfast courage and perseverance of Washington doubtless deeply impressed the boy's mind, and helped to shape his destiny.

Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years old when, with his father's family, he left Indiana to make his home in Illinois. He was as poor as ever, with not even decent clothes to wear; nor were his future prospects brightened by a single ray of encouragement. And yet, when he was ready to bid good-by to his boyhood's home, the whole neighborhood felt it a loss to see him go.

The Lincoln family had, as was their habit, it seems, fallen upon bad luck. A disease peculiar to certain localities in the western wilderness had killed their cattle, and some of their near kindred had died of it. It was called the "milk-sick," a disease the exact cause of which has never been discovered. This was the reason for their departure from Spencer County. Abraham Lincoln's powerful constitution was poisoned with this or some subtle malarial influence, so that during all the rest of his life there lingered in his blood and nerves a disquieting trace of it. To it as a cause was traced a

certain melancholy which often overtook him in the midst of his most important activities.

It might have been mentioned in the chapter on flat-boat days that Lincoln was at one time a flatboatman. In fact, he built the boat, superintended its launching and lading, and then guided it on its way down to New Orleans, where he staid a month or two, deeply interested in what he saw and heard. And so, before he was twenty-five years old, he had passed through almost every experience open at that time to an honest and earnest young person who gladly undertook every labor that fell handy. What was most to his advantage seems to have been his habit of storing up and making ever afterwards instantly available at need every bit of observation, discovery, or experience which chanced to come to him. He trained his memory to hold fast grip upon insignificant details, so that in the smallest as well as the largest affairs he always had ready an expedient with which to meet every exigency.

Think of a young man, who was to be his country's greatest chief magistrate, making a petty peddler of himself! Yet this Lincoln did on his journey from Indiana to Illinois. At the time of his departure from Spencer County, he had between thirty and forty dollars in money. This he spent for a stock of small articles, such as pins, needles, knives and forks, buttons, thread, and the like. These he peddled from cabin to cabin on the way to Sangamon County, Illinois. By this turn he doubled his money before his journey was ended. When he reached his destination he hired out to split rails, and it required the money earned by split-

ting ten hundred rails to buy one pair of coarse jean trousers the cloth of which had been dyed with white walnut bark.

Long after Lincoln went away from Indiana he returned to visit the haunts of his boyhood. Things had changed and he had changed; there was little left in the neighborhood to interest him. Friends had died or moved away; old landmarks had disappeared; the atmosphere seemed heavy with melancholy influences. He wrote a tender, sentimental piece of verse expressive of his disappointment, and so went back to Illinois. But to this day the name of Abraham Lincoln is connected in Spencer County with traditions of the boy's worth, goodness, and superior intellectual gifts. Stories have come down from fathers to sons, in which are preserved incidents showing how his character impressed itself upon the memory of those who knew him. Indeed, so deep was the hold "Abe" had taken upon popular memory, that no one in the places where he lived seemed ever to forget anything that he had said or done.

The fourteen years spent by Lincoln in Indiana were the years which form a boy into a man, the years from seven to twenty-one. A careful study of that period in any man's life will show the building of his character. The traits developed then are usually permanent and ever afterwards controlling. Lincoln's boyhood and youth have one conspicuous element of the highest and strongest character — conscience was always a criterion by which he measured his acts. As a plowboy, a rail splitter, a carpenter, a whipsawyer, a flatboatman,

a clerk, he acted upon honor and always did the just thing.

And yet Lincoln never really liked to do hard work. While he could lift as much as three ordinary men and could split more rails in a week than the average workman could split in a fortnight, he preferred the labor of the mind to that of the body. Throughout his most toilsome experience in field and wood he somehow found time to write essays and squibs in rhyme. He appears to have been half blindly working his way to the light of an intellectual life. His fourteen years as a "Hoosier" prepared him for a singularly rich and thorough understanding of the common people of our country. This was the basis of his legal and political sagacity, behind which lay his

"Humor, born of virile opulence,"

the best gift, next to absolute honesty, ever bestowed upon a public man. He was far from handsome; not merely homely or ungainly, he was very unattractive to the casual observer. Lean, bony, long-necked, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, swarthy, angular, with large feet and knobby fingers, flat wrists and slim shanks, he was hopelessly shut off from being considered at all from the point of view of masculine beauty. But even his ungainliness was turned to large account by his genius; for in telling a story or in appealing through vigorous oratory to the plain folk of the West, his language, his accent, his illustrations, his mimicry, all accorded with his massive, rugged physical outlines and went straight home to popular understanding and sympathy. This

was so while yet he was but a boy. Wherever he went there was collected a group of delighted listeners, who wondered how and where he had learned so much and picked up so many excruciatingly funny stories.

Abraham Lincoln worked; that was his life's weapon and safeguard. It was by work, both physical and mental, honestly and steadily persisted in, that he rose slowly but surely, higher, higher, highest. His life was a serious and earnest one. His eyes were ever upon the place of honor and of duty. When he fell under the stroke of an assassin, he was but fifty-six years old, really at the high prime of manhood. It was but twenty years after he had fairly begun to practice law that he died, the greatest man of all our country's heroes. Surely his life is a source of encouragement and inspiration for every American boy.

BLACK AND WHITE.

WE have seen that Indiana was earliest settled by Frenchmen, and it seems pretty certain that what they first did was to establish trading relations with the Indians. A class of roving men called *coureurs de bois*, which means "wildwood rovers," took up the habits and customs of the savages, lived with them, married squaws, went almost naked; and it was these *coureurs de bois* who to some degree set the fashion of life for the dwellers at the widely scattered French posts, and gave the good Catholic priests great trouble with their lawlessness.

Among other evils introduced by these men, to the lasting injury of the Indians, was human slavery; for even our wild savages had never fallen so low as to "traffic in the bodies and souls of men" before the white people set the horrible example. The spirit of freedom seemed to dwell in the woods and prairies, and there was nothing else so highly prized by Indians as their personal liberty, the right to come and go at will, to call no man master. They guarded most jealously their absolute independence and their unlimited control of what they considered their birthright. But from the first the French settlers were favorably inclined toward slavery, provided always that it was not the

Frenchman who had to wear the chain and collar of a master.

Louisiana Territory was largely settled by slaveholders, and the taint of thralldom was not long in creeping deep into the wilderness, especially after the line of trading posts between Canada and New Orleans had been well established. Slave labor was highly remunerative to masters; moreover, it suited the gay, romantic, and somewhat shiftless French character to have servants at command. A tradition of European civilization, with its hereditary titles, its exaggerated estimate of what "nobility" was worth as a mere social term, and its scorn of manual labor, was fixed in the Gallic mind. A French family always had, or what was much the same, professed to have, a coat of arms and a patent of nobility tucked safely away in its strong box, which strong box had, as a rule, not yet crossed the Atlantic.

Naturally enough, in the beginning of Western civilization this French spirit was the predominant one, and its influence continued until some time after the population of Indiana Territory had a considerable majority of English-speaking people. Nor was it ready to submit, even when our State had been formed and Americans were coming in from every direction in swarms of wide-awake, energetic farmers, artisans, and tradespeople, all characteristically opposed to the easy-going, unthrifty, gayly social life of the French villages. The American pioneer began work with ax and saw and plow and hoe as soon as he found the spot of ground he had come to occupy. Not so with the

Frenchman: he had no taste for clearing a farm and splitting rails; his preference was for smoking his pipe on a rude veranda, while he chatted with a group of his vivacious fellow-villagers. Plowing

the root-bound soil of a new field was to him next to impossible.

Another characteristic of the Frenchman was his aversion to accepting anything in the way of new implements, modes, or activities. "Let things go on as they always have" was his motto. Nor could he fairly understand that, being a Frenchman, he was yet bound to obey the laws made by Americans. Not that he was

evil-minded or inclined to be unpatriotic; his trouble lay in adapting himself to the civilization gathering around him. He was a jolly fellow, honorable, trustworthy, and brave; but he saw life through Gallic eyes, and all his emotions and ambitions were antagonistic to the plans and methods of the rough and sturdy Anglo-Saxon.

The French were not the only slaveholders in Indiana after slaveholding had been made unlawful; but it



doubtless was very much owing to their stubborn clutch upon the negroes held by them that gave other offenders heart to resist the humane law. Time and again the courts of our State decided that slavery was in violation of our constitution; but each case seemed to go no further than the liberation of the particular negroes involved in it. As to the laws on the subject, they were conflicting and very confusing when taken together. From the earlier days of Indiana Territory attempts had been made by the Legislature to legalize slavery under another name. Negroes brought into the Territory by their masters were permitted to enter into a so-called voluntary servitude by a contract binding them for a long term of years, and the courts had been inclined to hold these contracts enforceable on the authority of the old English common law.

But when Indiana became a State with a free constitution there could be no ground for such decisions, and slavery could exist only by force in defiance of all law. Yet it is an historical fact that slavery actually existed in Indiana and was the subject of a decision of the Supreme Court, reported in Blackford's first volume of Supreme Court decisions. And even so late as 1840 the United States census credits Indiana with three slaves, — one in Putnam County, two in Rush.

It is hard to understand how this could be true under a State constitution, one section of which read as follows : —

“There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in this State, otherwise than for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly con-

victed. Nor shall any indenture of any negro or mulatto hereafter made and executed out of the bounds of this State be of any validity within the State."

Many men were found, however, especially in the southwestern part of the State, who believed, or pretended to believe, that even this strong section of the constitution did not wholly wipe out property in slaves. They contended that a constitution could not wrest a man's valuable chattels from him without just compensation. And so they held on firmly to their negroes, hoping that the courts would come to their relief. Others, who did not wish to lose the money represented by slaves in their possession, took the shortest road to the Ohio River, and crossed over into Kentucky, where the unfortunate negroes had but a poor opportunity to assert their freedom. Many masters took the constitutional provision in good part, however; and not only did they set their negroes free; they went further, even providing for the wants of the old ones and paying fair wages to the others for their work.

It frequently turned out that the slaves themselves refused to accept freedom, preferring to continue their state of servitude, and it is probable that most of the late cases of slavery were the results of such preference on the part of the negroes. Still, some of them were not of this character, as appears from the history of a trial which took place at Vincennes several years after the adoption of our State constitution. The defendant in this case was Colonel Hyacinthe Lasselle, the keeper of a hotel at Vincennes, who had been an Indian trader to the extent of amassing a considerable fortune,

a good part of which was in slaves, set free by the constitution, but still held in bondage by the doughty colonel.

Lasselle was the son-in-law of Major Francis Busseron, an old French resident of Vincennes whose services to Clark in capturing the posts and satisfying the Creoles with the terms of American domination have inseparably connected his name with our early history. Before coming to live at Vincennes, Lasselle had traded with the Indians at Detroit, Fort Wayne, Godfroy's village; on the Wabash at Piankeshaw village, and at Chepaille. It was during this time that he purchased his negroes from the Indians, who had captured them from the whites.

When the State constitution was accepted by the convention, Lasselle made a show of freeing his negroes, but, somehow, at the same time he kept them. Among these negroes was Polly, a pretty mulatto girl, whose pleasing manners and excellent disposition had attracted much local attention. She was a great favorite in Colonel Lasselle's household, and the story went forth that she had refused to accept her freedom. At all events, she was not free, a fact not pleasant to the coterie of abolitionists in Vincennes, who had not forgotten the colonel's active opposition to the freedom clause in the constitution; besides, there was said to be some objection to the treatment Polly received in the Lasselle family.

It seems, however, that Polly herself cared very little about the matter when finally a legal proceeding was begun to test Colonel Lasselle's title to her. This was

the case which went to the Supreme Court, and is set forth in Blackford's first Report. Polly was adjudged free; but, strange to say, not by the court at Vincennes, which in fact held that she was the lawful property of Hyacinthe Lasselle! An appeal had to be taken to the highest court in the State to settle the question. After the final decision in her favor, Polly accepted her freedom and went to St. Louis to live. Years later she came back to Indiana on a visit to the Lasselle family, and was kindly received. And it was thus that slavery died a slow death in a State whose very foundation was freedom.

But the fact that slavery existed just beyond the Ohio River caused still further and different trouble in Indiana. Negroes ran away from their masters in Kentucky, and, crossing the river by night, sought the aid of abolitionists to prevent their recapture. And so, in time, what was called the "underground railroad" to freedom was established. This was an arrangement by which runaway slaves were hidden in houses of friendly white people, who furnished them with food, and oftentimes with money, and helped them on their perilous way far beyond the reach of their pursuing owners. This was illegal, for the courts had held that a man's property could be reclaimed wherever found, and so to hide it from him was, technically, a kind of stealing.

Still, many good people, whose hearts brimmed over with sympathy for the fugitives from perpetual tyranny, could not feel that mere law, absolutely repugnant to human conscience, should override the imperative

claims of justice in so important a matter as the freedom of a man, a woman, or a child. When a negro swam the Ohio by night and came wet and hungry and exhausted to the door of a citizen of Indiana, asking for shelter from a pursuing master who claimed to own him body and soul, who can wonder, who can



blame, if he got what he asked for? Out of such incidents, however, arose many notable lawsuits in our State.

In a very interesting biographical sketch of Joseph Glass Marshall, of Madison, Mr. W. W. Woollen gives an account of one or two of those fugitive-slave trials. Marshall was a born orator, one of those leonine men whose roaring had in it both persuasion and compulsion, and his style of address suited perfectly the prevailing public taste and temper. He knew how to strike the chord of simple and irresistible passion by

which the hearts of simple, uneducated men are stirred to a frenzy of sentimental emotion, so that calm reason and the logic of law are forgotten.

But he was, as well, a lawyer of remarkable learning and acumen for the times and the environment in which he lived. His friends gave him the nickname of the "Sleeping Lion," on account of the almost terrific change of bearing and countenance which came over him when suddenly called upon for a supreme effort of oratory. He was a man of singular personal magnetism, although somewhat uncouth in physique. His head was immense; his face broad, heavy, excessively masculine; his hair looked like a lion's mane, and his eyes could flash with all the intensity of his ungovernable feelings. He was born in Kentucky, but came to Indiana when twenty-eight years old.

One of Marshall's famous cases was that of John Freeman, who was arrested as a fugitive slave, after having lived in Indiana for a long time as a free man. He had a respectable and much esteemed family, and was, at the time of his apprehension, a citizen thoroughly in touch with the best people of his neighborhood. Of course it caused considerable excitement when Freeman was taken into custody to be carried back into slavery for the remainder of his life. Yet the prevailing local sentiment at that time seems to have been in favor of a strict enforcement of the fugitive-slave law. Marshall, however, volunteered his services in Freeman's behalf, and delivered a speech that reversed the feelings of both court and audience.

Another case was that of Delia A. Webster, who was

accused of running slaves out of Kentucky to freedom in Indiana. She had before served a term in the penitentiary of Kentucky for a crime of this sort, but in this instance she escaped from custody and crossed the Ohio into Madison. There she was taken by virtue of a requisition made upon the Governor of Indiana by the Governor of Kentucky. Marshall undertook her defense by a proceeding in *habeas corpus*, and so rousing was his eloquence that the men who heard him became wild with excitement, and made a rush upon the Kentucky officials, driving them hastily back to their own State.

When the great war between the North and the South came on, it turned out that Abraham Lincoln, the poor plowboy of Spencer County, was the great liberator whose hand wrote the Proclamation of Emancipation, and swept slavery forever from the whole land. To-day there is not a slave in America. Black and white live together under our flag of freedom with equal rights guaranteed by carefully constructed amendments to our national constitution.

A GENIAL HERMIT.

THE early days were not without their debt to romance, as may be easily shown by a sketch from real life. The first lieutenant governor of the State of Indiana was Christopher Harrison, whose strange and romantic career forms a picturesque example of what a poetic disposition could do for a man under the circumstances of American life eighty years ago. It seems that, in those days, the wild forests of the West lured discontented persons to the ways of the hermit.

A longing for

“A lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,”

as Cowper has it, took strong hold of the mind, especially when some dash of misfortune, or some disastrous interference with an aspiration or a passion had embittered life. Christopher Harrison was a very imaginative young man, finely educated and intellectual; but he lacked the valuable gift of belligerency. He could not face about and fight again after a stroke of defeat.

He was born in the town of Cambridge, Dorchester County, Maryland, in 1775, and after graduating from

St. John's College at Annapolis, went to Baltimore as a confidential clerk for William Patterson, a merchant of immense wealth and high social standing. Young Harrison was a charming person, handsome, intelligent, versatile, with the manners of a courtier. He came of an old and excellent English family, and had been accustomed from infancy to every accessory of culture and high breeding. He was therefore received into Mr. Patterson's household on the most intimate terms as the equal of its members; indeed, almost as one of the family. He became the friend, companion, and teacher of Elizabeth, Mr. Patterson's daughter, who was afterwards the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, later King of Westphalia.

It seems that Harrison fell deeply in love with Miss Patterson, although great efforts have been made to becloud and discredit the fact. She was a beautiful girl, gifted by nature, and the pet of great fortune; a young man of Christopher Harrison's temperament and taste might well give himself over to her lovely fascination. But details of the affair have been withheld; we know only that some disaster fell upon the young man's life about that time. The story goes, and is probably true, that Miss Patterson favored Harrison's suit, and even promised to marry him; but her father had a greater ambition in behalf of his daughter, and when the engagement came to his knowledge he promptly made an end of it. Bonaparte had come upon the scene with the glamour of his great kinsman's renown shimmering over him; and when did a Bonaparte fail to win? It was not yet time for Waterloo. In 1803

Miss Patterson was married to the young Bonaparte, then a lieutenant in the French navy, and for a short time was happy as his wife. But the greater Bonaparte, Napoleon I., did not like the lieutenant's marriage, so he annulled it, and another woman, Catherine, daughter of the King of Württemberg, became the Queen of Westphalia.

Immediately after this, perhaps late in the same year, Christopher Harrison suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from among his friends and kindred in Maryland. He was quite wealthy, owning slaves and other property sufficiently valuable to give him a good income; but he cared not for them. He set the negroes free, in place of selling them, and took away with him but a small amount of money.

In a wood of Indiana, overlooking a most beautiful stretch of the Ohio River, there stood, in 1808, a cabin; and near it, cut into the bark of a tree, was the inscription, *Christopher Harrison, July 8, 1808*. The situation was a lovely one. In his interesting sketch, Mr. W. W. Woollen thus describes it: — "His cabin stood upon a point known as 'Fair Prospect,' a site which commanded a view of the Ohio River for miles up and down. It had but a single room, and was roughly made, but inside were many things which testified of the culture of its occupant." Harrison was a man of refined and scholarly taste. He could draw and paint with considerable skill, and had a good knowledge of several languages. On the walls of his lonely cabin room were hung many pictures, while rude shelves of books filled up the spaces. Trophies of his success

in hunting adorned the rough mantel over the fireplace, and his rifle and bullet pouch, powderhorn and hunting knife, swung above the low door on a rack of buck's antlers. Easels and palettes, paints and brushes, were scattered about. Everything, indeed, indicated the hut of a gifted and educated hermit, who spent his time in a most romantic way.

Christopher Harrison's hermit life lasted for seven years, during which time his only companion was his faithful dog, whose kennel stood against the chimney of the cabin in the form of a lean-to shed. Books, painting, and the excitement of fishing and shooting game afforded him his chief activities and pleasures. He had no neighbors. Now and then a friendly Indian or a tramp pioneer dropped in upon his lonely seclusion to receive always the kindest treatment possible; but he was reticent, telling nothing about himself, asking no questions about others. Even in that thinly settled, backwoods region, a rumor of his singular life went far, and was no doubt greatly exaggerated. The simple settlers, trappers, and traders could not make out the motives of a man of Harrison's tastes and accomplishments living as he did, and his life excited no little curiosity and surmise.

At the time of his arrival on the Ohio River bluff, Harrison was thirty-two or thirty-three years old; his health was vigorous, his wants were few. Doubtless he spent much time in the pursuit of knowledge and in preparing himself for some future plans. At all events, his life and disposition afterwards showed that he had not grown sour or melancholy. So long as his cabin

was isolated and his solitude not often disturbed, he appears to have been quite contented and happy, tramping in the woods with his rifle and his dog, or paddling his pirogue on the Ohio, and at night reading his favorite books by the light of a bear's oil lamp. When the weather was rainy or otherwise bad, he staid indoors and amused himself with his paints and brushes.



In 1815 Christopher Harrison sold his cabin and the landed estate upon which it stood to one George Logan. His hermit life then suddenly ended, and he went to the town of Salem to become a dry-goods merchant. If he could not live in the forest quite apart from all mankind, he would go right into the bustle of human activities. He took for his partner in trade Mr. Jonathan Lyons. The firm was successful and prospered largely. In the following year Indiana became a State, and Christopher Harrison was placed on the ticket with

Jonathan Jennings, the latter for governor, the former for lieutenant governor. Both were elected. Harrison must have been a very attractive man to emerge from the life of a lonely recluse and at the end of a year step into the second highest office in the State!

At one time Christopher Harrison thought himself not merely lieutenant governor, but *actually* governor of Indiana. His claim was honestly made, and in strict legal right had, perhaps, a solid foundation, at least sufficiently solid for fair contention. Under the State constitution the governor was forbidden to hold any office under the United States. But Governor Jennings accepted an appointment from the President of the United States to serve as one of three commissioners to purchase certain lands from the Indians. Certainly that was an office "under the United States"; or if not, what was it? There are many fine-spun technical threads woven into the cloth of gold called "The Law"; but to the ordinary mind it is quite difficult to see how a man can represent the United States government so intimately as to negotiate and perfect the acquisition of public domain without being a legal officer under that government.

Christopher Harrison, as lieutenant governor, was legally entitled to the office of acting governor, if Governor Jennings had forfeited his office by disobedience to the State constitution. He was an honest man, and, believing that Jennings was attempting to fill two offices at once in direct violation of sworn duty, he took possession of the governor's office and declared himself the acting chief executive of the State

of Indiana. Jennings, however, did not agree to this arrangement; nor did he appeal to the courts to settle the controversy. Perhaps he was doubtful about the result of solemn adjudication; at all events, he made his cry to the legislative body, and secured its favorable recognition.

Harrison immediately sent in his resignation to the secretary of state, and at the same time he addressed a dignified letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, stating that, since he could not be permitted to exercise the authority of his office, he did not wish to bear its empty name. The Legislature could not do less than admire the high position assumed by Mr. Harrison. A resolution was passed testifying to his correct and dignified conduct.

So closed the term of Christopher Harrison's first public office. He returned to Salem and resumed his quiet and studious private life. Thomas P. Williams of Baltimore, in a letter quoted in Mr. Woollen's book, speaking of Harrison, says:—

“He was a student all his life, and his acquirements were various and extensive. He was not satisfied with a superficial knowledge of anything; he went into matters thoroughly.”

He never married. At Salem he lived in a little brick house of but two rooms, one of which was “barely large enough for a bed.” Here, all alone, as in his cabin on the Ohio, he devoted himself once more to books and art. The small grounds around his cottage were planted in flowers and shrubs carefully tended with his own hands. It delighted him to have his

neighbors' children come and accept the bouquets he prepared for them. His simple nature found deepest pleasure in making others happy.

In 1819 he was a candidate for the office of governor. It is probable that he wished the place more out of desire to defeat Jennings, who was asking for a second term, than on account of any real political ambition. He felt that his dignity ought to be vindicated and the insult to his former official claim wiped out. But Jennings was a popular politician upheld by a large number of office holders and office seekers, while Harrison was but a quiet, reserved man — just the man, indeed, to be overwhelmingly beaten as he was. When the votes were counted, Jennings was found to be reelected by a very large majority.

In the following year Christopher Harrison was chosen by the Legislature as one of the three commissioners to lay out the plat of Indianapolis, which was to be the capital city of the State. He accepted the appointment, and in April, 1821, repaired to the site of the future metropolis as his commission required. Neither of the other two appointees arrived. They had both forgotten, or were pleased to shirk their duty. Harrison did not hesitate, but appointed a competent corps of surveyors, headed by Elias P. Fordham and Alexander Ralston, and proceeded to do the work. And he did it thoroughly, with most conscientious care, so that when he made his report it was found to be acceptable.

In October, 1821, the city lots of Indianapolis were sold by the State agent, General John Carr. It was

thus that our great capital was founded in the damp forest on the bank of White River. Shall we try to imagine what would have been Christopher Harrison's feelings could he have looked forward to the present time and gazed upon the city he was outlining in a way so rudimentary? The railroads, the telegraphs, telephones, electric cars, electric lights, asphalt streets, steam manufactories, and all the vast roar of teeming activities — what would he have thought! And he might have taken a wondering look at the natural-gas operations and the spouting oil wells not far off. Indeed, he could have stared wonderingly at the men and boys, the women and girls, all scudding along on bicycles.

In 1824 Christopher Harrison and William Hendricks were appointed to locate a canal around the falls of the Ohio near Jeffersonville. They made their report the following year and filed it on January 18, 1825. The history of that effort to establish a safe passageway for steamboats around the dangerous, rocky shoals in the Ohio River is very interesting. It shows how our commonwealth was even then reaching out after the means with which to liberate the cramped spirit of greatness of which she was conscious. During the low-water season steamboats could not pass up or down the so-called falls, where the river ran in a broad, noisy, shallow ripple over an uneven bed of limestone. The problem was to cut a canal by which this place could be avoided. But for a sufficient, if not a good reason, the merchants and warehousemen of Louisville, Kentucky, were opposed to the improvement.

The great rock obstruction in the river made Louisville the practical head of navigation for a large part of each year. In other words, nearly all the traffic of the steamboats had to be there transferred, giving employment to a host of men and conveyances, while great warehouses for storage were kept full. It was this advantage that Louisville men did not like to give up. But it was thought in Indiana that a steamboat canal around the falls would build up a strong river port on the Indiana side. Hence the desire to prosecute the scheme as a public work.

A competent engineer surveyed the proposed route, and found it quite practicable. Work was begun with great energy. A dam was built across a stream and the water turned into a part of the channel selected, to cut it out by hydraulic friction. The plan was working finely; but one night some person or persons cut the dam and so destroyed the whole expensive reservoir. At the same time financial trouble began in the State, and the canal had to be abandoned. Whether Louisville was at the bottom of the ugly business by which Indiana lost her great river port can never be known; but it is certain that at a later day the canal was constructed on the Kentucky side of the river.

Christopher Harrison's connection with the canal scheme ended when he and Governor William Hendricks made their report. After that he passed out of public life. He moved from Salem to a farm a few miles in the country, where he again took up a lonely life of study and outdoor recreation. He took great interest in growing fine watermelons, and here again

he remembered the children of Salem. He would cut the names of all the boys and girls he knew upon the rinds of as many watermelons; then with his wagon loaded he would enter the town and proceed to distribute his luscious gifts. You may be sure that he was beloved by the young people.

When he began to grow old, Christopher Harrison left Indiana and went back to Maryland, and for many years lived among his relatives. He died there when eighty-eight years old. As long as he lived he was fond of fishing, boating, and shooting. In his description of Mr. Harrison's personal habits and appearance, Mr. Woollen says, — "He was always careful of his dress. Usually he was cleanly shaved, and in his person was always scrupulously clean. . . . He was a great student, being a voracious reader of books. Judge Banta has a couple of books, one of them printed in Latin, which once belonged to the old pioneer. They contain notes and emendations in his handwriting, and interspersed through them are beautiful pictures in water colors, drawn by the deft hand of their owner."

Many anecdotes touching the singular characteristics of Christopher Harrison have been preserved by tradition, and one of them may serve to close this sketch. Harrison was a freethinker, but not an infidel. He had great respect for all churches, and especially for the Quakers. At one time he was visited by a preacher who had more curiosity than politeness. Harrison made him welcome to his house, showed him his pictures, his books, his flowers, and indeed made every genteel effort to entertain him.

"What church do you belong to?" inquired the parson.

"To none," was the quiet answer.

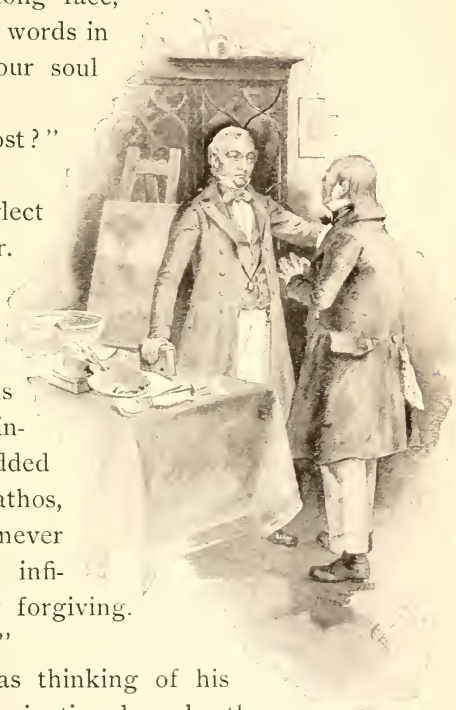
"That is unfortunate, very unfortunate," said the parson, putting on a long face, and drawing forth the words in a funereal tone. "Your soul will be lost."

"How can it be lost?" Harrison demanded.

"By your willful neglect of it," said the preacher.

"Ah, my friend," said Harrison, "you do not know everything." Then, laying his hand kindly on the minister's shoulder, he added in a voice of infinite pathos, "God is love, and love never loses anything; it is infinitely tender, infinitely forgiving. My soul cannot be lost."

Perhaps the man was thinking of his own enduring and illuminating love, by the light of which his whole long life was spent.



THE ROMANCE OF NEW HARMONY.

AT Iptingen in Württemberg, in October, 1757, was born a child whose singular life was to affect the history of Indiana in a remarkable degree. He is known in history as George Rapp, the founder of the Rappite community. Although a weaver by trade, he was a great student and soon acquired a large knowledge of the Bible and of early Christian customs. About the end of the eighteenth century he had organized a band of followers, who, accepting his doctrine of communism, attempted to live as they understood their duty required. The model for their community, as they claimed, was the mode of life adopted by the early Christians at Jerusalem. For a while they got along well enough; but their doings were not favored by the government, and presently trouble arose which forced them to abandon their country and come to America. This was in 1803. In 1805 they settled in Pennsylvania, Butler County, on Conequenessing Creek, where for ten years they prospered in agriculture and in manufacturing ventures.

A year before Indiana became a State, the Rappites purchased thirty thousand acres of fine land on the Wabash River, and built the beginnings of the town, in Posey County, known far and wide as New Harmony.

It was a wild and beautiful region, and the immense estate purchased consisted of land as rich as any in the world. George Rapp's theory of life was to have an opportunity to test itself without any hindrance from the government, or conflicting social, political, or religious influences.

A large area of land, several thousand acres, was cleared and brought into a high state of cultivation. Extensive vineyards like those in Germany were planted and trained to beautiful effect, with a summerhouse in the midst, surrounded by a curiously intricate system of walks called a labyrinth, and adorned with exquisite flowering plants and strange shrubs. The walks were so interlaced that, upon entering the gate of the inclosure and attempting to go directly to the summerhouse, the visitor got lost, and soon found himself back again at the gate, no better off and no nearer the house than when he first entered.

The Rappite community lived in their town, and all shared alike, going afield together to labor, or serving as workmen in the large woolen and cotton establishments which they erected. The town itself was a curious place, like no other town in America. The houses did not front on the streets, the side next to the street having no door, and the architectural arrangement was such that the stranger passing through the town saw very little appearance of life. An air of mystery seemed to brood over the place.

Doubtless George Rapp himself directed the building of the houses after that fashion with a view to shutting his people away from the public as much as

possible. He held his power over the community with a strong hand, and it seems that he did not scruple about working heavily upon their superstitions. At one time he had a slab of stone in which were the counterfeit impressions of two human feet, which he told his people were the tracks of the angel Gabriel, who, sailing down from heaven, had stood upon this stone and warned the world of its near-approaching end. For many years men of science, as well as ordinary people, were mystified as to the nature of those footprints; but at last they were shown to be the handiwork of a somewhat skillful carver, and not fossil impressions, much less the miraculous vestiges of an angel.

The Rappites were moral, religious in their way, and extremely frugal and industrious. Their treasury soon showed a considerable accumulation of funds. They built several large public edifices, four of which were for boarding houses and dormitories, while one was a substantial brick meetinghouse with heavy stone foundation, built in the "form of a Greek cross, 130 feet east and west, and 120 feet north and south. The windows in the upper part were obliquely oval," and the interior was furnished with an ample gallery.

As years went by and population increased in the neighborhood of the Rappite colony, some depredations were committed by lawless people, and Rapp thought it necessary to guard the products of his agriculture, so he built an enormous granary in which to store them. The first story was of stone, the second of brick; loopholes for guns were made in the heavy walls, and all the openings were furnished with iron gratings. It was

like a castle or fort frowning grimly down upon the village. After this was built the Rappites had no more trouble with grain thieves. Rapp had an underground passage from the kitchen of his private house to the fort, and by this he could conduct unseen any force needed to man the loopholes. But for some reason, although his community was exceedingly prosperous, Rapp became dissatisfied with his surroundings, and at the end of ten years sold the entire estate and returned with his followers to Pennsylvania. It is said that he took away, over and above the price received for the lands and houses, about \$ 1,000,000, accumulated by the thrift of the community.

The purchaser of the Rappite estate was Mr. Robert Owen, an Englishman of wealth who had in mind a socialistic experiment quite different from Rapp's, and yet resembling it in an indefinite way. Owen was a man of high character. He had risen to wealth and influence from a humble place among the working people, and his sympathy for his fellow-men, whose lives seemed to him wasted in struggling against troubles, influences, and physical obstacles of their own making, caused him to invent a plan by which he thought he could reform society and do away with the greatest ills of existence.

It looked as if the Rappites had been the pioneers to prepare the way for the coming of Mr. Owen and his beneficent influence into the wilderness of Indiana. Mr. Owen paid \$ 150,000 for the lands and buildings, and took possession in 1825. Associated with him in the purchase was Mr. William Maclure, a man of high

scientific attainments and of great personal energy and character, whose name is honorably connected with the earliest geological work in the United States. The combined wealth of Owen and Maclure was now pledged to a great undertaking. A society was soon formed at New Harmony, the aims of which were, in the main, as lofty as they in time proved to be impracticable and even visionary. The society was founded upon the principle that education should be universal, in order to give intellectual equality, so far as possible. Freedom of conscience was the first demand. No person's religious opinions were to be questioned. What was open to one member of the society was open to all of them. Labor and capital were to be upon an equal and friendly footing; masters and bosses were to descend from their places of authority and command to take a stand elbow to elbow with the servant and the common laborer. All were to be elevated and refined by liberal education under the benign influence of love and an enlightened conscience. It was a resplendent dream, a vision of absolute happiness to be evolved deep in the primeval forest of Indiana by men who had left the luxury of wealth in the old world to come and begin life over in the new!

The difference between Rapp's idea and that of Owen was just the difference between a perfectly practicable scheme for making money, and an unworldly, impossible undertaking for the reform of society from a purely intellectual and moral point of view. Rapp's society is still in existence, immensely rich, with nothing to show but its money—a little

community with an enormous bank account. What we have to thank the Rappites for is that they attracted Mr. Robert Owen's attention and were the cause of his coming to Indiana. They had opened a great space in the wilderness for him, had built a town for him, and had made it possible for him to buy an estate just suited to his generous plans.

New Harmony was not the first attempt to establish an earthly paradise; but it was, perhaps, based upon as perfect sincerity of purpose as ever influenced men, and no scheme of the sort has ever had broader, better, or more far-reaching results. The Owen and Maclure community lasted, as such, about three years, at the end of which its founders saw that it must be abandoned as wholly unmanageable. The vast estate gradually passed into the hands of individual owners and was cut up into beautiful and fertile farms. The spirit of the original undertaking did not pass away, however, but was wisely modified to suit the prevailing conditions of American life.

When the plan for a community had to be given up, Mr. Robert Owen turned his back upon New Harmony and returned to England, leaving his two sons, Robert Dale Owen and William Owen, to manage the estate in connection with Mr. Maclure, who had become an invalid. Already great changes had been made in the buildings left by the Rappites, and in the aims and economies of the inhabitants of New Harmony. Both Robert Owen and William Maclure had pinned faith upon the sleeve of science; they thoroughly believed in the civilizing and ennobling influence of practical edu-

cation. From the beginning of their control at New Harmony they brought all the power of their minds and fortunes to bear upon the advancement of learning among the people. Their theory was that "ignorance is the fruitful cause of human misery." Upon this basis they built, and we shall see how successfully.

The grain fort erected by the Rappites was changed into a museum of natural history, and the church building became a studio and a workingmen's library. Mr. Maclure had collected an immense number of geological, paleontological, and botanical specimens from all over the world, which he arranged and classified for the public benefit. Suddenly New Harmony attracted the attention of men devoted to science, and became a center toward which they were irresistibly drawn. There is nothing else in American history to compare with what immediately followed. That little village, deep set in the darkest part of Indiana's wilderness, developed, as a flower blooms, into the most important source of scientific knowledge in America.

Not long after Robert Owen's return to England, Mr. Maclure went to Mexico in search of health, leaving Mr. Thomas Say in charge of his affairs. Say was a remarkable man, who left his impress in history. His name can never be separated from science. Moreover, he proved himself a careful, honest, and competent business man. He was a member of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and, prior to his life at New Harmony, had done notable work in connection with explorations in Georgia, in the Rocky Mountains, and in the region of the Minnesota River (then called

the St. Peters). He became an authority in entomology and conchology. One by one came other distinguished investigators, men who depended upon facts for the basis of conduct, and formed themselves into a coterie devoted to knowledge.

Robert Owen's sons were all remarkable men. The eldest, Robert Dale Owen, was born November 7, 1801, and came from Scotland to New Harmony when twenty-four years old. For about thirty years he was in many ways one of the most influential men in Indiana. He served as a prominent member of the constitutional convention, was in Congress two terms, was in the State Legislature twice, and President Lincoln appointed him to an important commission in connection with an investigation of the affairs of the freedmen of the South. Before this he had served as *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, and as minister resident there. Early in the Civil War Governor Morton appointed him purchasing agent for the State of Indiana to secure arms for her troops. In every part of his public life he was industrious, resourceful, efficient, and honest. Beyond this, Mr. Owen distinguished himself in literature.

Robert Dale's brother William was a director of the Indianapolis branch of the United States Bank; and David Dale Owen, another brother, was United States Geologist, Kentucky State Geologist, Arkansas State Geologist, and State Geologist of Indiana. Richard Owen, the third brother, served as captain in the war with Mexico, was lieutenant colonel of the Sixtieth Indiana in the Civil War, and afterwards Professor of

Natural Sciences in the Indiana State University at Bloomington.

Of course the presence and tireless labors of men like the Owens, Say, and Maclure could not fail to make New Harmony famous; but it seems a veritable romance of science that a mere village in the forest became a sort of Mecca to which men distinguished as scholars, philosophers, artists, made pilgrimage. The place had a charm, moreover, which held many of the pilgrims, so that like Tennyson's Lotos-eaters, they would not "wander more," but staid until they died. From the West Indies came the artist and naturalist, Charles Alexander Lessueur. He was the accredited collector for the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and he remained for a long time in New Harmony.

Lessueur occupied as a studio a room made in the gallery of the Rappite church. He decorated with paintings the south wing of the building, which was used as a theater. Thomas Say's wife was also an artist; she drew and colored the designs for the illustrations of the "American Conchology," Say's most noted work. Lessueur divided his labors between exploration and art. He was the first to make an intelligent examination of Indian mounds in Indiana, and he was as well the earliest professional painter in our State of whose works we have any favorable account. After living and working many years at New Harmony, he returned to France and accepted the office of curator of the museum at Havre.

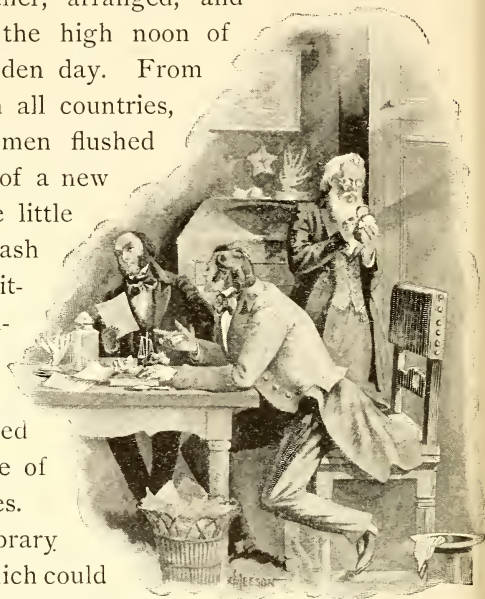
Another distinguished member of the Owen and Maclure coterie was Dr. Gerard Troost, who came from

Holland. He afterwards served as State Geologist of Tennessee. Professor Joseph Neef and his accomplished wife taught a school in one of the Rappite buildings. Neef was an Alsatian and a disciple of Pestalozzi. John Chappelsmith and wife came from England to New Harmony; they were both gifted and highly accomplished. Chappelsmith made the drawings for the illustrations picturing many of the fossils in the reports of the United States Geological Survey. Robert Henry Fauntleroy of the United States Coast Survey lived for some time at New Harmony, where he conducted many interesting scientific observations and experiments. There also lived Frances d'Arusmont, afterwards famous for her lectures and her efforts in behalf of the Southern slaves. The list might be extended over many pages. There were Professors A. H. Worthen and E. T. Cox and Dr. Elderhorst; the famous paleontologists, Leo Lesquereux and F. B. Meek; the botanist Dr. C. C. Parry was a resident, and for a while Sir Charles Lyell sojourned in our favored village. Nor must we forget Prince Maximilian and his company of continental scientists, who spent a winter there studying the collections in the museum.

We cannot doubt that a community of persons like these would exert a strong influence and powerfully affect the destiny of any commonwealth in which it existed. Indeed, the intellectual vigor and scientific attainments of the New Harmony coterie reached out beyond the limits of Indiana and commanded highest recognition. In 1839 Dr. David Dale Owen was appointed United States Geologist with a commission to

make a survey of the territory now included in the States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and a part of Illinois. His official headquarters were at New Harmony, where all the specimens collected during the survey were brought together, arranged, and studied. This was the high noon of New Harmony's golden day. From every direction, from all countries, came men and women flushed with the enthusiasm of a new era of science. The little town on the Wabash was crowded with visitors and persons lingering indefinitely to gather the riches of knowledge collected in this wildwood hive of human working bees.

A fine public library had been fitted up which could be used in connection with the museum, and the most distinguished scholars and specialists in the country lectured to enthusiastic audiences. The curiously picturesque residences built by the Rappites became the homes of men and women whose high ideals of life were based upon theories as numerous as they were romantic; but neither socialistic vagaries nor scientific realities could interfere with a beautiful hospitality and a refined dignity which seemed to be inherent in the social and domestic economy of the place. From



the beginning a sense of equality was uppermost, a feeling carried over, doubtless, from the communistic experiments, and all the people met upon the simplest and most cordial terms of intimacy. Workingmen had the advantage of intercourse with men of the highest culture; the plowboy could spend his evenings in a library or at the fireside of some learned man who took delight in teaching him. Girls had equal advantages. Art, music, and all the branches of a refined education were at hand. The schools of New Harmony were as good as any then in the United States, and the facilities for direct contact with the strongest educational influences could not have been improved.

But that which constituted the magnetic charm of life at New Harmony was also its source of weakness; for where every door was open and every stranger welcome, impostors and unprincipled people of all descriptions were sure to congregate along with the best. It was the imposition of designing persons and the heavy load of worthless schemers that rendered Robert Owen's community unmanageable. To get rid of these the project had to be abandoned, so far as the communistic feature was concerned. The lands were leased to individuals, and after the departure of Mr. Owen, the entire attention of Mr. Maclure and his associates was turned to the advancement of knowledge. Yet even then the visionary and crack-brained people to whom we so fittingly apply the name "crank" did not cease to make New Harmony their headquarters, much to the annoyance of those who were earnestly and unselfishly working for the common good.

When the offices and collections of the United States Geological Survey had been fixed at New Harmony, a new importance was attached to the private cabinets of natural history specimens already belonging to Mr. Maclure and others. Say had collected shells and insects, Maclure had a magnificent cabinet of fossils, and Dr. Parry's labors had brought together a most valuable collection of botanical specimens. The Workingmen's Library was at that time perhaps the best in many respects to be found in the United States. Many a tramp, with the bee of science in his brain and no money in his pockets, trudged from afar to reach this charming oasis in the desert of a hard life, flung down his worn staff and dirty pack, and reveled in books and dreams.

Before Mr. Maclure went to Mexico, he set up an industrial school with the motto, "Utility shall be the scale on which we shall endeavor to measure the value of everything." It seems curiously incongruous that such a declaration of principle should go side by side with a theory based upon abstract intellectual methods of securing happiness; but then New Harmony was nothing if not divinely inharmonious in its schemes. The theories of Pestalozzi, of Robert Owen, of Lesquereux, and of Madame d'Arusmont made a captivating discord; their very disagreements made them magnetic.

Madame d'Arusmont in 1825 purchased an estate in Tennessee, fourteen miles east of Memphis, to which she took a number of negro slaves. Her purpose was to demonstrate that the slaves could be made profitable and

at the same time purchase their freedom by their labor. She imagined that it would be easy for her to convince the Southerners of the perfection of her scheme. She never dreamed that men owning slaves would demand all the profit of their work! In a little while, however, she found out that she could not make even the least impression with her efforts at reform. She freed her slaves, sold her plantation, and gave up the attempt, one of the first ever made, to abolish involuntary servitude in the South. She took her freedmen to Haiti and put them in comfortable homes. She was best known under the name of Frances Wright, and was the author of various and curious writings upon social reform.

A journal, "The Disseminator," was established in January, 1828, at New Harmony by William Maclure, who made it the organ of industrial reform and the general diffusion of knowledge. It appeared semi-monthly. Its first motto was, "Ignorance is the fruitful cause of human misery"; but later it was changed to, "We ought not, like the spider, to spin a web from our own reasons, but like the bee, visit every store and choose the most useful and the best," which somehow has in it a hint as of a change in the wind of feeling. Indeed, at that time, the whole plan of scientific investigation was passing from chaos to system, and it was at New Harmony that the present spirit of science took its first solid root-hold in America. "The Disseminator" addressed itself to the youth of the country from a high and dignified point of view. Its editorials and contributions were

serious, argumentative, philosophical, always meant to provoke thought and to suggest reform. Its owner and editor, William Maclure, was the principal founder of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and for a long time its president. He had tramped over a large part of the United States, making geological examinations, collecting fossils, and publishing many papers on subjects connected with his work. To "The Disseminator," he brought all the accumulations of a long life of study. It was doubtless to his influence that Dr. Owen was largely indebted for the office of United States Geologist. At all events, he was looked upon as the "Father of American Geology," and his name is connected with nearly all of our early scientific operations.

David Dale Owen entered upon his task of making a geological survey of the Northwest with great zeal and energy. It seems almost incredible that he completed the work in two months, and made a report of it to Congress at the opening of its next session! From Dr. J. Schnack's interesting pamphlet on New Harmony the following account of the survey is taken:—

"A large number of men, many of them eminent scientists, were employed. The entire corps was divided into companies, each having an intelligent head to look after the work; and to each company was allotted a district, in which every section was to be visited and samples of the rock, etc., collected. At stated points Dr. Owen would meet each camp and study the work accomplished. The country was almost without settlements, and each camp had to be supplied with hunters

whose duty it was to furnish game for subsistence. . . . Dr. Owen carried with him on the trip up the Mississippi River a suite of the most important rocks, minerals, and reagents. These were exposed on a table in the cabin of the steamboat, and he would daily give his men instructions in geology and point out the characteristic rocks of the leading formations and the minerals that it was likely would be found in them. . . . The headquarters of the United States Geological Survey continued at New Harmony up to 1856, when at the completion of the Smithsonian Institution building at Washington, D.C., they were conveyed to that building. A part of the immense collection was taken to Washington, another to the Indiana State University at Bloomington, and a third to the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, New York."

It was Robert Dale Owen who did more than any other man to induce the United States government to found the Smithsonian Institution. He drew up and introduced in Congress the bill for that purpose, and when the work was accomplished he acted as a regent of the Institution. While he was in the Legislature of Indiana he labored vigorously for the rights of married women, and it was he who secured for the use of our public schools one half of the surplus revenue of the United States appropriated to the State of Indiana. In the convention which framed our present Indiana constitution, Mr. Owen tried to fix in the organic law a paragraph giving to married women full control of their estates; but he failed. Afterwards in the Legislature, however, he introduced a bill for the same pur-

pose, which became a law. The statute has since been amended and enlarged, so that now married women in Indiana have almost equal rights with men. No wonder, then, that the London, England, "Times" and "Evening Star" should have said: "Indiana has attained the highest civilization of any State in the Union"! Mr. Owen wrote a letter to President Lincoln on the 17th of September, 1862, urging him to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves of the South. It was a powerful document, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Its perusal stirred me like a trumpet call." Writing to Mr. Owen about the letter to Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, said, "It will be a satisfaction to you to know that your letter to the President had more influence on him than any other document which reached him on the subject; I think I might say than all others put together. I speak of that which I know from personal conference with him." Truly a noteworthy statement. Five days after Mr. Owen's letter the Preliminary Proclamation was issued. It may almost be said that it originated in New Harmony! Those who are fond of drawing hard and fast lines between Puritan and Cavalier, in the history and development of Indiana, may now proceed to consider Lincoln and Owen; one a Kentucky boy reared in Indiana, the other a Scotchman, resident of Posey County.

About the time of New Harmony's greatest prosperity American ornithology was attracting attention all over the world. Wilson first, then Audubon, had sent forth epoch-making works on the subject, and

naturalists from far and near were ranging the woods, prairies, and waters of our country. It was in the height of this period that Prince Maximilian of Neu-wied reached the village of New Harmony (October 19, 1832), where he remained all winter. In May of the following year he came again and spent two months. He had with him an artist, a taxidermist, and other skilled assistants. During his stay in America he worked with great industry, observing and collecting. The American Museum of Natural History in New York city has a fine collection of ornithological specimens made by him.

Of course the romantic conditions and the somewhat accidental glory of New Harmony could not last very long. Things were changing very rapidly in Indiana. Many excellent colleges and beautiful social centers had been formed. The secluded village on the Wabash gradually lost its preëminent men. The death of Maclure and Say, the departure of Robert Dale Owen, the removal of the United States Survey's geological office and collections, Lessueur's return to France, and the loss of those distinguished visitors and sojourners with whom the town used to be filled, deadened its glory, and shut away from it in a large degree the attention of the world. And think of it! the theater so carefully decorated by the brush of Lessueur with paintings of scenes in Switzerland, the haunts of "William Tell," was taken for a pork house. Art and science and the idyllic life dreamed of by gentle-hearted theorists gave way to the practical spirit of American industry.

What now remains of the old town's glory is chiefly the record of its eminent citizens. True, some of the quaint Dutchlike houses are there, the Workingmen's Library is still kept up, and many of the old families have preserved interesting relics of the palmy days. One such object of interest is the old lecture desk at which so many men and women of world-wide fame stood when reading to the select audiences of critics.

At present New Harmony is a quiet little town very much given over to the ordinary business of village commerce. It stands in the midst of a beautiful and fertile region where agriculture pays large dividends, and where peace, health, and prosperity reign. The people are refined and intelligent; society keeps up the traditions of the old romantic time, and the visitor feels in the air a certain trace of distinction. But the great school of science, the coterie formed by those gifted dreamers, is gone forever. Even as early as 1840 Dr. George Engelmann, a botanist of note, was sadly disappointed after riding on horseback a long journey to New Harmony. He was eagerly expecting to find a humming swarm of scientists; but when he arrived and looked around, all was still in the empty hive from which the bees had flown. He made a note that the only thing he found "was the broad-fruited maple in bloom"!

A DISTINGUISHED ODDITY.

ONE of the famous men who for a time called the attention of the whole scientific world to the little town of New Harmony, was Constantine Samuel Rafinesque. And if there ever lived a person entitled, by natural gift and by personal acquirements, to supreme distinction as an oddity, it was he. All accounts touching him agree that our expressive slang word, "crank," would fit him as a glove should fit one's hand, yet the simplest glance at the outline of his life and labors will show that underneath his peculiarities lay a splendid genius.



Rafinesque was born in Constantinople, Turkey, in 1784, while his father, a Frenchman, was in mercantile business there. His mother was a Greek woman of German ancestry. All the early years of his life were spent in various ramblings, going to school, and reading accounts of voyages, explorations, and discoveries. From his own account it is clear that he received no regular education. He was never at any college, and it is not probable that he had a good, honest, working knowledge of any branch of science; but his mind was wonderfully active, brilliant, and comprehensive.

What he lacked in point of accuracy, he made up with his breadth of grasp and his tremendous capacity for work. It seems that during his whole life he never rested and was never tired.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, formerly President of the Indiana State University, gives a very interesting sketch of Rafinesque in his book entitled "Science Sketches," from which some of the biographical matter of these pages is taken. It may be that President Jordan, being himself a most eminent master of ichthyology, and having at his command all of the great results achieved by pioneers in science, as well as by recent specialists trained like himself in the most liberal schools, takes too light a view of what Rafinesque's life amounted to. At all events, the attitude of scientific men toward their eccentric but gifted brother is not quite susceptible of altogether favorable construction in their behalf; and this President Jordan indirectly admits, while according Rafinesque considerable claims to learning.

The first step taken by Rafinesque in the way of work tending toward natural science, was writing and publishing a paper of "Notes on the Apennines" when he was but twelve years old. That puerile sketch contained his observations taken down while traveling between Leghorn and Genoa. Most of what he saw was from the back of a mule, riding which probably gave him a lifelong distaste for equestrian locomotion, as he ever afterwards preferred to go on foot in the guise of a tramp, whenever a journey, long or short, became necessary.

In person Rafinesque was lean, dark, wiry, nervous,

with a sharp face, a high, full forehead, dark, deep-set eyes, and a long nose. All the marks indicative of restlessness and intense mental alertness were strongly set in his bloodless, sallow countenance. His first active life in America was that of a clerk in a store in Philadelphia; but the business of selling goods and the pursuit of botany and ornithology were not suited to each other, wherefore we soon find him tramping around in the woods and fields of Pennsylvania and Virginia. At that time Thomas Jefferson was known to be very much interested in natural science. So to him young Rafinesque went, calling at the great statesman's home with a head full of discoveries, and doubtless with very odd-looking and dirty clothes on his back. Mr. Jefferson treated him kindly, but evidently was not over favorably impressed. The plain truth is that Rafinesque lacked personal magnetism; he was, indeed, if not repulsive, at least not attractive in disposition, and wherever he went he managed to make the impression that he was a queer fellow out upon some sort of visionary errand. He says in his rambling autobiography that he studied fifty or more different languages, besides Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese! In another sweeping statement regarding himself he says that he "knew more languages than all the American colleges united," which may have been true.

In 1805, Rafinesque, at the age of twenty-one, went to the island of Sicily, where he again tried to mix business with science. And for a time he was in the way of making money out of his botany, for he discovered in Sicily the squill, once so much used in lung diseases

and in various other ailments, and set about making merchandise of it. But he could not stick to commerce with a whole sea full of fishes at his feet. In 1810 he published two books full of descriptions of Mediterranean fishes, and turned to the distilling of brandy by a process of his own. Here again he made money; but he did not like the business, so he gave it up, and in 1815 he left Sicily to come back to America. He had a vast collection of shells, plants, manuscripts, and drawings in his possession at the time.

It is quite probable that a visit of the naturalist Swainson to Sicily was the cause of Rafinesque's determination to give up his Sicilian studies and return to America. At that time our country was attracting the keenest interest of scientists; it was a great open field for original work. The War of 1812 had ended, the Indian troubles were over; nothing lay across the path of the explorer; and already rumors of great things being done in our wildernesses had crossed the Atlantic. Wilson's monumental work, the "American Ornithology," had just appeared in full, and the history of Lewis and Clark's expedition was being greedily read. A restless, inquiring mind, like Rafinesque's, would easily catch inspiration from the thought of what might be done in the study of American plants and fishes.

Swainson, before his visit to Sicily, had been interested in American natural history, and he doubtless found Rafinesque possessed of considerable information of value to him. The two men became quite intimate, tramping together over the hills in search of plants, insects, animals, or whatever else they could find that prom-

ised to be of scientific interest. During this time Swainson, as Rafinesque tells us, was intent upon a study of Sicilian butterflies, and not being able to speak Italian, was one day, while busy with his butterfly net, near being stoned out of a field by the peasants, who mistook him for a searcher after buried Greek treasures; but Rafinesque interfered and saved him. Doubtless Swainson talked much of America and its naturalists with whom he was in correspondence, and thus fired the erratic Frenchman with a new ambition.

In those days steamships were not plying between Sicily and America, or between any other two countries. For six months a sailing vessel beat about at the mercy of the winds with Rafinesque on board, and just as he came in sight of the American shore, one of his inevitable mishaps turned all his long-nursed anticipations into something very disappointing; for the ship went upon a rock off the mouth of the harbor at New London, and sank. Rafinesque got ashore with the loss of all his collections and manuscripts, his fortune, his share in the ship's cargo — everything except "some scattered funds and some little insurance money." But his energy and ambition showed no falling off, and after various undertakings and countless excursions into the country with a view to discoveries, he set out upon a journey down the Ohio River.

The world-wide fame made by Alexander Wilson with his "American Ornithology" seems to have urged Rafinesque forward to undertake some great work of a like nature; but he had not Wilson's power of concentrating himself upon a single subject. One day he was

studying fishes, the next he was examining Indian mounds, and the third day, perhaps, found him poring over a history of creation ; but all the while he was loaded like a pack mule with specimens of plants, as he trudged on his lonely way from settlement to settlement. Hardships had no effect upon him, disappointments did but whet his energies. And so one day he reached New Harmony and joined the circle of scientists there. He arrived on foot "with a notebook in one hand and a hickory stick in the other," and his clothes were by no means fashionable ; but he made a lasting impression upon every person who saw him.

A loose, long coat, a waistcoat buttoned to the chin, and baggy trousers, all of yellow nankeen, soiled with dirt and stained with plant juice, gave to his gaunt, bony figure a peculiarly ungraceful appearance. He wore a long black beard, and his hair hung upon his shoulders in dark, stringlike locks as straight as an Indian's. He was given prompt welcome at New Harmony ; the place was an open and free asylum for men of his sort, and its library and vast collections of geological, paleontological, botanical, and other natural history specimens made it a most interesting and convenient stopping place for a roving student.

It gives us the safest possible measure of what the condition of civilization in Indiana and the West really was at that time, to find the pursuit of knowledge attracting so much attention, while the men who made that pursuit the chief object of their lives were received everywhere with sincere enthusiasm and given hospitality unstinted. Rafinesque had no difficulty, notwith-

standing his eccentricities and his forbidding appearance, in finding entertainment and help wherever he went; but a great many amusing stories were told of his adventures while tramping over the country collecting botanical specimens.

Early one morning a farmer heard a man shouting for help, his thin voice rising very clearly above the baying of three or four "coon dogs." It was not yet broad daylight; for the sun had not risen. The farmer went out to see what his pack of dogs could be doing to make a man shriek and yell in such evident frenzy of fright. His log house stood about fifty yards from a road upon which the front gate of his yard opened. At the first look he saw what he thought was a strange, huge, nondescript animal, perched on the top of the gatepost, while the dogs were jumping upward, trying to nip its legs, meantime barking discordantly.

Back into the house sprang the farmer, and snatching down his gun from the wall ran forth again; he did not purpose to let that "curious humpbacked varmint" escape if a bullet could kill it. But where was the man whose voice kept up such a shouting? Why, there he was on the gatepost, in the deadly clutch of that terrible, formless monster above him! In a moment the gun would have been used; but fortunately some movement disclosed just what was on the gatepost.

The good farmer took a searching survey of the grotesque object, then lowered his gun and laughed. The man on the post turned out to be Rafinesque, and what had looked like some formless, devouring beast of prey was but a huge bundle of plants on his back! In



due time the dogs were beaten off, and Rafinesque had a good breakfast at the farmer's table. He had slept all night under a tree a mile or two away. After satisfying his hunger, he offered to pay for the meal; but his host declined the money.

"You are very kind, sir," said Rafinesque, "and I thank you; but no gentleman having a proper respect for mankind would keep four such vicious hounds as those of yours." Then he shouldered his bag of plant specimens and trudged away. The farmer looked at him as he went, and was of half a mind to give him a kick or two. "But," said he, in telling the story, "I couldn't keep from laughing, to save me. He was the outlandishest-looking human being that I ever saw. And he was as smart as lightning, too. Seemed as if he could bore right through a fellow with those eyes of his."

Rafinesque did not stay long at New Harmony ; it is probable that the refined circle of people there did not prove very attractive to him ; his roving disposition soon reasserted itself, and off he went in quest of additions to his cumbersome pack.

Although not a college-bred man, Rafinesque was, as President Jordan suggests, the first professor of natural science in a college of the West. He was appointed to teach natural history and the modern languages in Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky ; but, although admitted as a professor, he was at first refused the degree of Master of Arts because he "had not studied Greek in a college." However, he insisted upon the honor as his right, and after much worry received it.

During his connection with Transylvania University Rafinesque became acquainted with Audubon, who was then just fairly beginning the studies for his great ornithological work, and at the same time keeping a little grocery in Henderson. The great Creole artist showed his drawings of birds to Rafinesque, and "took him in," in two senses of the phrase, as will appear by what followed upon a certain meeting of the two extremely dissimilar naturalists. Rafinesque fancied himself quite a draughtsman, but his almost innumerable drawings denied his claim to serious consideration in that behalf. He greatly admired Audubon's finely executed pictures, and expected a return of the compliment. But when Frenchman meets Frenchman, honors are not always easy. Audubon, with sly malice, told some great stories of certain wonderful fishes and birds that he had met

with in his excursions down the river. These unknown species he sketched for Rafinesque, who afterwards figured, named, and described them, when in fact they were but imaginary things palmed off upon him by Audubon. Still, according to Audubon's own account, Rafinesque came out even with him in the long run; but not by any effort at retaliation.

Audubon was entertaining Rafinesque, and after an evening spent in conversation upon natural history and science, the guest was shown to his room. Some time later, when the household were in bed, there arose a great clatter in the chamber occupied by Rafinesque. Running and stamping, the jostling of furniture, and a certain resonant thumping were all jumbled together in a lively confusion of noises. What could be the matter? Audubon ran to see, and upon opening the guest room door, saw Rafinesque capering wildly round and round, and slashing at some flying bats with his host's Cremona violin, which he had broken all to pieces. The bats had entered the room through an open window, and Rafinesque was trying to kill one, thinking they belonged to a new species.

It was while Rafinesque was tramping around in Indiana that he met a well-known itinerant preacher in a lonely little road some miles from any settlement. The naturalist had lost his way, so he stopped the preacher, who was on horseback, and made some inquiries. These were satisfactorily answered, and then came the preacher's turn to ask some questions.

"What have you in that bag on your back?" was the first one.

"Plants," said Rafinesque, curtly.

"Oh, you're a steam doctor, eh?" suggested the parson, for second query.

In a moment Rafinesque was furious. He cast aside his load and faced the other man, with clinched hands and flaming eyes.

"I am Constantine Samuel Rafinesque," he cried; "the greatest traveler and naturalist now living or that ever lived! Who are you?"

The parson had heard of Rafinesque as a man of great attainments, and so, to turn aside his anger, dismounted from his horse, and said:—

"I am proud to meet a man so distinguished. I have often heard of you. You must be foot-sore and weary; mount my horse; I will walk beside you."

Rafinesque picked up his pack and set off at a rapid pace, muttering back over his shoulder as he went, "A steam doctor! Ugh! A steam doctor, indeed!" He would have nothing more to do with the preacher, and he scorned his horse. It may be worth while to mention here that a "steam doctor" in those days was, generally speaking, not a man of much science; often enough he was not even reasonably intelligent. His pills were of white walnut bark, and he carried around with him a rude apparatus for steaming his ague-stricken patients. In time, the phrase "steam doctor" took on the meaning of quack; but in fact, those rustic practitioners cured many a person of bilious and malarial disorders. Rafinesque took it as a deliberate insult when the preacher innocently classed him with backwoods physicians.

While he was connected with Transylvania University, he very much desired the degree of M.D., but could not get it because he refused to attend operations in the dissecting room. His resentment was exceedingly bitter, and when he found that the president of the university had entered his room and removed from it his books and collections, he took leave of the college "with curses," as he states it, on the president and on the institution. These curses, he adds, "reached them both soon after; for Holley [the president] died of yellow fever in New Orleans, and the college was burned with all its contents."

Rafinesque had an inventive genius, but his inability to resist attempting everything at once caused him to fritter away his energies without realizing any of the rewards due to his enormous labors. He invented a new method of distilling brandy from fruit, a system of coupon bonds, fireproof houses, a steam plow, and many other things. It was he who propounded the theory that our North American Indians were of Jewish descent, and came "from Asia by way of Siberia," thus accounting for the lost tribes of Israel. He was for a time enthusiastic in the study of Indian dialects and customs, upon which he wrote with his customary assumption of thorough scholarship. Indeed, he did not hesitate to claim mastery over the entire universe of knowledge. "A Complete History of the Globe" was one work he had in mind, and among other things he tried to write poetry. He published many small books and pamphlets, most of which have been long out of print; some of them are highly valued by collectors.

Seen from this distance, Rafinesque looks like a self-ish, unsociable, overbearing egotist. He certainly was cordially disliked by his fellow-botanists, whose work he unsparingly, and with much justice, criticised. But if they were wrong, so was he. He imagined that they all had conspired to put him down because of his superior knowledge. They at first made sport of him, then turned their backs upon him and left him to suffer in obscurity. He died in Philadelphia, a pauper, and his landlord held his dead body, hoping to sell it to surgeons for a clinical subject in order to realize his claim for lodging. A good physician, however, got possession of the remains, and there was a decent burial, albeit Rafinesque's grave cannot now be found. The man who had mastered more than fifty languages, who had traveled and studied far and wide, who had been engaged in twenty-seven different callings, and who had labored so persistently in the cause of science, died in destitution at the age of fifty-six, to be hidden in an unknown tomb.

He must have been a rare genius as well as a distinguished oddity, for no man who ever came into Indiana during the early years of her history has left so singular an impression, or a more lasting one. Many years ago, the present writer undertook to gather facts touching Rafinesque's labors and adventures in the southern part of the State. At that time not a few men were alive who had seen the strange naturalist or had heard anecdotes of his eccentricities. But his influence for good seems to have been the example he set of persistence, energy, and the direct application of study to nature.

He inspired students to go out and look for living, growing specimens, instead of depending wholly upon the collections of others. In fact, he was the greatest collector of his time, and the greatest student. His unfortunate Ishmaelite disposition doubtless did more than all other circumstances put together to make his work unpopular. Had he been willing to consult with his brethren in science, and to take in good part their suggestions and criticisms, there is no telling how far his influence and superior knowledge would have gone. His discoveries were many and important; but his part in them is forgotten, while his queer garb, his shapeless pack, and his many grotesque adventures survive. Agassiz said of him that he "had collected a vast amount of information, from all parts of the States, upon a variety of subjects then entirely new to science." Professor Copeland declares him to have been the greatest in the extent and range of his accomplishments of all the naturalists of his time in America. But where now are the wonderful collections that were the fruit of his intelligent and untiring industry? Where are his many books, pamphlets, and monographs? No one can tell. Why?

Rafinesque was lost in a great trough of the sea of change. He was caught between the wave of the old and the wave of the new. He felt that innovation was necessary, that almost everything in the methods of science must be reformed, and he attempted to enforce his own schemes, no matter who opposed them. He brought about his own downfall, but it was the worse for science that his inferiors could not or would

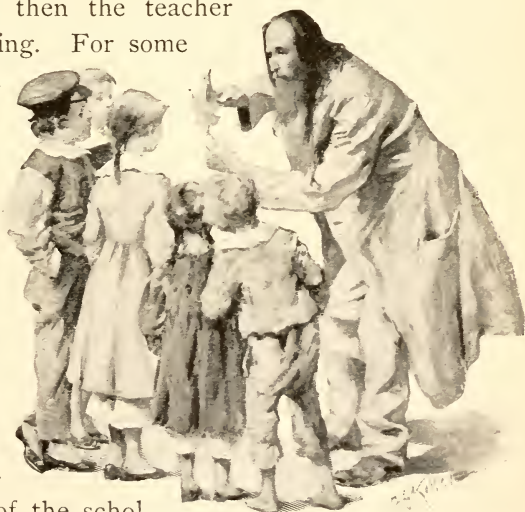
not recognize his stupendous genius and help to make the most of his crude yet invaluable labors.

We may well close this brief sketch with an anecdote illustrative of Rafinesque's absolute devotion to the advancement of knowledge. Late in the spring he was tramping through a thinly settled part of southern Indiana, with his bag of plants on his back, as usual, when one day he came to a log schoolhouse. It was the noon hour, and the boys and girls of the school were playing noisily together in a small open space in front of the house, inside of which the pedagogue was reading a book. Suddenly there was a lull in the

babel of voices; then the teacher

heard a man talking. For some time he did not trouble himself to go and see who it was, but after a while his curiosity was aroused.

Stepping to a window, he beheld Rafinesque, although at that time he did not know him, standing in the midst of the schol-



ars and delivering to them a lecture upon botany, which he was illustrating with specimens from his bag. The teacher listened and was fascinated, as were the young people crowding around; but when he stepped forth

from the house and joined the audience, Rafinesque hurriedly shouldered his collection and without another word departed.

It is safe to say that not one of the members of that school ever forgot the long-haired, bright-eyed man, with the towering forehead and peculiar voice, who so charmingly entertained them on their playground with curious facts about the life and growth of plants. Nor did they wonder at his leaving the moment that their teacher appeared; for, fearing the pedagogue themselves and trembling whenever he approached them, they naturally supposed that the wise stranger was also scared within an inch of his life at the first sight of him. In fact, it was Rafinesque's deep-seated contempt for American teachers and their methods that took him off.

FRONTIER PESTS AND AFFLICTIONS.

THE early settlers of Indiana had to contend against invisible as well as visible foes. No part of America outside of the tropics was more subject to malarial visitations than were the rich, flat lands of our State before our present system of drainage removed the cause. The vast, dense forests in whose damp shade immense accumulations of leaves, fallen timber, and other vegetable remains lay rotting from year to year, and the innumerable collections of putrid stagnant water, exhaled poisonous gases with which, especially in the autumn, the air was burdened.

The story of suffering from chills and fever, or "ague," would, if conscientiously written, form a most pathetic part of our history. For many years after the first settlement of the country, almost every family was stricken with some form of the disease, the most common being a chill, followed immediately by a high fever, the attack recurring "every other day"; that is, the victim would have an ill day and a well day alternately. Sometimes, however, the chill and fever came on every day at the same hour, and so violent were the paroxysms of shaking that the bed upon which the sick person lay would creak and rattle and even make the cabin floor vibrate. So general was this plague that

people became somewhat indifferent regarding it, taking its visitation quite as a matter of course.

But it was really a very dreadful disease, and so difficult to get rid of that it would last for months and even years, sometimes ending in consumption or some other fatal organic trouble. Notwithstanding the danger and pain it inflicted, the exigencies of pioneer life would not permit an ague-stricken man or woman to give up and quit work. Day after day the plowman trudged behind his plow with the rigor or the burning fever upon him, while his equally afflicted wife drudged at the washtub and cooked over an open fire. Meantime two or three children lay in bed, or upon pallets on the floor, convulsed with ague or delirious with a burning brain.

Some of the jokes made at the expense of chill-and-fever victims were grim enough, and many anecdotes coming down to us by tradition are touched with a curiously raw humor. It is told of one man that he had had the chills so long and so regularly that, when at last a day went by without a shake, he seemed dazed and bewildered, and looked as if he had lost something and was troubled to know what it was. Finally he said to his wife, — "Sally, I've forgotten to do something to-day that I ought to have attended to. What do you reckon it can be?"

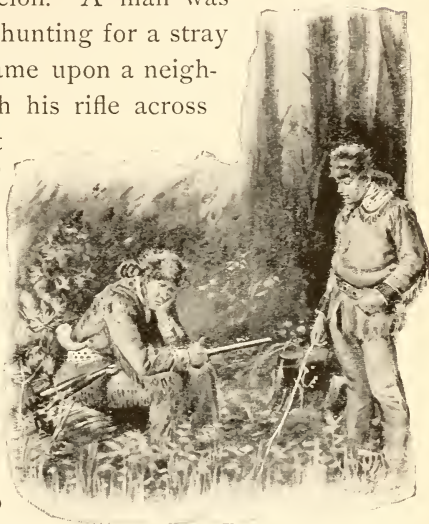
"I'm sure I don't know, Dave," answered the good wife.

Then he thought it over a long while in silence, until presently he sprang up and exclaimed, — "I'll tell you! I remember now! Sally, I haven't had any ague to-day!"

"That's so, Dave," responded the wife, with a dry smile. "That's so, and I guess you'd better get at it if you're a-going to. It's almost dark."

It was a saying among backwoods folk that if you wanted to have a chill, you need only go sit on a stump in the September sunshine and look at a late cucumber. If that failed to fetch one, you might confidently try a slice of frosty watermelon. A man was passing through a forest, hunting for a stray cow and calf, when he came upon a neighbor sitting on a log, with his rifle across his knees. "Hello! what are you doing here, John?" he called out.

John looked up dolefully, his teeth rattling together and his whole frame quivering. "I'm a-waiting for my ague to go off, so I can hold my gun steady enough to shoot that squirrel up there," he replied, pointing



with his shaking finger at the little animal crouching amid the topmost twigs of a tall oak. The cow-hunter kindly took the gun and shot the squirrel for his neighbor.

Speaking of shooting recalls the story about a man who was noted for his bad marksmanship. He could not hit anything, "not even a barn door," some of his friends would facetiously say; but he went to every

shooting match that he could hear of, always returning home empty-handed and minus the money spent for the right to compete. One day, just after he had arrived at the place where a grand match was being held, a chill seized upon him. At the worst part of his paroxysm, he was called out to take his shot at the mark, the prize being a two-hundred-pound pig ready dressed for the smokehouse. He pleaded his shaky condition and begged for time; but the judges decided that, as it was well known that he could not "hit a corncrib fifty yards away at ten shots, there was no use waiting for him all day," and he was ordered to toe the mark and face the target or lose his chance in the match.

"Here goes, then," he exclaimed, and, shaking from head to foot, he stepped to his place, raised his gun, and fired. While he was trying to take aim, some wag cried out, "Look at him, how he wabbles!" Everybody present laughed. Bang! went the gun, and a moment later the marker down at the target bawled out, "Dead center!" The shot had won the pig. By pure accident, the trigger had been touched just at the right time. "Everything's for some good," muttered the lucky man, "and now I know what the ague's good for. It's to steady a fellow's nerves when he's at a shooting match!" But he was never known to win after that. Perhaps a chill and a shooting match did not again coincide.

Ague and various forms of malarial fever continued to be the scourge of Indiana until open and tile ditches, the clearing up of the forests, and the finely drained

highways now so common, had removed the stagnant waters and thoroughly aerated the damp soil of our rich flat lands. At present there is, perhaps, not a more healthful State in our country; indeed, Indiana is noted for the vigor, activity, and longevity of its inhabitants.

There was one disease peculiar to the new country which to this day remains a mystery. Men of science have tried in vain to find out the cause of it. Both people and cattle were subject to it, and its effect was often deadly. "Milk-sick" was the common name for it, as it was generally thought that people took it from drinking milk or eating butter which had been poisoned by something in the food of the cows. Entire families would die of it within a few days, or the afflicted ones would linger in great agony through a long, slow convalescence; but usually death came within ten days after the attack began, or the victim got well. Many intelligent people contended that the disease was not caused by eating the milk, butter, or beef of poisoned cattle, and some even denied the existence of such a disease. The controversy was a warm one; as in the case of rabies, even doctors differing about its origin and actual existence. Still there can be no doubt that there was a terrible and mysterious malady called milk-sick, of which people and farm stock died in great numbers over a large part of Indiana.

It is quite certain that the ailment, whatever it was, troubled neither human nor beast after the country became thickly settled and cultivated grains and pastures were substituted for the wild herbage which was

the only food of pioneer cattle during a large part of the year. It seems probable that a vegetable alkaloid poison may have been the cause of the trouble. Some wild plant, insignificant in size, may have secreted the poison, and the plant itself may have disappeared when agriculture became general. Most people thought that certain springs and little boggy spots of ground were the sources of infection or poison, either the water itself or some plant growing near it being the immediate agent. Cattle would drop dead at these springs, and when a small area of surrounding land was fenced in, the trouble would cease. Yet years afterwards when the water was tested it was found absolutely pure and wholesome. Nor could the analysis of any plant growing near by account for the dread sickness.

It will be fairly understood how real milk-sick was, and with what terror it was regarded, when a few instances of its history are recorded. A man by the name of Lee came to Indiana about 1819 and settled below Terre Haute, near the mouth of Honey Creek, where he made him a good farm and began to prosper; but presently his family, his horses, and his cattle were stricken with milk-sick, and he abandoned his farm on that account. Indeed, instances of this sort might be cited until a volume of ordinary size would not hold them. If it became pretty well authenticated by persistent rumor that a neighborhood or area of country was "subject to milk-sick," as the people expressed it, land became unsalable there, and for this reason it was very seldom that any person would say outright that the disease had ever been in his vicinity. "As hard to locate

as the milk-sick " was a saying to express something of extremely dubious whereabouts. "No, we've never had any milk-sick anywhere about here," was the answer to every inquiry; "but just over the river in the Rickets settlement they've had it terribly." It was a standing joke, — for pioneers would have their fun at all hazards, — that a rail pen around a spring would make land titles worthless throughout a whole county. As late as 1870, however, there were still a few places in Indiana where dangerous areas — that is, little patches of ground supposed to be poisonous to cattle — were inclosed and not used for pasture for fear of milk-sick. Now a man would probably be laughed at were he to inquire about such a disease in any part of our State.

The fact that land anywhere near a place where milk-sick was known to exist, was almost unsalable, made it next to impossible to investigate the cause of the disease. The man of science was kept upon a "wild-goose chase" from the moment that he made inquiries on the subject. No landowner was willing to admit that such a malady had ever been heard of in his neighborhood, until after he had sold his farm, and it was considered an insult to be resented, sometimes even to death, when it was alleged that a man's premises had a source of the plague, or that his cattle or his family had suffered from it. Some of the finest tracts of land in Indiana were for many years unoccupied on account of springs which were said to cause the death of cattle. Judge Thomas F. Davidson in his historical sketch of Fountain County describes one of these springs, around which were found the skeletons of many animals.

A Baptist minister by the name of Isaac McCoy was at the head of an Indian mission on Raccoon Creek, not far from Terre Haute. Being a man of marked ability, McCoy attracted a great deal of attention to his religious work. A Methodist minister visited the Mission and facetiously reported that it was a "place where bullfrogs and Baptists flourished in buttonwood swamps." Hearing of this, McCoy retorted that he had noticed the fact that "Methodists and milk-sick invariably entered a neighborhood at about the same time." "And what the milk-sick doesn't kill, the Methodists convert," was the closing rejoinder. In those days even theology had its grim jokes.

Another source of constant and serious trouble to frontier people was the existence of venomous reptiles of the deadliest kinds. In many places rattlesnakes and copperheads were so numerous that it was dangerous to step anywhere without first looking for a snake. Probably a majority of the younger generation now living in Indiana have never seen a poisonous reptile. Although the popular impression is that some of our common snakes are deadly, the fact is well settled that only the copperhead and the rattlesnake have genuine envenomed fangs, and fortunately these species have almost disappeared from our thickly settled and highly improved agricultural districts, so that now it is seldom we hear of death by snake-bite.

The time was, however, when cows, horses, and even dogs fell victims to the poison of a lurking and vicious enemy striking from a hiding place in canebrake, prairie grass, or woodland thicket. The rattlesnake usually

sounded a peculiar warning noise before delivering its deadly blow, but the copperhead struck in silence. Neither was a respecter of persons, age, or sex. Babies crawling upon the cabin floor were sometimes bitten. A copperhead's fanged jaws would dart forth with arrowlike swiftness and precision between the loose puncheons, and death in most horrible form would nearly always swiftly follow. The mother, perhaps, busy with her household work, heard her child scream, but too late to save it.

Rattlesnakes were often found lurking in the smoke-houses of the settlers, and under the floors of corncribs and other outbuildings. They were usually much larger than the copperheads; but the latter, in places where they were numerous, were even more dreaded, as they were supposed to be worse tempered, and their venom more deadly. The present writer, in his childhood, heard a story, vouched for as true by excellent people, of three children that were left at home while their parents went to attend to some business in a neighboring village. Two of the children were twin girls, five years old; the third was a boy of nine. Only a year previous to that time a brother to these children had been killed by the bite of a rattlesnake. On this account the mother, at setting out, gave strict orders against going into the wood hard by during her absence, which would be not longer than three hours. But the weather was hot, and the trees looked inviting. Under their dense canopy was dark, cool shade. The little boy could not resist doing just what he had been told not to do, and so he slipped away from the twin sis-

ters, and was soon running wild in the edge of the wood.

He had not long enjoyed his delicious freedom when he heard his sisters begin screaming at the top of their voices. With his heart jumping almost out of his mouth, he ran to the house, and found the twins in a large empty box, or bin, under a lean-to shed at the back of the cabin. One of them was at one end of the bin, the other crouched against the opposite end; both were convulsed with terror, while coiled on the middle of the half-rotten and badly broken bin floor was a huge rattle-snake, its tail whizzing keenly, and its neck stiffly arched, ready to strike. One glance was sufficient to curdle the poor boy's blood; but he was a brave little fellow, and had no thought of weakly giving up to fright and horror. He had the pioneer's bellicose spirit strongly developed in his small but sturdy body. After a moment's shivering hesitation, he turned courageously to the task of rescuing his little sisters before the monster should strike them.

The bin was about fifteen feet long, four feet wide, and three feet deep. Its puncheon bottom was decayed and had some holes in it. The snake had doubtless been lying under the floor when the children climbed over the side, and their movements on the loose slabs disturbed and irritated it, causing it to crawl up through one of the holes. As it sluggishly wriggled its dappled body above the floor, the twins screamed and retreated to the extremities of the bin, but were too much frightened to think of trying to climb out. The snake being midway between them could strike neither of them

without going nearer, and it seemed to be hesitating which one to approach. All the time its tail was buzzing, and its narrow eyes gleamed wickedly.

The little boy's mind worked like lightning. In a moment he thought of what to do and was doing it. He ran into the house, where a pot of hominy was slowly boiling in lye on the huge crane over the fire. One of his duties during his mother's absence was to put more lye and water into the pot as fast as it boiled low. A half-gallon gourd lay on the hearth. With it he dipped from the pot all the lye it would hold, along with a considerable quantity of hominy, all of which was fiery hot, and ran forth again to the side of the bin. As he did this, the snake turned viciously toward him ;



but he did not shrink. With a quick movement he leaned over the tightly coiled body, and poured the whole of the seething hot lye and hominy full upon

it. At the same time the deep hollow of the gourd, as he let it fall, caught the snake's head, so that its first wild stroke was harmless. The boiling lye instantly destroyed the monster's eyes, and while it writhed and tumbled the brave lad dragged his sisters out of the bin and saved them. A few minutes later the parents arrived, but the snake was dead and the children were poking at its body with a hoe handle.

Whiskey administered freely was considered the best possible remedy for the bite of a copperhead or a rattlesnake. The injured person was made to drink, as quickly as possible, large draughts of that fiery intoxicant. The following was told early in the century, not as a mere snake story, but as an event in a family's history. A man and his neighbor were in a crib, shell-ing some corn. They were sitting on the floor, near an empty barrel which had been turned top end down close to the wall, one edge of its rim resting upon a corn-cob heap. While working away, one of the men put his hand close to the barrel, and at that instant out flashed a head from under the rim, once, twice, three times, in rapid succession, striking him on the fingers. The blows were light, giving little pain, mere stinging taps; but the awful words, "A copperhead!" told what they meant — the doom of death.

Both men rushed to the house, and the wounded one drank a pint of whiskey, almost at a single gulp. At the same time a cord was tied tightly around his wrist, to prevent the poison from circulating with his blood. Then more whiskey was poured down him, and he was put in bed to await results, while a boy went for the

neighborhood's doctor, five miles away. After all this had been done, and while the stricken man's wife and small children were crying at his bedside, the other man bethought him of the snake and of the propriety of going back to the crib and killing it; for a copperhead was never let escape in those days, if it was possible to destroy it. So, well armed with an iron poker, he hastened to do his work of vengeance. When he arrived at the crib, he most cautiously tilted the barrel to one side and struck with all his might. The poker did not fail; but it killed, instead of a hideous copperhead, an old setting hen whose nest was under the barrel. It was she that had pecked the man's hand, and caused all the terrible fright. Upon being informed of the true state of the matter, the good wife ceased crying over her husband and began scolding about the death of her hen.

And speaking of hens recalls the serious trouble that our great-grandfathers had in the matter of raising poultry. Wolves, foxes, raccoons, opossums, minks, weasels, and chicken snakes, not to mention owls and hawks, continually preyed upon their domestic fowls by day and by night. When wild game began to be scarce, a large part of a family's table comforts was supplied from the poultry yard. Chickens and eggs, turkeys, geese, and ducks were, indeed, the pride of a thrifty housewife. But at almost any hour of the day a hawk was pouncing down, or a weasel was throttling a hen. And the darker and stormier the night, the more certain was the visit of one or another of the nocturnal vermin. When a chicken squalled, the man

of the house had to spring from slumber and from bed and rush forth to defend his wife's feathered flocks. The rain might be falling in floods, or the wind might be blowing zero cold from the northwest; but out he must go barefoot and coatless to see what was invading the roost or the henhouse. Really it was not funny; but they made much fun of it. They had a saying, "As regular as a 'possum on a stormy night." Another was, "Sure as a hawk while you're eating dinner." The latter referred to the fact that a hawk would hang around the edge of a neighboring wood until the family sat down to dinner; then he would strike a chicken. "Fat as an owl at the full of the moon" had its origin in the havoc made by that dismal hooter during moonlight nights. "Wasteful as a weasel" was an alliteration founded upon the wanton destructiveness of the weasel, which would sometimes kill twenty chickens in a single day or night and eat not one of them.

The wolves killed the sheep, the foxes killed the lambs and pigs, now and then a lynx helped in the work of destruction; the squirrels and raccoons ate the green ears of corn; even the turtles in the ponds and streams were expert at catching young geese and ducks. And yet the early settlers of Indiana, despite Indians and ague and milk-sick and snakes and reptiles and vermin, were happy. They were a brave-hearted, hopeful, hospitable people.

CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

MERE incidents are often the most effective parts of a people's history; they are the free-hand strokes by which civilization unconsciously, and, as it were, accidentally, registers its true values. The humor of a time indicates the temper and the spiritual condition of the people of that time, more certainly, perhaps, than the large and grave manifestations usually taken as the historical measure. It will generally be found that the amusing, and at first sight trivial, anecdotes and stories of small happenings connected with the growth of a country are racy of the soil and characteristic of that elementary strain peculiar to the prevailing human mood. Young people especially will feel the force of simple, involuntary, perfectly natural exhibitions of character made upon the impulse of the moment by persons comparatively unsophisticated and yet surprisingly brilliant, or subtly cunning.

The following anecdotes of Indiana life have been selected with a view to giving a broad general impression of the frivolous and humorous sides of experience and action. Through them we hope to take the lighter spirit of the past unaware and thereby surprise its guard and capture some of its innermost secrets and deepest traits.

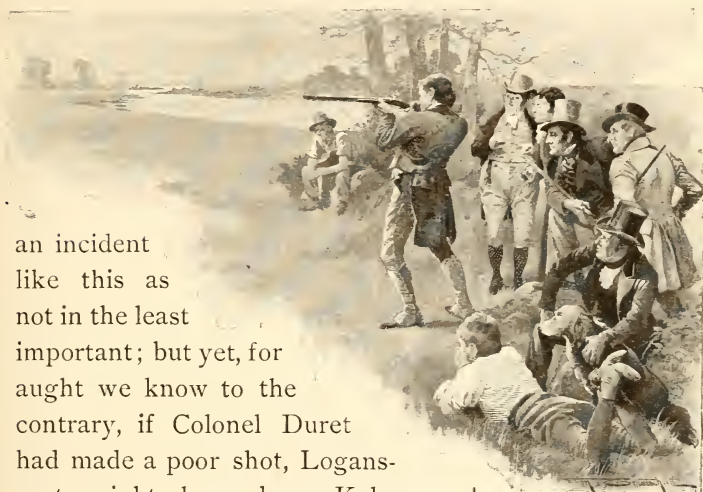
A great writer has suggested that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; but how the rose came by its name is quite another thing. The thriving and beautiful city of Logansport on the Wabash might have been just as beautiful and thrifty had it been called by some name less distinguished. But certainly its christening was singular. At the time when the town seat was surveyed, a discussion arose, several gentlemen interested urging names, each giving conclusive reasons for the adoption of his particular choice. The quarrel was a very amicable one, heated as the participants became, and finally some bystander proposed that it be settled by shooting at a mark with rifles. After some further wrangling, all agreed that each man should fire seven shots to be counted for his chosen name, and the one having the four best hits out of seven was to be winner and have the right to name the future city.

The Wabash River was then thought to be navigable, and of course the projectors of the new town were dreaming of the day soon to arrive, when steamboats should puff up gayly to the wharf they were going to build at a convenient place on the bank. This suggested to Mr. Hugh B. McKeen that the town should have "port" in its name. Colonel John B. Duret agreed to the suggestion; but no one else save Mr. McKeen particularly liked the name "Logansport," which he at last proposed, the "Logan" part of it being in commemoration of the bravery and faithfulness to the white people of Tecumseh's nephew, Captain Logan, who died heroically in 1812.

The target was fixed, and the shooting to settle the

question was begun. We are not told what names besides Logansport were in the stake of the match; but after the seven shots had been fired by each man, it was found that Colonel Duret had won the right to have his choice accepted.

So it was that one of the most enterprising towns in Indiana got its name in the year 1828. We may regard



an incident like this as not in the least important; but yet, for aught we know to the contrary, if Colonel Duret had made a poor shot, Logansport might have been Kalamazoo!

Turning from target shooting to settle a dispute, we may note another equally novel method of testing a question about which we have heard a great deal of speculation. Do the spirits of dead people ever return to earth? If they return, do they ever appear visibly or speak audibly to the living? Perhaps we need not trouble our minds to investigate; but when three distinguished men of Indiana undertake to make a practical demonstration of what is provable in the matter,

we may well have a reasonable curiosity to see the result of their experiment.

Judge John R. Porter, Josephus Collett, and Senator Edward A. Hannegan, as we are told by that charming biographer, Mr. William W. Woollen, "entered into a compact that the one who first died should return to his friends, if it were possible, and give them words or tokens of what was going on in the other world." The three men were friends almost inseparable, delightful talkers, largely gifted intellectually, and each was the soul of truthfulness and honor, whatever human faults they may have had. When they could arrange their affairs so that a few days could be given to unconfined joy, they would meet at Collett's house for such a "feast of reason and flow of soul" as only men of lofty genius and sunny temper can evoke.

Upon every such occasion "they would clasp hands and renew the covenant" that the first to die should hasten back to his living comrades with tidings from the great Hidden Land. Judge Porter died, leaving Hannegan and Collett inconsolable. Would his spirit come back, as he had promised it should? Hannegan, although a man of magnificent oratorical powers, was curiously superstitious. He would begin no journey on Friday, he would not pay a debt on Monday, and he firmly believed that Judge Porter's spirit could and would return and make itself known. Therefore, not long after the judge's death, "Mr. Hannegan wrote Mr. Collett a note," continues Mr. Woollen, "stating that he would be with him the next Wednesday evening. He came at the time, and was received by

Mr. Collett with all his wonted cordiality. But he was nervous and ill at ease. After supper the two friends conversed until bedtime without either of them naming Judge Porter. When the time for retiring arrived, Mr. Collett announced it, and proposed conducting Mr. Hannegan to his room, whereupon Hannegan sprang to his feet, and in an excited manner said, 'Joe Collett, has John Porter been back to you?' 'No, Mr. Hannegan,' replied Mr. Collett; 'has he appeared to you?' 'No; and now I know there is no coming back after death. John Porter never broke his word.'"

Nor did Collett ever see or hear Hannegan, who died next. And now Collett has joined his friends in the silent country.

Judge Charles Dewey was one of the strongest men ever honored with the exalted office of supreme judge. His mind had the celerity and accuracy of lightning. Professor John L. Campbell of Wabash College, himself one of the brightest men in Indiana, tells the following good story, illustrating the quick wit and admirable humor of both Judge Dewey and Senator Henry S. Lane, which is also taken from Mr. Woollen's valuable book, "Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana":—

"On a certain occasion there were assembled a pleasant party in the parlor of the Washington House, Indianapolis, who were enjoying especially the joke of Dewey's menagerie, as they facetiously termed the traveling concern which happened at the time to be exhibiting at Indianapolis, and was located on some

vacant lots on Washington Street belonging to Judge Dewey, when a young man of somewhat diminutive stature and pompous manner approached the judge with a 'Well, Judge, I think I shall patronize your menagerie to-night.' 'Glad to hear it,' replied Dewey, 'glad to hear it. Our pony has just arrived and our monkey is sick; we shall need you!' Gifted as he was in this quickness of repartee, he enjoyed equally well a sally of wit, even though he himself were the subject. On another occasion at the same hotel, in a company of lawyers, John L—— of Madison, with a little unwarranted liberty, remarked, in reference to the long nose and chin of Judge Dewey, that they would probably meet soon. The judge replied, somewhat bitterly, that they never had met yet; whereupon Henry S. Lane, with ready wit, added, 'Yet a good many hard words have passed between them!'"

Hon. B. W. Hanna told a good story of Henry S. Lane and James Wilson, who were opposing attorneys in a case of some importance at Covington, in Fountain County. Wilson had the opening speech, in which he criticised Lane's method of conducting the trial. Just before sitting down he said to the jury, "Gentlemen, my main argument in this case will come in my concluding speech in reply to Colonel Lane; so right here I shall close my opening." Lane sprang to his feet like an upward flash. "That opening of Mr. Wilson's," he said, "has long been a source of concern to me. For some time I have been expecting his ears to fall into it and get chewed off. I am glad that Mr. Wilson has closed his opening."

Governor James Brown Ray was, perhaps, the most eccentric man ever elected to the highest office in Indiana. He was very vain and fond of impressing everybody with a sense of his distinguished abilities and exalted official position. It was his habit to register his name in public places "J. Brown Ray, Governor of Indiana," as if he were signing an official document. Whenever it was possible, he made a spectacular exhibition of himself before the people. In both dress and manner he sought to attract wondering attention. On one occasion he took advantage of the scene of a public execution of three murderers to make a melodramatic display.

It was in 1825. Three white men had been condemned to death by hanging for the crime of killing some inoffensive Indians. The execution was to be at Pendleton. The prisoners were a father and son and the father's brother-in-law. The son, a mere youth, had aroused the sympathy of the people, and an appeal to Governor Ray for clemency had been signed by a great many. On the day set for the execution the two older men were hanged, while the boy sat by on his coffin, awaiting his turn at the rope's end. A vast crowd was present to witness the terrible stroke of justice. The murder had been a most revolting one, in which men, women, and children had shared alike. But when the poor, trembling boy stood upon the scaffold, wildly and pathetically gazing around, everybody felt sorry for him, and hoped that Governor Ray would pardon him. Time passed, yet no word came from the executive, and the drop was about ready, when a wild

shout went up from the multitude. Then all eyes saw Governor J. Brown Ray galloping majestically along in the direction of the gallows. He was mounted upon a superb horse splendidly caparisoned, and was himself dressed in the finest attire. His face wore a look of supreme self-importance. While the crowd gazed, he



rode majestically to where the half-crazed young culprit stood, sprang from his saddle, and mounted the scaffold.

“Young man,” he said in a loud voice, “do you know who now stands before you?”

“No, sir,” answered the trembling boy.

“Well, sir, it is time that you should know,” continued the governor, drawing himself up stiffly. “There are, sir, but two beings in the great universe who can save you from death; one is the great God of Heaven, and the other is James Brown Ray, Governor of Indiana,

who now stands before you. Here is your pardon. Go, sir, and sin no more!"

It is perfectly safe to say that a governor of Indiana who should nowadays grant a pardon with a display like that would be looked upon as crazy. Seven decades have made a wonderful change, not greater, however, in the matter of granting pardons than in the system of adjudication in criminal cases. A man by the name of John H. Long was indicted for horse stealing. This was some time before Indiana became a State, and the penalty for Long's crime was whipping—thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. A cousin of General George Rogers Clark was the trial judge. He was a rough, stern man, illiterate, but possessed of a strong sense of practical justice.

When the case came on for trial, Long had very able lawyers employed to defend him, while the public prosecutor was a young man of but slight legal acumen, who knew next to nothing of technical pleading and the short turns of sharp practice. A plea in abatement was first filed on the ground that the "H." had been left out of the prisoner's name in the indictment. But Judge Clark promptly stated that he knew the man on trial, therefore his name made no difference. Attorneys for the defense then moved to quash the indictment, for the reason that no value whatever was alleged, wherefore, the horse being worth nothing, no theft could be committed in taking it. The judge stated that to his judicial knowledge the horse was worth ten dollars, and he ordered the trial to proceed. The proof was clear and undisputed that Long had stolen the horse. In a

few minutes the jury found him guilty, and the penalty of thirty-nine lashes was adjudged. Then came a motion in arrest of judgment for the reason that the indictment did not allege that the horse was stolen in the Territory of Indiana. Judge Clark was taken aback. He did not see how he could assume jurisdiction in a case not specifically within the territorial limits. But he could not bear the thought of letting the horse thief go upon a legal technicality when he knew him to be guilty.

"Adjourn court, Mr. Sheriff," he said. "I will take this motion under advisement until the sitting of court to-morrow morning."

The lawyers for the defense were elated, feeling sure of having their plea sustained. But Judge Clark had a scheme of his own. He called the sheriff to him and said,— "To-night at just twelve o'clock you and your deputy take Long to the woods and give him thirty-nine lashes on his bare back. Lay them on as hard as ever you can, and then bring him back to jail. Tell nobody what you've done; it's to be a court secret." The sheriff obeyed to the letter, giving the prisoner a most memorable thrashing.

On the following morning, when the court opened, counsel for the defense were ready to hear the decision. Long sat in the prisoner's seat, looking strangely uneasy and forlorn. His lawyers, all unconscious of the condition of his back, smiled and exchanged glances of satisfaction. "Gentlemen," said the court, "I have considered your plea, and I feel compelled to grant your prisoner a new trial."

"No, no!" cried Long, leaping to his feet, "I don't want any more trials. One's enough. The sheriff took me out last night and whipped me nearly to death. Let my lawyers go. I discharge them and their plea, too!"

Judge Clark smiled grimly, and ordered that the prisoner be released and judgment marked satisfied.

When Governor James Whitcomb of our State was practicing law, he was a trifle ahead of local civilization in the matter of underwear. He put on a clean white shirt every morning. Moreover, he indulged in the luxury of a nightshirt, a thing to which ordinary Hoosiers did not take kindly in those days. Once upon a time, in company with some fellow-lawyers, he staid for a while at a tavern kept by one Captain Berry, who was inordinately proud of his place and boastful of its extraordinary cleanliness and comfort. Whitcomb was a good fellow, but, being the dandy of the party, was made the object of sly jokes and humorous tricks. Calvin Fletcher was one of the company, and it came into his mind to cause a ludicrous scene between Whitcomb and the conceited landlord. So he went to the latter privately and said,— "Landlord, I'm a great friend of yours, and I don't like to have evil imputations cast upon your house, even by another dear friend of mine. Do you know what Whitcomb has said about your beds?"

"No," said the landlord. "What was it?"

"Give me your word of honor that you'll never say who told you."

"I promise," said the landlord.

"He said," whispered Fletcher, "that your sheets

were so dirty that he always put on a dirty shirt to sleep in. He carries a dirty shirt for that purpose."

"Did he say that?"

"You watch him go to bed to-night; that will settle the question."

"I'll do it, the curly-headed dandy!"

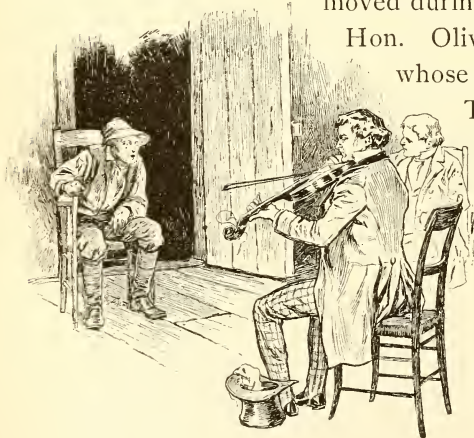
When bedtime came that evening, the landlord was secretly spying upon Whitcomb, who, quite unaware of impending tragedy, proceeded to take off his dress shirt and put on his nightshirt. With a howl of rage the landlord rushed upon him, dashed him across the bed, and was administering punishment unlimited when the other lawyers came to the rescue just in time to prevent serious consequences.

Another anecdote of Whitcomb will serve to give the reader an impression of the rapidity with which we have moved during the past fifty years.

Hon. Oliver H. Smith, from whose book, "Early Indiana Trials and Sketches,"

we have already taken some good things, describes a musical incident of a trip which he and Whitcomb made together. They stopped to pass the night at a country house, a lonely

cabin in the midst of a forest near where Knightstown now stands. Whitcomb was an accomplished fiddler,



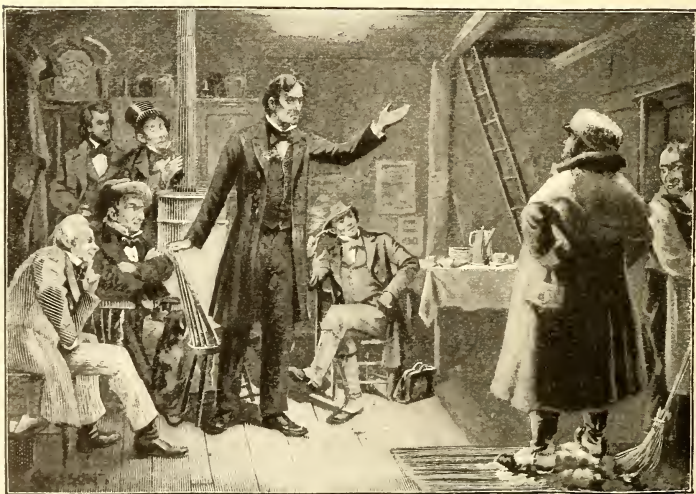
and his quick ear caught the sound of doleful, rasping music before they had reached the cabin. Upon entering, they saw a crippled fellow playing upon an old violin, out of which he was drawing ear-splitting discords. The lame fiddler laid his instrument on the bed and went forth to care for the guests' horses. Whitcomb took it up, and after tuning it began playing a light and tender air. When the lame man reëntered the cabin, he was caught in the spell of the music. He dropped into a chair open-mouthed, listening as one who feared to breathe lest a breath might dissipate his happiness. "Whitcomb struck up 'Hail Columbia,'" says Smith. "He [the lame man] sprang to his feet. 'If I had fifty dollars [he cried], I would give it all for that fiddle; I never heard such music before in my life!' After playing several tunes Mr. Whitcomb laid the instrument on the bed. Amos [the cripple] seized it, carried it to the fire, where he could see it, turned it over and over, examined every part, and sang out: 'Mister, I never saw two fiddles so much alike as yours and mine!'"

Colonel Samuel C. Willson, of Crawfordsville, was one of the strongest lawyers in Indiana during the period when attorneys "rode the circuits," and met at various country taverns at night to "crack jokes" and play a friendly game of seven-up for the mere "fun of the thing," betting not often being indulged in. He was a large, gruff man, very overbearing in outward manner, yet extremely kind and generous at heart. No truer friend ever lived, no better citizen ever died than Samuel C. Willson; but not unfrequently his apparently surly

temper was misunderstood by strangers, who resented being addressed in a voice indicative of absolute self-importance.

In his early manhood Colonel Willson was called to a town in Illinois on legal business. It was very cold weather, and when he arrived at the only tavern in the place, he found a company of strange lawyers forming a circle around a stove in the office. None of them appeared to notice his entrance; certainly no room was offered him by the fire.

"Well, well," he bellowed in his heavy, gruff voice, "you're a beautiful set of fellows—a handsome lot, for Illinois!" As he spoke, he shook great clouds of snow from his shaggy overcoat, and stamped large accumulations from his boots and leggings. A gaunt, bony man of immense stature slowly lifted himself from one of



the chairs. Colonel Willson was six feet tall, but this man towered far above him. "Stranger," he said to Willson, "we were discussing our looks just as you entered, and we had agreed that if an uglier man than I came in here to-night we'd murder him on the spot. Landlord," he called in a louder voice, "fetch here your meat ax; the monster has arrived!" A roar of laughter greeted this speech, and a few minutes later Colonel Willson was delightedly listening to stories by Abraham Lincoln, the tall man of the company.

To pass from lawyers to schoolboys of the early days, a curious custom was that which required the ducking, in the nearest water, of the person who, passing by a schoolhouse, should call out "school butter." If the phrase had any meaning, it has been lost; but "school butter" was not to be spoken within hearing of a well-regulated school. Everybody knew this, and every reasonably prudent person governed himself accordingly. Still there was now and then a fellow reckless enough to take the risk, yell defiantly, bawl out "school butter! school butter!" at the top of his voice, and then run away as fast as his legs could carry him.

One day the boys in a schoolhouse heard that scornful challenge. A man had ridden up to the front gate of the yard surrounding the schoolhouse, and after shouting something in an excited voice was heard to say the two unforgivable words. Instantly every boy in the room bolted out to capture the offender. And they did capture him before he fairly comprehended what they were doing. Immediately, in a very excited way, he began to splutter and stutter, trying in vain to make

some sort of excuses or explanations; but the boys would not listen to his incoherences; they hustled him down to Whitewater River, which ran close by, and gave him a thorough ducking.

The man turned out to be a preacher, and quite innocent of having offered an insult to the school. Riding along the country road, on his way to Connersville, he saw a fine cow which had fallen into a gutter beside a corduroy bridge. When he came to the schoolhouse, he called out, "Somebody's cow has fallen off the bridge back yonder and is lying on her back in the gutter." The boys heard only the word "gutter" and mistook it for "butter." Hence the ducking. He was a Baptist preacher, however, and the water, cold as it was, felt very familiar to him, and no harm came of it. But he never again called upon a school for help to get a cow out of a gutter.

John Ryman was a good lawyer, well known in the eastern and southern parts of Indiana. He was a grave and dignified man, who rarely showed passion of any sort; but sometimes his anger got the better of him, and then he was apt to be a trifle violent. He once, in the beginning of his practice, had a case to try before a country justice of the peace in an old blacksmith shop. His legal antagonist was John Burk, a pettifogger, who was a great wag. Ryman had the right side of the case. Both the law and the evidence were strong in his favor; he felt very sure of a verdict. Burk understood the situation, and well knew that he must use some extraordinary means in order to turn the jury against his opponent.

Ryman had ridden a restive horse, which he had hitched to a tree near the blacksmith shop, and every few minutes he asked leave of the justice to step out and see if his horse was all right. Burk had the concluding speech. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "counsel on the other side has been willfully and scandalously misleading you and the court."

"How, sir?" demanded Ryman, in a gruff and bellicose voice.

"I'll tell you how," Burk continued. "Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Ryman has been asking leave of this court every five minutes to go out of this house on the excuse that he wanted to look after his horse. But, gentlemen, Mr. Ryman's horse is just as gentle as a nine-year-old cow. What he's been going out to see has not been a horse, gentlemen, but it has been a bottle!"

Ryman sprang excitedly to his feet.

"If you accuse me of drinking whiskey—" he began; but Burk interrupted him with—

"No, sir, I never hinted whiskey; I admit that you don't drink it." Then he turned to the jury and said,—

"Gentlemen, Mr. Ryman is a perfectly temperate man, so far as whiskey is concerned; but, gentlemen, he is badly addicted to tincture of lobelia."

It may be well to explain that, in the days of steam doctors, tincture of lobelia was the standard emetic, and when taken it caused the patient to have what the doctors called "alarming symptoms." The face turned ghastly pale, the eyes stared, the features were rigid, and a cold sweat stood in beads on brow and cheeks.

Everybody was familiar with "alarming symptoms," and knew that they were not in the least dangerous, no matter how frightful they looked.

"Yes, gentlemen," roared Burk, "he's a slave to tincture of lobelia, and has to take a big drink of it every few minutes."

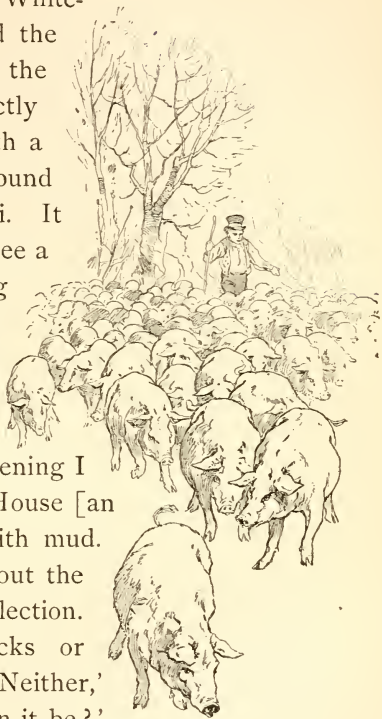
By this time the jury were laughing immoderately. Ryman, exasperated beyond self-control, snatched up a hammer lying beside the smith's anvil, and sprang to strike Burk; but three or four men seized him. Burk ran out of the house, and a moment later thrust his head in through a little window hole.

"Just hold him a minute or so, fellows," he cried; "he'll be over it pretty soon. Lobelia often causes these alarming symptoms!"

Of course the verdict was against Ryman's client. Years afterwards, when the great lawyer's fame had reached its zenith, the story was told for the first time in Lawrenceburg, where he was a leading citizen; and even then Ryman felt the joke too keenly to relish its flavor. He was a dignified, earnest, thoughtful man, little given to frivolities, and as a lawyer he carried the weight of great learning; but what could dignity and legal profundity do against the buffoonery of a man like Burk before a jury of backwoodsmen? Well did many a good lawyer know in those days how it felt to be laughed out of court.

Turning from court scenes to political anecdotes, we may have our smile at the pleasant simplicity of men who held high office when the country was new. Oliver H. Smith, a distinguished lawyer, was elected to repre-

sent Indiana in the United States Senate in 1836. Besides being a lawyer, Mr. Smith owned and operated large farming estates on the White-water River. No sooner had the Legislature elected him to the Senate than he went directly home and set out thence with a drove of five hundred hogs bound for the market at Cincinnati. It would be worth going far to see a senator nowadays trudging along a muddy road driving his hogs fifty or sixty miles to sell them. In his own account of the incident, Mr. Smith says,—“Late in the evening I reached Henrie’s Mansion House [an inn] in Cincinnati, covered with mud. There were many inquiries about the result of our senatorial election. ‘Which is elected, Hendricks or Noble?’ [they demanded]. ‘Neither,’ [said Smith]. ‘Who then can it be?’ ‘I am elected.’ ‘You! what is your name?’ ‘Oliver H. Smith.’ ‘You elected a United States senator! I never heard of you before.’ ‘Very likely.’ The next day I sold my hogs to Graham & Shultz for seven dollars per hundred [pounds], received over seven thousand dollars cash, and two days after was at home with my family.”



THE PERIOD OF CANALS AND PLANK ROADS.

GOVERNOR JENNINGS, in the very beginning of Indiana's career as a State, foresaw that the greatest drawback to material progress was the lack of good public roads and other channels for the free and easy circulation of the people and for the transportation of their industrial products. From the first our State was dedicated to agriculture, and to this day her chief source of wealth is in her incomparably rich and productive farm lands. But remunerative agriculture is almost entirely dependent upon a system of good highways by which paying markets may be reached at the minimum of expense and labor. For what is corn, or wheat, or pork, or beef to bring in money if the cost of taking it to market equals or exceeds the price received for it?

Money was very scarce in Indiana, and Governor Jennings knew that the scarcity was largely due to the fact that for half the year the roads were practically impassable, and that there were no other channels of transportation for a large part of the people's farm products. Therefore, in his message to the Legislature, submitted in 1818, two years after the formation of the State, he said, — "The internal improvement of the State

forms a subject of the greatest importance, and deserves the most serious attention. Roads and canals are calculated to afford facilities to the commercial transactions connected with the exports and imports of the country, by lessening the expenses and time attendant, as well on the transportation of the bulky articles which compose our exports as on the importation of articles the growth and manufacture of foreign countries, which luxury and habit have rendered too common and almost indispensable to our consumption."

"Luxury" may sound rather strange as descriptive of pioneer Hoosier life; but the governor used it advisedly. Coffee, tea, sugar, and tobacco were prime luxuries in those days. Moreover, not a few people in Indiana were even then rich and addicted to the expensive habits of the Old World. Fine wines, brandies, and malt liquors were imported, and silks, satins, broadcloths, and other very expensive goods for women's and men's apparel formed a considerable part of trade. But the price of farm products was very low, while the cost of these luxuries was almost fabulous, regarded from our present point of view. For example, a yard of silk cost as much as eighty bushels of corn would sell for. Calico was exchanged at the rate of one yard for eight bushels of corn. Good broadcloth commanded one hundred bushels of corn per yard. No wonder the women were nearly all spinners and weavers. Under a shed beside or behind almost every cabin stood the homemade hand loom in which coarse cotton and woolen cloths were woven.

It is next to impossible for us at present to realize

conditions so different from our own as those which made the building of canals not only desirable, but a perfectly proper basis for the rosiest anticipations of public prosperity. We hardly know what canal travel was like, as we fly across the old deserted ditch and towpath in our parlor cars. Many of us have never seen a canal boat, or if we have it was an old, rotting hulk stranded long ago, and now deep sunken in the mud and stagnant water, never again to float. It seems almost incredible that sixty years ago the traffic of our State crept along in narrow, artificial water ways only as fast as a horse could walk on a towpath.

In 1832 the contract was let for a considerable part of the Wabash and Erie Canal, which was, for the time, a colossal undertaking. If Lake Erie and the Ohio River could be connected by this canal, it was thought that the problem of internal navigation would be solved. The great port of New Orleans would then be accessible to the people of the West. It was the dream of a golden age about to dawn. Surveys had been made showing that the whole scheme was perfectly feasible, so far as physical considerations affected it. The old Wabash portage had long before suggested that two rivers, one flowing finally to the Gulf of Mexico, and the other running in the opposite direction into the Lake, could easily be connected by cutting a short canal supplied with a lock or two. But the rivers were not navigable for their full lengths, nor could their banks be easily utilized for towpaths. A canal, however, might be dug, and the waters of these rivers and of other streams turned in to fill it. The

proposition was received with great enthusiasm by all who were ambitious to see a flood tide of prosperity pour over Indiana.

At that time steamboat navigation on the Ohio and the Mississippi was beginning to be enormously profitable, and small steamboats were plying regularly on every navigable tributary of those magnificent rivers. Canals, instead of competing injuriously with these boats, would but swell their business by conveying to their wharves a tremendous body of profitable freight. Steamboat owners and the controllers of the great river traffic could not reasonably complain when they saw this giant scheme of internal improvement getting well advanced. It was to be one of the feeders through which New Orleans became the great mart of the West, and the Mississippi River the greatest water highway in all the world.

The flatboat period was coming to a close, and the period of canal boats was opening. At first great efforts were made to suit steamboats to our small and shallow rivers; but this proved quite impracticable. We find in a small book written by a gentleman of Lafayette, Mr. Sanford C. Cox, a very amusing and lifelike account of the attempts to open steam navigation between that city and Peru in 1834-1835 by way of the Wabash.

At that time Lafayette was looked upon as the head of steamboat navigation on our beautiful little river, but naturally enough the thriving towns farther up greatly coveted both the profit and the honor of that position. Delphi, Logansport, and Peru each laid claim to being

perfectly accessible to light-draught freight and passenger boats, and offered valuable inducements to the enterprising boat master who should demonstrate the truth of their claim by bringing a little steamer to their wharves.

In June, 1834, there was a notable rise in the water of the Wabash River, caused by heavy rains, and the time looked favorable for a trip to those ambitious towns. Before that a steamboat had sometimes gone as far up as Delphi; but now Peru was the objective point aimed at by Captain Towe, with his snug little steamboat, the "Republican." A substantial premium had been offered by the business men of Logansport to the first boatman who should successfully land his steamer at the wharf of that town. Considerable inducements were also held out by Peru; consequently public interest, as well as private ambition, had been sharply whetted, so that when the "Republican" puffed away from the landing at Lafayette, it had on deck a company of jolly excursionists, who had taken passage for the mere sake of adventure. The voyage was delightful as far as Delphi. Every one on board was charmed.

"But soon after passing the Delphi landing," says Mr. Cox, "the boat stuck fast upon a sand bar, which detained us for several hours. Another and another obstruction were met with every few miles, which were overcome with much difficulty, labor, and delay. At each successive sand bar, the most of the boat's crew, and many of the passengers, got out into the water and lifted on the boat, or pulled upon a large rope that was

extended to the shore — an important auxiliary to steam power to propel the vessel over these obstructions. Night overtook us stuck fast upon the bottom of the river below Tipton's port."

From that point they set out next morning, after having got free from the sand bar, and in the course of time reached a rapid just below Logansport. Here the pleasant information came that, after passing the ripple, which was known as the Georgetown Rapids, they were to meet with no more shallow water. Of course all hands were delighted. So far they had not been in the least depressed by their various little annoyances, and now, at the foot of the swift shoals, they felt that one more strong pull would end all their trials.

"Here extraordinary efforts were made," continues Mr. Cox, "to ascend the rapids. Colonel Pollard and Job B. Eldridge, Esq., of Logansport, who had goods on board, and were both laboring in the water and at the capstan, were particularly anxious that Captain Towe should reach that place, and his boat have the honor and advantage of being the first steamer that had ascended as high as that point, and receive a bonus of several hundred dollars that had been offered as a premium to the captain of the first steamer that should land at their wharf."

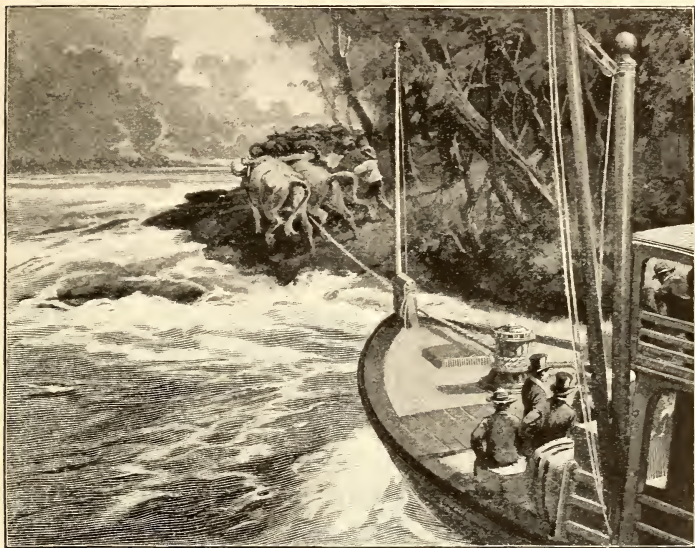
But the task of climbing against the current of the rapids was too much for the "Republican's" little engine, even when aided by all the strength of crew and passengers. "All hands, except the women and a few others, were frequently in the water up to their chins for hours together, endeavoring to lift the boat off the

bar." To add to their trouble, the water in the channel of the river began to fall rapidly, and every inch of loss had the effect of settling the little steamer's keel just that much deeper in the soft sand. "While at this point," Mr. Cox goes on, "we were visited by several companies of well-dressed and fine-looking Miami and Pottowattomie Indians of all ages and both sexes, who would sit for hours on the bank admiring the boat, which they greatly desired to see in motion under a full head of steam. After four days and nights of ineffectual efforts to proceed, the boat was abandoned by all except the captain and part of his crew."

And there the poor little "Republican" lay for about three weeks, unable to move. Finally, a large number of oxen having been gathered from all over the country and hitched to the boat by a cable, it was dragged up the rapids. It reached Logansport on the 4th of July. On this voyage it was made clear that steamboats, even of very light draught, could reach Logansport only at times of very high water, and then not without great risk. In June of the next year another steamboat, the "Science," went up as far as Peru, the river being unusually high. It was just at the time when a large force of Irish laborers were digging the Wabash and Erie Canal at that point, and there was a great row between them and the boat's people. The latter got the worst of it, being glad enough to go back down the river as quickly as possible.

Experiments like the two that we have sketched were convincing arguments in favor of the great canal project. They showed how heavy the traffic would be;

for one little boat could transport a hundred wagon-loads of produce. All that was needed was an easy and safe water way. But the building of a public work of such dimensions as the Wabash and Erie Canal aroused the cupidity of unscrupulous men, who did not



hesitate to jeopardize the people's interests and credit in order to speculate upon the outcome. The consequence was that most distressing complications hindered the progress of the work, and plunged the whole State into financial troubles. In 1838, while Governor Wallace was in office, Indiana found herself in debt, on account of the Wabash and Erie Canal, in the enormous sum of one million three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars. Over two millions additional debt

existed at the same time, on account of other public improvements to be presently noticed.

Instead of realizing the golden dreams of prosperity, wealth, luxury, and commercial activity, the people of Indiana in 1840 found themselves bankrupt. Business interests had fallen flat; the public debt rested upon the State, a nightmare of financial oppression. Canal boats were running, it is true, and railroads had been built, not to mention many miles of macadamized roads; but the taxpayers found themselves far worse off than they had been before a single stroke had been accomplished upon these great works. The State had in hand at that time the following public improvements: the Wabash and Erie Canal, the Cross-cut Canal at Terre Haute, the Whitewater Canal, the Central Canals, the Erie and Michigan Canal, the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, the Indianapolis and Lafayette Turnpike, the New Albany and Vincennes Turnpike, the Jeffersonville and Crawfordsville Road, and a scheme for the improvement of the Wabash rapids jointly with the State of Illinois. The entire State debt in 1841 was over eighteen million dollars. In attempting to do well, the commonwealth had done too much and in a most unbusinesslike manner. Bonds had been issued and sold upon credit, instead of for cash, and money had been borrowed to pay interest on the debt!

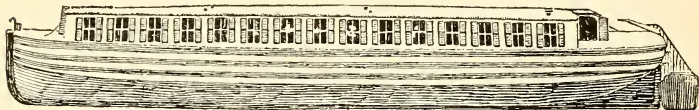
In 1843 James Whitcomb became governor, and during his administration a compromise was effected by which the public improvements of the State were transferred to the State's creditors, thus in a large measure relieving the financial pressure and restoring the public

credit. Almost immediately signs of prosperity began to show themselves all over the State. In 1850 great activity in trade, agriculture, and commerce was attended by unprecedented success in public improvements, which had now passed from the government into the hands of private companies, corporations, and individuals. Meantime, in 1848, Governor Whitcomb was elected to the United States Senate, and in December, 1849, Governor Joseph A. Wright succeeded him in the gubernatorial office, holding it until January, 1857, a period of remarkable progress.

The canal-boat stage of civilization did not last long in Indiana; but while it flourished, the foundations of our present splendid prosperity were laid. The new State constitution, the school law, and the building of a system of railroads all came during that period. Many old people now living remember the peculiar experiences of voyaging on board a canal boat. To young folk, however, it would be a very droll way of making a journey in this age of rapid transit in palace-car trains. From several sources, but chiefly from manuscript notes in the possession of the present writer, the following sketch of canal-boat voyaging has been made.

The canal boat was a long, low, narrow structure built for carrying both passengers and freight. Its cabin and sleeping berths were of the most primitive description, ill-ventilated and dimly lighted. The boat looked like an elongated floating house, the height of which had been decreased by some great pressure. It was drawn by one or two horses hitched to a long rope attached to the bow of the boat. The horses walked on a path,

called the towpath, at the side of the canal, and were driven by a man or boy, who sometimes rode, sometimes walked. The boat had a rudder with which a pilot kept it in its proper place while it crept along like a great lazy turtle on the still water. Surely there never was sleepier mode of travel.



An extract from a private letter written in July, 1851, will give, on the whole, a true impression of what travel by canal boat was then like : —

“We went on board, by way of a board, a gang-plank, that is, and soon found ourselves in a dark, hole-like room, where it was hard to breathe and impossible to see plainly. There was a queer smell; Tom says all canal boats have that odor. Of course, this being my first experience, I cannot say how true it is. We presently went up a steep little stairway and came out upon the top of the boat, which was already in motion, — very slow motion, though, — and the dingy houses began to slide, so it looked, back to the rear. A single horse pulls our vessel, and the loutish boy who manages him has hair that is as white as tow. It looks as though he had never combed it. He chews tobacco and swears at his horse; but yet he seems good-natured, and he sings between oaths some very doleful hymns, alternating with love songs of a lively cast. Sometimes the horse pokes along; sometimes the boy makes it trot for a short distance.

"I am sitting on a stool on top of the boat, writing with my paper on my knee. The mosquitoes bother me some, but they are not very thick, though the ponds along both sides of the canal in the flat lands look like good places for them to breed in, all covered with green scum. The first lock that we went through caused me to have a very queer feeling. Our boat entered a place where the sides of the canal were walled up with logs and plank, and stopped before a gate. At the same time a gate was closed astern of us, and then the boat began to rise, up, up, as the front gate was slowly opened. By this means we were lifted to a higher level, upon which we proceeded. But when the boat began to rise, I felt as though something dreadful was about to happen."

In another letter, the same writer, a young lady of Louisville, Kentucky, gives a graphic account of her first night's experience trying to sleep in a cot or bunk in the boat.

"It seemed," she wrote, "that all of the heat spent by the sun during the day had settled down into that hot and stuffy little room, and that all the mosquitoes ever hatched in the mud puddles of Indiana were condensed into one humming, ravenous swarm right around my hard little bed. Tom [her brother] went up into the open air on top of the boat and spent the night. How I did wish I was a boy! All night I lay there under a smothering mosquito bar and listened to the buzzing of the insects, perspiring as I never supposed that anybody could. It was awful, horrid! It seemed that daylight was never going to come again. Every

once in a while I heard men's voices, the boatmen talking, probably; but they sounded strangely. Chickens sometimes crowed in the distance. About morning I fell fast asleep, and did not wake until some shouting voices startled me. We had reached a little town where the boat had some business, putting off many barrels and boxes and sacks, and taking on more. I was glad to get up and hurry on my clothes and climb out on top of the boat. I saw some queer-looking people. Men, women, and children came crowding down to the little plank wharf to stand around and gaze. Such clothes! The women looked strangely vacant and ignorant; but some of the young ones were dressed in a way that made them show off. Red calico was most conspicuous. They all wore pink sunbonnets. The children had apparently never combed their heads or washed their noses."

In a third letter she writes:—

"It has been a dreadfully hot day, but a good wind has been blowing from the northwest, and just now it is getting cooler as the sun is going behind clouds in the west. We have passed through some lovely country, where rich farms, like those in some parts of Tennessee, stretch away as far as you can look. On our left a short distance away the Wabash River has been in sight most of the time, and beyond it large fields of bottom land waving with luxuriant young corn. On our right the farms are more rolling in places, but fertile and well kept; only the houses are miserable looking. I have not seen a single homelike farmhouse for a hundred miles, it seems to me.

"You cannot imagine how tedious this way of traveling is. You creep along like a snail in perfect silence. There are two horses to our boat now, but we go slower, I think. Our present driver is a little red-headed man, not larger than a twelve-year-old Kentucky boy. He never curses, but he smokes a pipe all the time. I can smell the dirty thing just as strongly as if I were walking by his side. He wears no coat and has but one suspender, a dingy blue, over his red shirt, slanting across his back. He appears to be well acquainted with every person that comes along, and always has something smart to say. He is dreadfully bow-legged, and he steps farther with one foot than the other.

"To-day is Sunday, and the people all seem to be fishing in the canal. We have passed hundreds of them sitting on the banks with poles in their hands and dangling their fishhooks in the water; but I have seen no fish caught. The boatmen sauce them and they retort pretty roughly sometimes.

"The most disagreeable part of this kind of traveling is, next after the sleeping, the eating. You know how I like good things to eat. Well, just imagine the dining room on one of our river packets, and then turn to my canal-boat *salle à manger*. To get to it from the cabin I have to climb up a ladder through a hole to the top of the boat, then go down through another hole into a suffocating box. The table is horrid, so is the cooking. Pork and bread, bread and pork, then some greasy fish, mackerel, and bitter coffee lukewarm, three times each day. I am raving hungry all the time, and nothing fit to eat. It makes me violently angry to see Tom gorge

like a pig and pretend that stewed beans and catfish are delicious.

“The little towns along by the canal are forlorn-looking places; but they seem to be doing business. Tom says that some of the men are getting rich. I do not see the evidence of it if they are. Such houses as they live in are advertisements of hopeless ‘green-horn’ existence. Our kitchens are far better than their drawing rooms. Tom and I went out into one village where the boat remained two hours and a half, and I got into the best-looking house in the place by asking for a drink of water. Things were worse inside than out. There was a bed in one corner of the parlor, and no carpet on the floor. Five little dirty children came in to gaze at me. They all seemed to be of the same age. One fat, big-eyed chap, a boy I think, but they were all dressed alike in calico slips, came up close to me. I wanted to hug him because he was saucy-looking, and I wanted to spank him for not keeping his nose clean. I concluded to do neither.

“For hours to-day we sneaked along on a prairie. I think that ‘sneaked’ exactly expresses it, for the boat acted as though it wanted to creep up to something and take it unaware. Tom has been shooting at some big cranes flying up out of ponds in the grassy open lands. He killed one, but could not get it. It fell in the middle of a muddy pond, where it fluttered awhile. Why do men and boys like to do such cruel acts?

“Last night it rained and thundered terribly. There was a leaky place right above my bunk, and some drops of water kept up a tattoo, first on the sheet, then in my

face. It was soon over, and then a delicious cool feeling came over me, and I slept till long past daylight. This morning the air smells ever so sweet. We shall soon be in Ohio, but they say that is worse still than Indiana. I heard a man speaking about a town of the name of Wawpuckenatta, if that is how to spell it. What names they do have! The public roads in many places run along close to the towpath of the canal, and I see people in wagons. They go faster than we do. I am outrageously tired; but Tom is delighted. It seems to suit him exactly."

In one letter there is a striking glimpse of the distance passed over by our civilization in less than half a century:—

"Last night just after I had retired we reached a village, and pretty soon after the boat stopped I heard loud talking and swearing. More and more voices joined in, a good many of them unmistakably Hibernian. Then there were cries and shouts, a gun or pistol shot off, then a pandemonium. Before I fairly knew what I was about I had put on some of my clothes and clambered up to the boat's top. A terrible fight was going on at the wharf. There were twenty or thirty drunken men, laborers on some public work, and they were fighting, the Irish against the Americans. It was dreadful. Somehow our captain got into the *mêlée*, and to-day has his head tied up and his cheek patched. They would not let our boat go, but kept us there until near two o'clock. Some officers came about eleven, but they were driven away with clubs and stones. Tom stood by me with his gun ready, but no one came up

where we were. I never was so terribly frightened. How we got away at last I cannot say. The officers did not come back, and the men quarreled and swore and fought all the time. You may be sure I was glad



when the boat began to move along. What seemed terrible to me was that there were women all mixed up in the row, and they swore horribly."

While canals were being built, and while macadamized and gravel roads were in process of construction in nearly every part of the State, the idea of roadways built of plank became suddenly very popular. Upon a hard, smooth surface of wood, the heavy traffic as well

as the light travel of the people was to rumble gayly from town to town. Timber was plentiful and cheap then. If we now had the trees that were destroyed in those wasteful days, they would make us all rich. In his inaugural address in the winter of 1850, Governor Wright said:—

“In the past season we have completed four hundred miles of plank road, which have cost from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per mile. There are some twelve hundred miles additional surveyed and in progress.”

For a short time these plank roads were delightful to drive upon; but presently the planks began to break, the sills to rot, and the earth foundations to sink; then what terrible roads they were! At first some efforts were made to repair them and keep them in good order. It was soon felt, however, that they were not practicable as permanent highways, and that all the money spent upon them after they had reached a certain stage of decay was but thrown away. It was foreseen, also, that any great extension of the plank-road system would, were the roads properly maintained, soon use up all the available timber in the State. Public attention was therefore diverted from plank roads to highways made of gravel. The discovery had been made that the great ice period spoken of in our first chapter had left in many parts of the State vast deposits of minute boulders which formed a practically indestructible material for the surface of roads. Many of our hills are composed chiefly of this gravel, often almost free of sand and earth.

Companies were chartered all over the "drift area" of Indiana to construct and operate toll roads built of gravel. This was the true beginning of good roads. For some years the companies kept up their graveled turnpikes and made them profitable; but the people had learned a lesson and they soon began to build roads of their own. Much litigation and ill feeling against toll highways led on to a condition which enabled counties by their Boards of Commissioners to purchase them of the companies and open them to free travel. We now have a law under which counties may gravel the public highways at the expense of the taxpayers. This system of graveled and macadamized roads is the greatest public improvement in our State. Not even railroads, valuable as they are, can compare in usefulness with the common highways over which our agricultural products must first pass before they reach the swifter channels of transportation.

Another vastly important system of public improvement in Indiana is the ditching system by which, under carefully prepared laws, the wet lands of the State have been rapidly drained until at present only a comparatively small part of our soil is untillable on account of water. Even the vast Kankakee marshes are being drained.

In the inaugural address already quoted, Governor Wright said, "We have two hundred and twelve miles of railroad in successful operation, of which one hundred and twenty-four were completed the past year. There are more than one thousand miles of railway surveyed and in a state of progress." From that year,

1850, onward, railway building continued ; and now our State is a closely woven network of steel lines over which trains rush in every direction, bearing their loads of passengers at the rate of almost a mile a minute, and their immense tonnage of freight at nearly the same speed. No wonder the canals lie idle, dry as dust, or filled in places with stagnant water, while the old boats rot to pieces ! We have left their period far behind. Even the beautiful and commodious steamboat palaces have almost disappeared from the great rivers. We cannot wait for them. We fly.

And now comes the bicycle, the real flying machine. Everybody is on a wheel and clamoring for still better roads. The electric road carriage is not far off. Indeed, it is here. What will the future bring ? We need not speculate in that direction, however ; for the young people of to-day may live to see such improvements as will make our railroads, telegraphs, and electric motors appear as crude and rudimentary as canals and plank roads now look to us. Who would have believed forty years ago that in a short time almost every town in our State would be lighted with electric lamps, and that people hundreds of miles apart would speak audibly to one another ? Indiana has exchanged ague and milk-sick for robust health ; she has drained her lands, she has built fine highways where corduroy roads were once thought sufficient ; she has one of the greatest railroad centers, the best public schools, and the most energetic people in the world. Say "Hoosier" if you like, but say it with admiration and pride.

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF FREE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

WHEN Indiana was permanently separated from the Northwestern Territory, there was little in the condition and surroundings of her people to indicate the coming of a great commonwealth; but wise men foresaw what lay hidden from ordinary vision. While yet every settler's cabin was a fort or block-house in miniature, and while from side to side and from end to end of the Territory savages roamed at will, the thought of schools, colleges, and universities was agitating the minds of statesmen and philanthropists. Education was felt to be one of the corner stones of a republican form of government; if the people were to be self-governing, then the people must be enlightened.

In the "Ordinance for the government of the Territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio," passed by Congress July 13, 1787, the question of education is prominently recognized as one of immediate importance to the people. Section 14 of the ordinance begins as follows:—

"It is hereby ordained and declared, by the authority aforesaid [the United States in Congress assembled], that the following articles shall be considered as articles

of compact between the original States and the people and States in the said territory, and forever remain unalterable, unless by common consent."

The third article thus "ordained and declared" is worded, in part, as follows:—

"Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

In those days our statesmen felt the high responsibility of official trust. Rarely has human wisdom been used with purity and boldness equal to a demand so great. It is probable that no state paper has ever been of more importance to mankind than the Ordinance of 1787, the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence excepted. "Religion, morality, and knowledge" were made the foundation of faith in the future of our country, and to protect religion and morality from the inroads of vice, knowledge must be increased to the greatest extent, and therefore "the means of education shall forever be encouraged," said the Fathers.

It is certainly true that the life of a backwoodsman and his family was not open to many rays of enlightenment, nor was it likely to induce educational efforts. Books formed no part of the necessary equipment for the labors of frontier settlers. A few of the more intelligent families brought with them from the old States some favorite volumes; but there was probably not a collection of books in Indiana before its admission into the Union worthy of being called a library. Even

the priests, preachers, and other professional men were but scantily supplied with literary aids to their work. Of course there could be no escape from great ignorance under such circumstances.

But it was for wise statesmen to look far into the future and prepare the way for generations of young people who, living in better times, could make the most of liberal opportunities afforded by the forethought of their ancestors. Indiana became a separate Territory in 1800, and in 1804 (when Indiana included also what is now Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois) the public lands in the districts of Kaskaskia, Detroit, and Vincennes were ordered to be sold by act of Congress. Two years later the General Assembly of Indiana Territory passed an act, approved by Governor Harrison November 29, 1806, which incorporated the first public school ever constituted within our boundary. It was called the "Vincennes University," and its purpose was the instruction of youth in Latin, French, Greek, and English languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, rhetoric, and the law of nature and nations. The university was to be free, so far as its funds would permit, and no religious creed was ever to be taught in it.

The word "lottery" has a strange sound in connection with legislative enactment for the benefit of public schools in Indiana; yet the first institution of learning for girls ever authorized by our lawmakers had one of those gambling schemes attached to its financial system. What should we say to such a proposition now?

Vincennes University was opened in 1810 under the presidential management of Samuel Scott, an educator

of some note, and it continued, with varying fortune, until 1825, when by legislative act it was reduced to the rank of a county seminary. Prior to this, in 1822, the General Assembly of the State had passed an act by which a large amount of public lands, set apart for the university's benefit, was ordered to be sold and the proceeds turned over to the State treasury. This fairly made an end of our first college; but in 1838 the General Assembly set it upon its feet again by reviving the original corporation.

Unfortunately, there arose litigation with regard to the lands, or the proceeds of their sale, taken from the university in 1822, and at last it was decided by the United States Supreme Court that the university was entitled to recover about fifty thousand dollars; but it was not until 1853 that the institution once more assumed the importance of its early years as a monument marking the first great step toward a system of public schools in Indiana.

When Congress, in 1804, passed the act ordering the sale of the public lands in Indiana, there was a proviso in the law by which every section of land numbered sixteen—that is, the sixteenth section in each township—was ordered to be reserved “for the support of schools within the same.” Thus a square mile of land in each township of thirty-six square miles became the basis of a permanent school fund.

Under the constitution of 1816, the General Assembly of Indiana was empowered and required to “provide by law for the improvement of such lands as are, or hereafter may be granted by the United States to this State

for the use of schools, and to apply any funds which may be raised from such lands, or from any other quarter, to the accomplishment of the grand object to which they are or may be intended." And it was further made incumbent upon the General Assembly "to provide by law for a general system of education." This was not adequately done, however, and in 1851 a new constitution was framed and adopted, by which free public schools were ordered, the General Assembly being required "to provide by law for a general and uniform system of common schools, wherein tuition shall be without charge and equally open to all."

Meantime, from the first struggling settlements up to the making of this second State constitution, schools had been carried on in a most primitive way. Young people of the present happy time, who attend public school in the comfortably built and well-furnished houses scattered thickly over our country, can scarcely be made to realize the educational conditions of seventy-five years ago. A glance at a schoolhouse of that time will be interesting as an object lesson in history, although the sketch will not be especially charming.

The early schoolhouse was built of small, round logs, and was barely high enough to lift the lowest part of the clapboard roof above the head of a man. It had one doorway, with a shutter of slabs, and a huge fireplace lined with clay. The squat chimney was but a pen of sticks daubed inside and out with mud. In the cracks between the logs of the walls were chinkings of wood and mortar, and the rude floor was laid with hewn puncheons instead of plank. For seats there were

benches, without backs, arranged in a broken semicircle facing the fireplace, where in winter great logs were heaped high and kept burning.

The only light entering the house came through an opening made by cutting out a log in one of the walls. This aperture was covered with white paper which had been dipped in grease to make it transparent. Immediately underneath the window, a long, slightly slanting shelf projected from the wall, and was used as a desk, where all of the students in turn practiced writing. School was rarely kept in summer, as the children then had to work in the fields, dropping corn, pulling weeds, hoeing, and the like. In winter, when the snow was deep, those who attended school had to walk through it, some of them as far as three miles, and, so cold was the schoolroom, the snow brought in on their shoes and shaken off upon the floor accumulated from day to day, until it became a heavy coating of hard ice almost up to the very edge of the fire.

India-rubber overshoes and weather-proof wraps were unknown to the hardy children of the backwoods. Cow-hide shoes and homespun clothes, often enough worn into holes, were the only protection they had from the bitter cold and driving rains, snows, and sleets. Not unfrequently their ears and toes were frozen; but they were made of strong stuff, and did not seem to mind what to us would be unbearable.

Teachers in those days were not like the trained and accomplished gentlemen and ladies whom we now like to see at the head of our schools. Many of them could barely read and write, and had but a crude smatter-

ing of arithmetic ; as a rule, however, they were experts with the hickory or beech rod. They made up in flogging what they lacked in book knowledge. Girls and boys of all ages and sizes expected to be whipped if they should break the rules laid down by the teacher, who rarely smiled in the presence of his school, and kept his gads handy. He would flog a boy soundly for



getting a blot of ink on his spelling book, and a girl caught in the act of tickling another's ear with a leaf stem had to stand up and receive a merry switching. He was generally considered the best teacher who whipped oftenest and hardest.

Not until some time after the middle of the nineteenth century did our schools begin to assume somewhat the air of true educational sources. Legislation was halting, feeble, and ill-considered ; but the General

Assembly, from session to session, had the problem of an efficient school system up for discussion and experiment. Singular as it may now seem, there was a deep-seated popular prejudice against free schools. Pioneer life had engendered a spirit of freedom and personal independence which scorned every appearance of accepting alms, and somehow it got into people's minds that a free school was an institution savoring of pauperism. This prejudice was refractory, and it was fed by a certain class of politicians as well as by the almost illiterate pedagogues, who feared losing their employment under a new system.

In September, 1833, Caleb Mills came to Indiana from Andover Theological Seminary and entered upon the professorship of English at Wabash College, Crawfordsville. He had graduated at Dartmouth, and was a man of high character and great energy, with a mind already busy feeling its way toward the comprehension of an adequate system of free public schools. In 1846 he published in the "Indiana State Journal" of Indianapolis a communication addressed to the General Assembly of the State and signed "One of the People," in which he gave his views freely and forcibly. He criticised the governor of the State and his predecessors for ten years past, on account of the meager attention paid by them to educational matters in their messages and other official acts. Governor James Whitcomb was then chief executive, and so cogent and so eminently attractive and conclusive were Professor Mills's arguments, that the next gubernatorial message rang a clear, strong note in favor

of prompt educational legislation by the General Assembly.

Some of the statements made by Professor Mills, in his first address as One of the People, will give a pretty strong hint of Indiana's condition less than fifty years ago; for matters were little changed until fifteen years after he wrote. At that time "Putnam County, containing a university, had the sixth of its adults unable to read." In Montgomery County, where Wabash College stood, every fifth adult could not read. Only a "fraction over one half of the constituents" of legislative members from Jackson, Martin, Clay, and Dubois counties could read or write. Surely the pedagogues had flogged to small purpose, and a change was sorely needed.

But still nothing satisfactory was done until after the adoption of our new constitution, and even then the mill ground slowly for several years. Plenty of self-styled statesmen were found who directed their stump oratory and their legislative influence against the "pauper school system." Some of them argued that a man who had no children should not be taxed to pay the school bills of those who had. Others said that it was degrading to permit children to attend school where there was no discrimination between social and moral classes, while still others insisted that the whole plan of free schools was an infringement of freedom and a long step toward the assumption by government of all the personal rights of individuals!

The fight became bitter enough; nor was it appreciably owing, as some writers have rather fancifully argued,

to antagonism between the New Englanders and the Southerners in our population. It was, in fact, a war between the new and the old. Freedom had been too liberally interpreted to the people by backwoods politicians, and when it became necessary for the State to assert her authority over the citizen, crude minds naturally resented what looked like a check upon personal liberty. Any legislation which had the least appearance of strengthening the center of governing power was condemned as a return step toward the despotism against which the whole spirit of Americanism had set itself since the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the national constitution. The spirit was right, but the application of it was wrong in the case of our school system. New Englanders more generally than Southerners sustained the common school innovation, because the system had been tried in New England and was there found to work well, while in the South it was not known. Every argument attempting to show that Indiana owes everything good to New England and everything bad to the South should be scanned and its origin carefully noted. Both New Englanders and Southerners have helped to build up our great State. Puritan and Cavalier fought side by side for freedom, delved side by side in the forests, shared alike the hardships of pioneer life, and they alike deserve eternal honor.

But under the constitution of 1816, with the popular feeling so strong against admitting that the State government had the right to control and arbitrarily manage the schools, the movement toward free popular educa-

tion was very exasperating to those who desired to retain the old order of things; while, on the other hand, the friends of a free school system were impatient at legislative delays and the decisions of the courts apparently adverse to their plans. Professor Caleb Mills continued to write a "message" to each General Assembly, urging action. The friends of education all over the State gradually drew closer together in their support of the cause. Education itself was fighting for more light. Young men trained under the old system grew up to feel that great and radical reforms must be insisted upon until granted.

In 1865, about the time that our terrible Civil War was closing, the General Assembly of Indiana passed a law which went into effect on the 6th of March. It is still in force, with certain amendments and additions, and is the best common school statute ever given to any State or country. Long years of wrangling and experiment, faithful study of various existing systems, and the experience growing out of vexatious litigation seemed at last to crystallize the best thought and set it clearly in legislative enactment. By this law the school funds were separated into two distinct parts, which are to be forever kept separate. One is the "Common School Fund," the other is the "Congressional Township School Fund." Besides these two funds, "the money and income derived from licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and unclaimed fees, as provided by law," are "denominated the 'School Revenue for Tuition.'" Various other sources of school revenues are established, such as "all moneys arising from

the sale of estray animals and property taken up adrift."

By the constitution the entire Common School Fund is undiminishable, it must be kept forever, and its proceeds must be applied "to the support of common schools and to no other purpose whatever."

But it is not the object of this chapter to trace out the school laws, or to give a history of public school legislation in our State. Our purpose will be better served if we can sketch the growth of our people in education, and at the same time indicate the influence of our common schools upon the civilization of Indiana.

The name "Hoosier," as applied to a resident of our State, was understood and accepted as implying all that goes to make up ignorance, uncouthness, and abject stupidity. Our people were sufficiently illiterate; but their illiteracy was greatly exaggerated by irresponsible travelers and writers. We were no worse off in Indiana than they were in Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, and Missouri; but our State early became the battle ground, and so our educational affairs got into politics, which gave them a wide public discussion. In the long run this disagreeable notoriety wrought for our good. The simple fact that we were considered as very low in the scale of enlightenment spurred our people on to extraordinary efforts in the pursuit of knowledge, refinement, and culture. Jibes at us for our illiteracy made us examine our school system, and exchange the flogging pedagogue for the intelligent, kindly, and sympathetic teacher.

Under the old school system children, as a rule,

dreaded the time when school should begin. It was looked forward to as the opening of a season of tyranny and punishment. Many boys, rather than submit to the humiliation imposed upon them by teachers, ran away, and so began life under the most unfavorable circumstances. The acquirement of an education, instead of being a pleasing and stimulating experience, was made irksome, depressing, and even dreadful. Moreover, the method of teaching, if it may be called a method, was stupefying rather than enlightening. Young people were expected to understand the most abstruse rules without any helpful analysis or sympathetic explanation, and the requirement was that the student should merge his whole personality in the pot-metal manikin set up by the teacher. If the school-master spoke, what he said must be taken as correct, and woe to the bright young person who dared to question it! Originality and independence of thought were met with whip and ferrule.

In 1824 Benjamin Parke, a man of fine mind and warm sympathies, began to agitate the question of properly qualified teachers for the people's schools. Parke was a native of New Jersey. He came to Vincennes, Indiana, in 1800, when but twenty-three years old, was appointed attorney general, and at the age of twenty-eight was a delegate in Congress from Indiana Territory. In 1808 President Jefferson appointed him a territorial judge. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1816, and afterwards a United States District Judge, until his death at Salem in 1835. While at Vincennes he was active in the cause of educa-

tion, and the public library established there was mainly the result of his labor. When the University of Vincennes was founded, he was a member of its board of trustees. He originated the Indianapolis Law Library, and did more than any other person to build up a historical society in Indiana.

It is to Benjamin Parke that we owe the first law requiring teachers in our public schools to undergo an examination touching their qualifications for the work. It was but a feeble step cautiously made by the General Assembly, but it was in the direction of what we now have. At first the examiners were themselves often enough without knowledge of what a teacher ought to know. The examination was a mere form, not having even the value of sincerity. Indeed, the chief stumbling block in the path of progress was the impression, deep-sunk in the minds of the people, that a school-teacher ought to be chosen by the parents of the children who were to be taught by him. This might be well enough, were the parents themselves thoroughly educated and trained in the best methods of teaching, but the business of the educator is a special one requiring both personal fitness and adequate attainments, besides a thorough professional preparation. How were ignorant fathers and mothers to know whom to choose?

Parke's idea, although for a long time but crudely applied, kept its place in the minds of enlightened friends of education. It rang the death knell of the pedagogue, and foreshadowed the passing of the system of flogging education into children by way of their backs,

instead of communicating it through pleasing associations. The principle was to educate the teacher so that he could teach. Let enlightened men and women be the sources of enlightenment.

The foundation of our Common School Law is the unexpressed theory that children have rights that should be beyond the reach of tyranny, and that the State has the constitutional power to control to the minutest detail the treatment of those who enter her free schools. The commonwealth is teacher in chief. It says to parents: educate your children privately if you wish, but if you send them to my school you will submit to my methods of teaching them. In my school all children are upon equality; there are no cleavage lines marked by wealth, ancestry, social influence, or any other condition. Here the hod carrier's child may by superior achievement stand above the offspring of the millionaire. All depends upon the child itself. I am giving full swing, in my schools, to the grand principle of freedom and equality eternally fixed in American political foundations. My teachers and their scholars meet, not as master and slaves, but as friends, come together for the high purpose of giving and receiving. The children of my people enter the houses of instruction built for them by me, not as aristocrats and plebeians, not as patricians and peasants, but all alike simply as Americans.

Benjamin Parke's idea grew slowly but surely until it developed into our present system of normal instruction and our almost perfect method of examining teachers who desire employment in the public schools.

The State Superintendent, the State Board of Education, the State Normal School, the Teachers' Institute and Reading Circle, and the various associations of teachers and students for mutual instruction and the pleasures of intellectual investigation, are all flowers blooming on the plant whose original thought-seed fell from a pioneer's brain. And that pioneer was not a New Englander, not a Southerner; he was a Jerseyman, who came to Indiana with the love of his country and of mankind in his heart. He was an American of the best type.

In June, 1873, a new law governing the administration of the schools in each county of the State went into effect. By this law a county superintendent was placed in charge of school affairs, under the direction of the State Board of Education. Since then the efficiency of our teachers and the character of our schools have steadily advanced to a distinction which compelled from a specially informed Eastern writer not long ago praise scarcely won from him by the school system of the oldest States in the Union.

The roll of honor which should include the names of all the famous men in Indiana who have labored for the building of our public schools, would be too long for these pages; but a few illustrious names may be recorded without the least neglect of the many not mentioned. Benjamin Parke, Isaac Blackford, Robert Dale Owen, Caleb Mills, Henry Ward Beecher, Ovid Butler — men differing from one another as day from night, yet in one way or another representative of the people and of the fundamental American principle of

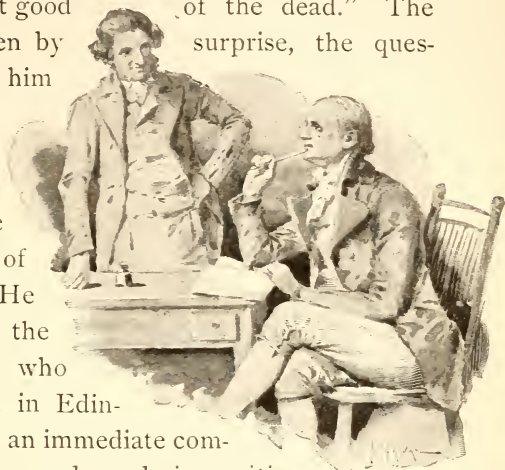
freedom kept alive by progress. At the present time there is presumably not a clear-minded man, woman, or child in Indiana who does not feel a deep interest and take high pride in the great system of education doing its almost perfect work through our free common schools.

To think that eighty years ago there was not more than a scarcely appreciable beginning of educational interest in Indiana, brings out into powerful prominence the achievements of our people. It is by comparing the present with the past that we get the true historical measure of our growth as a commonwealth; and the school is the best means of comparison.

A great many anecdotes and reminiscences of the old-time school and its teachers have been handed down. Two or three of these may close this chapter, not with a sneer at the pioneer pedagogue (for he was a useful and valuable aid to progress, faulty as he was), but with sincere thankfulness to him—for getting out of the way when the thoroughly equipped and duly examined and licensed teacher asked for his place.

One teacher who had a school for several winters in a log house in the Whitewater valley, not far from Brookville, made great pretensions to a knowledge of the Latin language, and was in the habit of writing "copies" in Latin in the boys' copy books. This innovation was not to the taste of certain patrons of the school, but they felt afraid to attempt anything more than private murmuring against a "learned" man who could, it was said, read four or five languages. At last, however, a Scotch doctor living in the neighborhood

settled the matter by demanding of the teacher a literal English translation of a "copy" in his son's copy book, which was the well-known maxim: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, "nothing but good of the dead." The pedagogue was taken by surprise, the question being put to him at an apple-peeling party, or quilting bee, or something of the sort, when he had not his book of phrases at hand. He tried to evade, but the sturdy Scotchman, who had been educated in Edinburgh, insisted upon an immediate compliance with his demand, and *in writing*.



Thus cornered, the poor pedagogue did his best by translating the maxim thus: "There is nothing left of the dead but bones."

In a debate held in a schoolhouse not far from Logansport, the question up for discussion was this: "Which affords man the greater happiness, pursuit or possession?" The neighborhood schoolmaster, who was president and judge, was to decide every matter of difference arising in the argument. A young preacher, far better qualified to split rails than to expound the Gospel, was making a loud, if not very interesting, speech on the side of pursuit. He waxed eloquent. "The pursuit of any object, no matter what," he bawled, "is far preferable to possessing it." "Hold on, there,

parson," the pedagogue gravely interrupted. "You're going too far. You've got to except two things." "What are they? What are they, I'd like to know?" cried the preacher. "Religion and education," was the schoolmaster's triumphant reply. A long, lank, rustic youth arose and said, — "You're right, Mr. Judge. For if you're a-pursuing education you're all the time afraid of the schoolmaster, and if you're a-pursuing religion you're dead sure that the devil's close to your heels. But then," and here he scratched his head, "but then, judging by what we see before us this evening, the possession of education makes a mighty mean man into a schoolmaster; and the possession of religion makes a natural-born fool think he's a preacher!" After making these points, the audacious youth bolted from the house and ran into a neighboring wood to escape the pursuit of both parson and pedagogue, who were equally intent upon getting possession of his person.

A school-teacher in Fayette County spent all his spare time during a whole winter trying to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem following — "If fifty cents equal half a dollar, how much will ten eggs come to at twenty cents a dozen if thirty cents equal a quarter of a dollar?"

We have done a great deal since his day, but much yet remains to be accomplished before the squaring of the circle and the invention of perpetual motion will cease to betray the weak spots in our educational fortification against ignorance and its votaries.

A RAID INTO INDIANA.

WHEN the Southern States withdrew from allegiance to the Union and set up the "Confederate States of America," the war which followed had its seat and its great centers of activity mostly far south of the Ohio River, or beyond the mountains in Virginia. It was a tremendous struggle, the legitimate result of an attempt to perpetuate the unspeakable evil of human slavery. Happily, it turned out that the right prevailed, the Union was preserved, slavery was forever abolished, and unparalleled prosperity followed in a few years, even in those Southern States where the ravages of battle had been most terrible. Happier than ever before, stronger, more closely united, the American people look back upon the war as the fiery bridge by which they crossed into the promised land of true freedom.

Indiana was faithful to her national allegiance and to every duty connected with it; but at the time when war was being hotly discussed, and while yet a bloodless settlement of the partisan and sectional differences looked possible, many of her citizens advocated peace, and earnestly desired to have every effort made to secure it. But the time was not favorable to any dilatory proceedings. The hearts of men had been profoundly stirred. And when Fort Sumter in South

Carolina was fired upon, there came a blaze of ungovernable patriotic rage never before witnessed in the world's history.

Before this, however, local politics in Indiana had been urged to the bitterest extreme, and many things were said in the heat of partisan argument which could be construed and were construed to mean more than was intended. But there were some men in Indiana who doubtless favored the Southern cause. Others, perhaps, would have been glad to see peace maintained at any sacrifice. A few were ready to do anything to avoid going into the army to fight as soldiers. All these opposition elements taken together formed, as time proved, but an almost insignificant minority. Still, with political excitement running high, with stump orators wrangling in every county, with fierce debates raging in Congress and the State Legislatures, and with the greed for office spurring candidates to use every means to secure votes, it is by no means to be wondered at that our State was thought to be in a doubtful condition as to popular support of extreme war measures. That a majority stood enthusiastic for the Union could not be questioned; but how strong was the minority? To what extent would opposition go? Was there really in the State of Indiana a large and thoroughly dangerous element ready to sustain secession and to strike for it at the first opportunity?

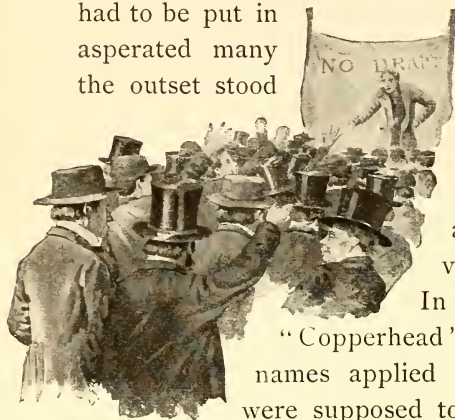
As a matter of course, whatever may have been the actual facts, there was sure to be unlimited exaggeration of their extent and nature; for a political campaign is a season of misrepresentation. It appears to be pretty

well settled that there was in Indiana an organization called "Knights of the Golden Circle," which had for its object some sort of opposition to prosecuting the war for the preservation of the Union. How far its purpose went in that direction we do not care to inquire; but the existence of the society, and the excitement caused by attempts made to break it up as treasonable, gave rise to a widespread belief that a very large part of Indiana's population would give active aid to the Southern army the moment that an opportunity was offered to do it. The rumor went all over the country that secretly nurtured treason was powerfully organized throughout the State, and especially in the southern counties.

In due time the people of the South were led by reports of this state of affairs in Indiana to believe that they had but to offer the opportunity of enlistment to have a large army raised for the Confederate government north of the Ohio River. Kentucky was divided in sentiment, so that she could not be counted upon by either of the great contending parties. For a long time before the beginning of the war, slavery was losing its hold within her borders, and the principle of human freedom was gradually advanced in popular favor by men who had themselves been slaveholders. The consequence was that during the first years of the Civil War Kentucky felt the agony of a local struggle fierce and bloody.

With a fight to the death going on just across the Ohio, and with a sense of uncertainty oppressing her people, Indiana was called upon to furnish a large num-

ber of soldiers for the Union army. Volunteers at first were plenty; more offered themselves than could be accepted; but as the war progressed and the battle front extended from Missouri to the coast of Virginia, the demand for fighting men was so great that a draft had to be put in asperated many the outset stood



operation. This excited citizens who had from firm for the Union cause. Meantime political schemers used every new cause of discontent as a means of influencing voters.

In those turbulent days "Copperhead" and "Butternut" were names applied at first to persons who were supposed to favor, directly or indirectly, the Southern side of the war; later they stood for all who opposed the administration of Abraham Lincoln, no matter on what ground. Oliver P. Morton, a man of wonderful executive ability and firmness, was Indiana's war governor. With an iron hand he seized the opportunity to try to crush the Democratic party in the State. By his measurement, whoever differed from him in political understanding was a Copperhead and Butternut; in other words, a traitor to his country. But Governor Morton was just the man for the time and the place. With all his faults, he was a patriot firm and true. There was no such word as "falter" in his vocabulary. He saw that it was necessary to excite the war spirit to the highest possible pitch, and to do

this he did not hesitate to accuse his political opponents of downright treason.

Of course we can easily see how the name "traitor," while it might have fitted individuals, was exasperating to a vast body of loyal men who opposed Governor Morton's administration for ordinary partisan reasons. The great majority of Democrats in Indiana were true as steel to the national government, and stood side by side with Republicans in the front of battle on all the great fields of the war. Men of both the great parties were leaders wherever the fight was deadliest. Republicans and Democrats vied in bravery and valor at every charge and upon every forlorn hope. We can look back now and see that patriotism was of the people irrespective of party lines. Upon the people, not upon any party, our country rests, and by the people it was saved in its hour of greatest danger.

But the impression in the South was that the political froth on the surface of popular campaigning in Indiana signified a deep-rooted disloyalty affecting our people to the extent that would precipitate revolution at the first open opportunity; and at last the attempt was made to test the matter. If there were legions of "Southern sympathizers" in Indiana ready to leap to arms for the cause of the Confederacy, they should now be given a brilliant start upon their longed-for career.

It was near midsummer in 1863. The mighty armies of the North and the South were facing each other near the line of Georgia and Tennessee, with daily expectation of a decisive battle. General Braxton Bragg, who com-

manded the Confederate forces, was preparing to fight a great battle in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, where General William S. Rosecrans was pressing him hard with the Union army. General Bragg felt that to lose the battle would end the hopes of the South. Nor was he without fear of such a result; for, while every available man had been sent to him, he knew that the resources of the North were practically inexhaustible, and that General Rosecrans could fall upon him with an overwhelming force unless some bold stroke in the rear should prevent great reinforcements being sent.

At that time a young and brilliant Confederate cavalry officer, General John Morgan, had won a great name for skill in leading his small command upon rapid and daring expeditions. He was absolutely fearless, singularly original in his movements, and possessed of that highest gift of genius in a cavalry leader — lightninglike swiftness of conception and execution. With him to see was to comprehend, to resolve was to move, to move was to strike just at the moment when he was least expected. His very name had become a note of uneasiness ringing in the ears of his enemies.

One day General Bragg sent for General Morgan, and, after a long interview, gave him orders to take his division of cavalry and operate with it in Kentucky. The idea of this movement was originated by Morgan himself, who insisted that the raid should be pushed across the Ohio into Indiana. General Bragg, however, would not extend his order to include that daring suggestion; but Morgan was fully determined to make the attempt, orders or no orders. What Bragg wished

him to do was to cross Kentucky, meantime attacking every post in his way, and, if possible, capture Louisville. The object was to prevent reinforcements being sent Rosecrans, and to call away from him all the strength possible. Morgan had a larger purpose. He had heard of the Copperheads and Butternuts in Indiana. If he could cross the Ohio with two or three thousand men, might they not rally to him with men and arms and swell his little command to an army?

Early in July, General Morgan reached the Ohio at Brandenburg, Kentucky, and immediately made preparations to cross over into Indiana with his command. Two or three boats had been captured by his men, and these were used to good purpose in making the passage. A Federal gunboat appeared, however, before all the force had crossed, and opened fire. A battery, stationed on the river bank, soon sent it off badly scared if not much damaged. Meantime there had been a lively fusillade from the Indiana side by a body of troops planted there to prevent the crossing. A foolish venture on the part of Captain Thomas Hines, of Morgan's command, had put the Indiana people on their guard.

Captain Hines was a restless and daring officer, commanding a company in the Ninth Kentucky cavalry. He had been sent upon a scouting excursion by General Morgan, and thinking it would be fun to set foot upon Northern soil, he had crossed with his handful of men into Indiana and galloped around at will for a while, having his own way until he had gone as far as Seymour, where a body of State militia met him and drove him back to the river, and he was glad enough

to get over once more into Kentucky. It was this daring piece of adventure that made Morgan's sudden appearance less surprising than had been expected by that bold commander, and for a while it looked as if his forces were going to be cut in two. He had sent two regiments to the Indiana side and was working hard to follow with the others, when the gunboat steamed down the river and began firing. It was an ugly beginning for his invasion; but his battery of Parrott guns on the bluff made short work of the interference by the gunboat, and then in a short time all of his command was moving upon Indiana soil.

The great battle of Gettysburg had just been fought in Pennsylvania, and throughout the whole North there was enthusiastic rejoicing over Lee's defeat, which was felt to be, as it really was, the beginning of Confederate downfall. General Morgan knew that General Lee had invaded Pennsylvania with an army of veterans numbering about a hundred thousand, the very flower of Southern manhood; but he did not dream that already it was cut to pieces, nearly one third of it killed, wounded, or captured, and its defeated but still unconquered remnant marching back to cross the Potomac. And so with rocketlike swiftness and brilliancy he swept northward from the river, driving the militia before him or scattering them in every direction.

Strange to say, however, the Copperheads and Butternuts were not visible. Where were the thousands of Southern sympathizers in Indiana who had been standing ready to join the Confederate army? Instead of helpers and comrades, the daring invaders found

everywhere empty houses, and bodies of armed men who shot at them to kill. In a word, Indiana was loyal. Her men might wrangle and squabble, and call one another hard names in the heat of local politics; but when it came to choosing between union and secession, they all stood together for the old flag and the Constitution.

On the other hand, Morgan had been, perhaps, as much misrepresented as the people of Indiana. From newspaper accounts and from general rumor, the great raider was supposed by the common Northerners to be a ruthless and conscienceless murderer and robber who would abuse or kill women and children and burn every town and every farmhouse that he came to. When the news that he had crossed the Ohio began to spread, it dashed consternation into the hearts of old and young. Families deserted their homes in a panic of flight. Every out-of-the-way wood, or thicket, or hollow inaccessible to cavalry, was the hiding place of refugees from the towns and villages toward which Morgan was marching.

The little army of invasion consisted of about twenty-four hundred men, fairly well mounted and armed. It carried but light supplies of provisions; for Indiana was well known to be a land of plenty, where there would be little difficulty in foraging. Vast fields of wheat, cribs of yellow corn, pens of pigs, grazing herds of fat cattle and sheep, poultry yards full of chickens—everything that hungry cavalymen and their equally hungry horses could wish for—lay at hand for them wherever the roads led. And now began a short period of pop-

ular excitement, never equaled before or since in the history of Indiana.

General Morgan had with him a shrewd and accomplished telegrapher, named Ellsworth, who not only rendered great assistance to him, but was somewhat of a wag as well. Whenever station was reached, Ellsworth would take possession of the instrument and send messages to various points. First he would mislead the operator at the other end of the line, by sending word over the wire to the effect that Morgan had just entered some other neighborhood and was going in a certain direction, which statement of course was just the opposite of the truth; then he would make inquiries regarding the distribution and movements of the State and Federal troops. By this means he got a great deal of valuable information. Sometimes, when he knew that it was useless to attempt deception, he sent saucy, humorous despatches to various points, with the compliments of General Morgan.

But here in Indiana there was not much opportunity for fun and joke just then. Morgan quickly compre-



hended the situation, and felt that he was indeed in his enemies' country. He found no friends and allies; he knew that to accomplish anything worth naming he must be swift, tireless, and on the move day and night. Any halt for rest, any dallying with circumstances, would but give his adversaries time to surround and capture his entire command. No sooner had his forces crossed the river than his march began, and on the first night he camped several miles in the interior on the way to the old town of Corydon. Next morning bright and early he was again in the saddle, leading his little division rapidly through a country all deserted and silent. The weather was very warm, and the men had not slept much, but the excitement of a raid into the "land of Copperheads" was sufficient to make them merry.

Morgan gave orders to burn railway bridges, destroy telegraph lines, and take from the country whatever supplies were needed for men and horses; but he strictly forbade the pillaging of houses, stores, and the like. His men, however, were not of his mind on the subject; they had no very great scruples against laying hands upon what was in sight. The officers had too much far more important work to do for a matter of calico, tobacco, cigars, and candy to receive constant attention from them. Almost immediately after the march upon Corydon began, the reckless cavaliers set about the work of pillage. Houses stood open to them, with not an inmate left to protect their contents against undue liberties. Pantries were full of cooked food; canned fruits shone lusciously through the hermetically sealed

glasses; cold roast chickens lay upon platters; pies stood in stacks; loaves of light bread gleamed between well-scoured shelves; great cones of solid yellow butter and crocks of golden cream were in the cellars and spring houses and refrigerators; smokehouses hung full of bacon and hams — and how could a lank cavalryman resist? Well, there is no evidence that he did resist in the least.

The first serious show of fight on the part of Indiana people was when Morgan's advance guard reached Corydon. There a considerable number of men had formed behind a breastwork of fence rails thrown across the highway. It was thought by these brave citizens that Morgan's force could be nothing more than a handful of guerrilla raiders; so they stood their ground manfully and poured a deadly volley into the front of the charging guard, killing and wounding several of them; but when they saw two regiments deploy, one to the right, one to the left, and sweep past their flanks, while down the road came a column at thundering speed, and a battery began to bellow, they took to their heels for dear life, — a very sensible thing to do, — and ran into town bearing a panic with them.

Close at their backs charged the raiders, and down a street went bounding and bumping some shells from the cannon. It is safe to say that Corydon never had a livelier experience. The grim dragoons, with their blood up, stormed into the main street at a rattling gallop. Women and children, accompanied by not a few men, hid themselves as best they could. It was like a passing tempest and soon over. A few volleys,

a few shells, a trampling of horses, some yelling, a flurry all over town while the cavaliers took what they wanted, and then the column moved on toward Salem.



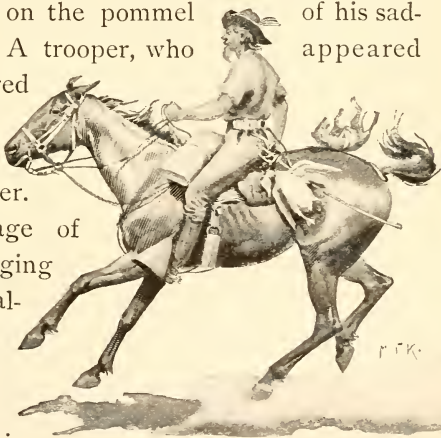
On the 4th of July the Confederate army under General Pemberton, at Vicksburg, Mississippi, surrendered to General Grant. On the 9th of the same month Morgan's command passed through Corydon, Indiana. On the 3d Lee's army was broken at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. What distances apart were these operations, and what a feeling it gives one to think of the condition of our country at that time! Morgan's men could not understand the meaning of the flags displayed in front of deserted houses; but in time they found out that the Mississippi River was at last open

its full length to Federal gunboats, and that the grand, and before that invincible, army of Virginia was in full retreat. These flags and these ashes of bonfires were the evidences of wild rejoicing at the news of Union victories. Perhaps the next news would be that Rosecrans had crushed Bragg's army, and was pouring down through the hills to Atlanta.

On the 10th Morgan reached Salem, where a band of militia was drawn up to oppose him, armed with shotguns, muskets, squirrel rifles, and the like. At the extreme head of the Confederate column rode Lieutenant Welch with a picked squad of twelve men. With a yell he bore down upon the militia at a full run. They scattered as quails scatter when a hawk pounces among them. The column closed up and charged into the town. Here plundering was begun in spite of orders to the contrary, as we are told in General Duke's entertaining "History of Morgan's Cavalry." "The disposition for wholesale plunder," he writes, "exceeded anything that any of us had ever seen before." This is a frank confession from General Morgan's most trusted officer and comrade, who had been with him for a long time on his most daring raids. In fact, the opulence of the people in Indiana looked like inexhaustible luxury to men who had been for months subsisting upon the meager leavings of the marching and countermarching armies in Kentucky and Tennessee. They felt an enormous greed for everything that met their eyes. They could not resist the temptation, they must try to carry off some of this abundance with which both town and country were loaded.

General Duke gives a humorous description of how the men acted in their unreasoning efforts to satisfy a vague desire to steal promiscuously. He says: "Calico was the staple article of appropriation — each man who could get one, tied a bolt of it to his saddle, only to throw it away and get a fresh one at the first opportunity. They did not pillage with any sort of method or reason—it seemed to be a mania, senseless and purposeless." It was ludicrous, as an eyewitness described it, to see them riding along, one with a long stick of candy between his lips, cigar fashion, another cramming his mouth with brown sugar, while still another carried on the pommel of his saddle a keg of beer. A trooper, who appeared to be a good-natured wag, had stolen a terrier pup and had it tied to his crupper.

Another had a cage of canary birds swinging beside him as he galloped past in the July sunshine. One comical fellow had stolen a half dozen pairs



of skates and wore them strung around his neck. But the strangest freak of all was that of a trooper who carried away from a drug store a pair of apothecary's scales; or was it still more ludicrous when a big Kentuckian cantered along carrying a huge chafing dish? General Duke says that one of his men rushed past a

guard placed at the door of a dry-goods establishment and greedily filled his pockets with horn buttons. This, however, was not in Indiana.

At Salem Morgan halted for a few hours while detachments were busy burning bridges on the railroads. His men and horses were fed, and then the order was given to march. On they went, along the road to Vienna, a village which they reached about dark, taking the inhabitants quite by surprise, and even capturing the telegraph operator at the station before he could wire an alarm. Ellsworth went to the instrument and called up Louisville and Indianapolis, shrewdly managing to throw the operators at both places off their guard, thus gaining from them all the information wanted by Morgan. From Vienna the raiding column proceeded to Lexington and there spent the night, moving early in the morning to Paris, and on toward Vernon.

In the mean time the State authorities had been using every effort to find out just what Morgan was doing and where he was probably intending to go. The militia could not be concentrated with sufficient rapidity to intercept a flying column of cavalry; and when it did offer serious resistance, Morgan simply passed around it and continued his march. The national authorities bestirred themselves with promptness, ordering all the troops available for the purpose to move to positions whence they could be directed to best effect; but Morgan was a consummate master of his business. He eluded dangerous maneuvers made to entrap him, and avoided engagements with forces

which he thought powerful enough to give him serious trouble.

At Vernon, for example of his shrewd strategy, he found it necessary to pass around the town and continue his march without a fight, which he did by making a demonstration in the direction of Madison to prevent reinforcements being sent from there, and by making a great show of preparations for storming Vernon. He demanded the surrender of the latter town, which was refused; but time was asked to remove the women and children. Two hours were granted, and in that time Morgan got his column well past the point of danger and far on in the direction of Dupont. Then, after burning some bridges, his skirmish line waved adieu to the strong force in Vernon, and joined the rear of the division.

At Dupont the raiders again displayed their ability in the way of plundering. General Duke tells the story well. "A large meat-packing establishment was in this town," he says, "and each man had a ham slung at his saddle." Two thousand hams would make quite a vacancy in that pork house. General Duke does not say whether or not he got hold of a good hind leg of a pig! What is most amazing in the account of this wild raid is the statement that the column was actually in motion twenty-two hours, on an average, every day. Men and horses so hard pressed as that had to eat while running, so to speak, and doubtless a ham did not last a hungry dragoon very long.

From Vernon, Morgan pressed on to Versailles, scattered a band of militia hastily gathered there, and cap-

tured a great many good horses. Marching rapidly from Versailles, he soon entered the State of Ohio not far west of Cincinnati. He was now approaching dangerous ground; for by this time General Burnside and General Judah had taken steps to confront him with a force of veteran fighters quite equal to his own in pluck and vigor, and far superior in numbers. Yet Morgan might have entered Cincinnati had he known the exact situation. As it was, he again repeated his tactics by threatening the city and sweeping past it on the north.

From that time on, the raiders had a hard task to perform. They marched more than ninety miles in thirty-five hours, from Sunman in Indiana to Williamsburg in Ohio, a point twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati. A few days later, in a fight on the bank of the Ohio near Buffington Island, Morgan's command was defeated by forces under Generals Judah and Hobson, and a large part of it captured. Morgan himself soon had to surrender, and so ended the great raid.

Governor Morton, when notified that Morgan had entered Indiana, made a call to the people for volunteer troops. The first impression was that the invaders numbered from ten to twenty thousand, and that they were marching upon Indianapolis. In response to the governor's call, more than sixty thousand men were organized and offered themselves to the State. No better proof of Indiana's faithfulness to the Union could have been desired. In every county, the citizens rushed to arms. Even the women caught the enthu-

siasm and bravely helped their brothers, fathers, husbands, lovers, sons, to get ready for the expected fight. It is probable that Morgan's raid did more to arouse patriotism to the highest pitch than any other event after the firing upon Fort Sumter. It came just at the time when the whole North was elated with the news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and the dash of terror had just the effect of a cold bath followed by a tingling reaction. After that there was no such thing as doubting the speedy success of the Union cause. Not even the defeat at Chickamauga, when Bragg, in September, drove Rosecrans upon Chattanooga, could dampen the great national enthusiasm.

RICHARD JORDAN GATLING.

KENTUCKY gave Lincoln to Indiana; North Carolina gave Richard Jordan Gatling. These two have been, perhaps, the most successful of all those who came from the South over into our State after it was admitted into the Federal Union. Both were self-made, and it is interesting to note how each of them slowly forced his way from the plow to the highest place in his chosen field of ambition, and how our great Civil War afforded them both the greatest opportunities for personal advancement, as well as the greatest incentive to wonderful achievement. And yet how different their paths of life! One became the most famous President since Washington, the other has taken the highest seat in the grand association of American inventors.

Dr. Gatling was born on September 12, 1818, in Hertford County, North Carolina. He was the son of a farmer who owned a few slaves; but he was taught to work, and did work, when a boy. His father was a man of an inventive mind, giving much time to experimenting with machines for saving labor, particularly those used in the production of cotton. The son assisted in constructing a cotton drill for planting the seed, and a machine for thinning out the young plants

in the rows, and it was while thus employed that he received the training in mechanics which was afterwards of so much use to him.

He had but a slender education, such as he could get in an old-fashioned school; but his mind was active, alert, and inquisitive. For a while he served as copyist in the county clerk's office. At that time he was but fifteen years old. Four years later he taught school, and then became a merchant, doing business on a small scale. Meantime his inventive genius could not rest. He prepared a model of a screw propeller for steam vessels, and took it to Washington to have it patented; but he found that another inventor was just ahead of him, and had already placed a model in that office and was applying for a patent on the invention.

Gatling returned home not a little cast down, but yet fully determined to make his inventive genius win the meed due to industry, perseverance, and honesty. He invented a machine for sowing rice; but this did not succeed in bringing him either money or distinction, and he left his native State to try his fortune in St. Louis, Missouri, where for a while he was a dry-goods clerk. About this time he invented a wheat drill, with which he was quite fortunate. While traveling over the country promoting the sale of his drills, he contracted that dread disease, smallpox, and came near dying of it. This experience turned his active mind to the study of medicine. He attended lectures at the Indiana Medical College at Laporte, and at the Ohio Medical College in Cincinnati; but he did not practice

as a physician, preferring the more active and lucrative business of real estate speculation and the building of railroads. He went to live in Indianapolis, where in 1854 he married Miss Saunders, daughter of a prominent physician. His energy, sagacity, and great knowledge of men and of mechanics soon placed him at the head of several successful enterprises connected with the rapid development of our wonderful young city. His wheat drills became very popular with the farmers and had a "great run" in the markets. Indeed, they changed the whole system of sowing wheat.

Here our inventor might have rested, ending a very successful and useful career; but with the great war of 1860-1865 came the suggestion of another problem for his inventive genius to solve. Dr. Gatling's experience in having patents refused him had led him to be very cautious. He remembered that in 1849 his great invention, of a means by which power could be transmitted from a stationary source to a distant plant of machinery, had been denied a patent on the ground that it was a "discovery" and not an invention. So when the thought of constructing a cannon which would, as he thought he foresaw, "revolutionize the whole system of artillery" in the world's military operations, he took every precaution to guard his rights.

The war had just begun when the subject of constructing a machine gun first claimed Dr. Gatling's serious consideration. The main point was to combine in the weapon lightness and great rapidity of firing, with accuracy and adequate range, so that one man by

turning a hand crank could with ease and steadiness of aim pour out an almost continuous stream of missiles effective at a long distance. It was a grim conception, and if it could be realized the Gatling gun would become a chief factor in the war for the Union. It was a great thought.

With characteristic swiftness and clearness the veteran inventor comprehended the whole task before him. There was not a moment's delay. He set about experimenting, and soon had a rudimentary model constructed. Then detail after detail was perfected, until the whole compact and beautiful machine stood before him ready to be tested. This was in the spring of 1862, when the war was assuming a phase most threatening to the safety of the Union.

At Indianapolis, in the presence of a few friends, including some army officers, Dr. Gatling tested the gun with his own hand, firing two hundred and fifty shots in one minute, and the effect of the missiles was shown to be equal to that of about two hundred men firing with muskets. This demonstration was appalling to the inventor's friends and relatives, and they forthwith appealed to him for the sake of humanity to stop short with his terrible weapon and not permit it to come into general use in the army. Such destruction of human life as its frightful efficiency promised, seemed to those good people fiendish rather than indicative of a high and Christian civilization. Dr. Gatling, however, assumed that the best preventive of war and slaughter in the long run would be to make every battle short, terrible, decisive. He argued that the introduction of

his guns into the United States armies in the field would be equivalent to an increase of at least one hundred men for each gun used in battle, and that it would be so destructive that the war would soon come



to an end. Another view insisted upon by him was that for every Gatling gun used there would be but one or two men exposed where, with the use of muskets or rifles, one hundred or more men would have to face the enemy. So, regarded as a mere labor-saving machine, the invention was almost an ideal arm.

The first trial more than demonstrated, to Dr. Gatling at least, the immense value of what he had done;

therefore he set about preparing to manufacture Gatling guns for use in the army, but he met with most discouraging delays. The foundry at Cincinnati, where the work was being done, burned down. Moreover, the authorities at Washington were slow about ordering the introduction of his guns into the service. Some of them were finally accepted, however, and General Butler used them in repelling an attack upon his forces on the James River in Virginia; but they did not come into general use until after our war closed. Since that time every nation in Europe, Belgium excepted, has ordered commissioners to examine and report upon their value, and they have been adopted in the service of Great Britain, Egypt, Turkey, Hungary, and Russia. The United States adopted them in 1866.

At this time (1898) Dr. Gatling is still living and is actively engaged in the manufacture of his guns at Hartford, Connecticut, where he resides. Time has proved that his theory regarding the beneficial effects of rapid-firing and exceedingly destructive arms was correct. His invention has led to the construction and use of various other machine guns and kindred weapons by which war is rendered so uncertain, so dreadful, and so sudden in its result that nations hesitate, and trust to diplomacy and arbitration, rather than risk the chances of battle which can no longer be calculated with confidence.

Dr. Gatling has lately invented a method of casting steel guns, which he thinks will practically do away with every other process of manufacturing heavy cannon. He has also patented a gunboat, a torpedo, and

a pneumatic gun for firing shells of the highest explosive character. Indeed, his old age is as full of activity and practical achievements as his whole past life has been; which gives to the world one more grand object lesson, showing how earnestness, alertness, and industrious intelligence can surmount every obstacle and snatch ample success from the stingy hands of adversity. The history of Indiana could not be complete without the fullest and sincerest recognition of what Richard Jordan Gatling has done to make our annals instructive and our achievements memorable.

Of course his revolving cannon, known the world over as the "Gatling gun," is the most famous of his inventions. It is "a group of rifle barrels arranged longitudinally around a central axis or shaft, revolving with it. These barrels are loaded at the breach with metallic cartridges," and its simple construction is such that by turning a crank the loading and firing are practically simultaneous and continuous. The gun requires but two men to work it to the utmost of its capacity, which is a thousand shots in one minute, and various modifications of its pattern and style have been made to adapt it perfectly to use on war vessels and in forts and fortresses, as well as in the field.

THE WRITERS OF INDIANA.

IN his interesting book, already familiar to the reader, Oliver H. Smith makes the following inquiry :—

“Is there one other State in the Union that has produced finer poets than John Finley, Esq., of Richmond [Indiana], Mrs. John L. Dumont, of Vevay, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, Rev. Sydney Dyer, Rev. James Greene, and Henry W. Ellsworth, Esq., of Indianapolis?”

It would be a most ungracious task to undertake to answer such a question in the affirmative; and it would scarcely be true to answer negatively. The poets mentioned are all good and worthy; but at the time Mr. Smith was writing, Massachusetts had within her limits some of the most noble and famous poets of modern times. We need not make our praise too sweeping in presenting the just claims of Indiana's literary people; their work may well stand fairly upon its merit. Mrs. Bolton has written some things that will not easily die. Her song “Paddle Your Own Canoe” has been sung the world over; but it cannot reasonably be preferred to what Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, T. W. Parsons, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other Massachusetts poets have written. A true word is better than a flattering word. The six poets of Indiana mentioned by Mr. Smith were honor-

able and earnest pioneers in our field of letters. Since their day we have had far greater singers.

It would not be possible to enumerate here all the writers who have reflected credit upon our State; but some of the books most famous in recent American literature have been written by citizens of Indiana, or by natives of Indiana resident in other States. We are not called upon, and we are glad of it, to make comparisons or to draw critical lines, in briefly sketching some of these books and their authors. Our task is rather that of the loving friend of all the Indiana writers great and small, who undertakes to make a partial list of the best of them, to which the reader may add such names as are, by mischance or want of space, left out. The names of these writers are arranged alphabetically, so that their works may be more easily referred to.

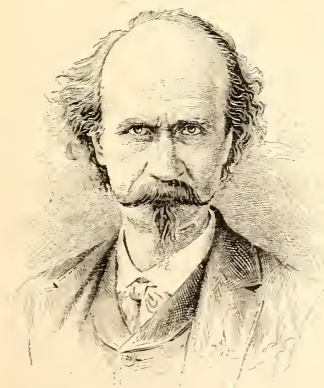
Henry Ward Beecher spent some of his young manhood in Indiana as a preacher; he afterwards gained world-wide fame; and, to pass from one extreme to another, Emerson Bennett, a very popular writer of sensational romances, at one time lived at Lawrenceburg and edited a literary paper there called "The Casket." Mary Hartwell Catherwood, born at Luray, Ohio, lived for some years in Indiana; she has written several successful novels, and has been a favorite contributor to the "Century," the "Atlantic Monthly," and "Lippincott's Magazine." Few romancers have been so fortunate as she in quickly making fame and easily holding it. John Dillon has written an excellent "History of Indiana." Jacob P. Dunn's historical writings

have won him a high place in the esteem of critics, and his works are popular. Edward Eggleston, a native of Indiana, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" and several other novels, besides some historical works, is one of the best-known writers now living in New York. John Hay, the author of a "Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, is also a poet and the reputed author of "The Breadwinners," a famous novel. He was born at Salem, Indiana. Robert U. Johnson was, we believe, educated at Earlham College, Richmond, and lived there until he went to New York. He is a charming poet and an editor of the "Century."



Edward Eggleston.

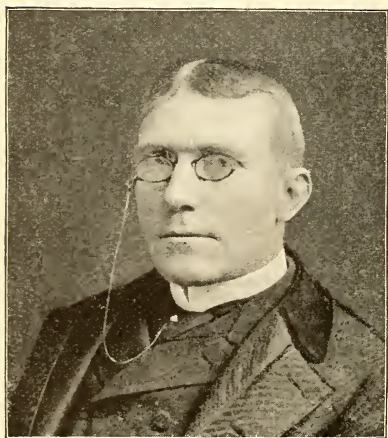
One of the best-known men ever born in Indiana is Cincinnati Hiner Miller, who writes under the name of Joaquin Miller. His poetry, especially the first volume, entitled "Songs of



Joaquin Miller.

the Sierras," made a great impression in both England and America. He now lives in California. Meredith Nicholson is a young Indiana poet of the highest promise, living in Indianapolis. His verse is exquisitely artistic, and is winning marked favor with those best qualified to judge.

His volume entitled "Short Flights" is one of the most charming first books of verse ever written by an American youth. Robert Dale Owen was the author of several interesting books, among which his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" is the most famous. Benjamin S. Parker, of Newcastle, has won a most honorable place in Indiana history with his sweet and simple poetry. He is a genuine singer of the common life of the people. John James Piatt, one of the best-known poets now living in the West, is a native of our State. He and W. D. Howells published their first verses together in a little volume entitled "Poems of Two Friends"; since then he has been a prolific and justly successful author.



James Whitcomb Riley.

No living American has had a more brilliant career than James Whitcomb Riley, a native, and all his life a resident, of Indiana. Mr. Riley is doubly gifted, being a natural actor of comedy as well as a born poet. His verses combine fine pathos with gentle humor, and they easily touch popular sympathy.

John Clark Ridpath is a historian of marked ability and scholarship. His works are monuments of industry and genius. He was formerly connected with Asbury (now De Pauw) University at Greencastle. He writes

with ease and grace, and his books have been widely popular. Will. H. Thompson, now of Seattle, Washington, but for years a resident of Crawfordsville, Indiana, wrote "The High Tide at Gettysburg," which is, perhaps, the best battle poem written upon the subject of the great Civil War. It first appeared in the "Century Magazine"; but since then it has gone all over the world, receiving the highest praise.



John Clark Ridpath.

General Lewis Wallace is one of the most distinguished men of Indiana's history. He was a successful military man in our great war of 1860-1865; served as Governor of New Mexico with excellent ability, and with honorable distinction as our country's representative at the court of the Sultan in Turkey; but his fame will rest most securely upon "Ben Hur," his wonderfully popular novel, which, next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has had the greatest sales of any romance ever written by an American. And



General Lewis Wallace.

in the long run it will probably turn out that "Ben Hur" will outstrip even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," its subject being of perennial interest to a large class of readers. General Wallace has written several other successful books.

Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of General Lewis Wallace, has written books of charming interest, of which the "Storied Sea," a collection of travel sketches made in the far East, is, perhaps, best known. She has also written some sweet and tender poetry. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace live at Crawfordsville.

William Wesley Woollen of Indianapolis is the author of a delightful book of biographical sketches of distinguished Indianians, entitled "Biographical and Historical Sketches of Early Indiana." It is a volume highly valuable to students of Indiana history and politics.

Outside of the above list may be mentioned the special historical works of John Law, Colonel Richard W. Thompson, and William H. English. And, without comment, the present writer suggests the fact that he is himself a native of Indiana, who would feel it an honor to stand at the foot of her literary class and respond, with his "*adsum*" when the roll call is made.

But the most influential writers of Indiana are in her army of journalists, the men and women who mold public opinion through the newspapers. A mere list of these, and of the corps of outside contributors to the daily, weekly, and monthly press, would be like Homer's catalogue of the ships. Indiana is alive, alert, up to date in letters and science, as well as in agriculture, manufacture, and trade.

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN INDIANA.

WHEN natural gas was found by boring down into the rocks underground near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the discovery was not at first regarded with much expectation; but the happy thought of using this invisible substance for fuel changed the whole aspect of a busy and smoky city's manufacturing interests. Great excitement followed the successful experiment of piping gas from the wells to the large establishments whose fuel had always before that been coal. Pittsburg changed, as if by magic, from the sootiest, gloomiest, smokiest city in our country to a perfectly clean, bright, and altogether attractive place. Vast fortunes were suddenly made by speculators in gas lands and by operators in gas schemes.

A little later, boring was begun in various other places. At Findlay, Ohio, a tremendous flow of gas was the result of a well sunk by a fortunate prospector; and, as though an irresistible signal had been given for it, there was a wild rush of people to that town. Never since the days of the California gold excitement had such a frenzy of public feeling been witnessed. Speculation took proportions which now appear almost incredible. Lands increased in some instances a thousand fold in value.

Findlay was then a small town in Ohio, not far from the Indiana line. Immediately after the discovery of natural gas there, it grew to be a very important place. Manufactories sprang up as if a wizard's wand had disclosed them by a magic stroke. By this time, the best and most active minds of the country were beginning to investigate the source and nature of the strange fluid substance suddenly become so important, and the ground was being pierced everywhere with holes in search of it. The northeastern part of Ohio was, for the time, the most interesting region in the world; for not only was it attractive to the industrial and commercial part of mankind, but even more did it absorb the attention of men devoted to science. Nothing like the phenomenon, if we may properly so call it, of jets of roaring, combustible gas leaping a hundred feet high out of the earth had ever been before seen all over a vast area of country.

But scarcely had the gas field of Ohio been successfully opened, before energetic prospectors fell to work sinking bores in Indiana. A flame of fire, like a fountain of incandescent water, flared against the sky from a well at Kokomo. It could be seen by night from miles away. At first the full meaning of such a discovery did not enter the public mind; but it was soon caught by the alert few who always profit by every turn of fortune. Of course there was a rush to Kokomo, and pretty soon wells were being bored in a score of places. This was about the year 1885, and now the gas field of Indiana is the greatest in the world. So important had the gas interest become in 1888, that a law was

passed at the next meeting of the General Assembly by which the office of Supervisor of Natural Gas was established, to be filled by a competent man whose duty it should be to devote his time wholly to the study, supervision, and proper care of the great source of wealth and comfort so suddenly developed in the State. In the mean time it was ascertained by careful experiments that Indiana's gas region covered an area of nearly five thousand square miles. In many places within this fortunate region towns sprang from mere villages into cities of great manufacturing importance, which attracted vast amounts of capital and trade. Kokomo, Marion, Gas City, Anderson, and a dozen other places equally worthy of mention, have been wonderfully built up by the wells in their vicinity. Not only have the towns and villages within the actual gas area been doubly and trebly prosperous on that account; but even distant cities have had the gas piped to them underground. As far west as Crawfordsville these pipe lines have changed the whole system of heating, in both private houses and manufacturing establishments, so that the expense has been lessened almost two thirds.

But what is natural gas? Where does it come from? How is it reached? These are questions well worth the attention of all intelligent people. Probably no discovery of a natural store of valuable matter, not even the diamond fields of Africa, nor yet the gold deposits of California, had quite the romantic mystery and the startling surprise afforded by the sudden loosening of fuel gas from the lowest formation of our strati-

fied rocks. True, it had been known for many years that explosive gases were imprisoned within the airtight caverns and crevices of the earth; but no person had even dreamed of vast reservoirs of it awaiting the drill and the pipe line. And even after these had been discovered, it required some time for men of science to comprehend what the secret was that old earth had been forced to reveal.

As a matter of course, imaginative people at once began to indulge in the most picturesque fancies. Nervous persons became hysterically alarmed and predicted the explosion of the whole vast combustible deposit, which would cause the upheaval of the land and the destruction of every living thing thereon. There were those who thought it wicked to use a fuel drawn up from an unknown and mysterious region. Others went so far as to suggest that from nowhere but the dreadful abode of Satan could come this evil-smelling and awfully combustible substance! But intelligence and scientific methods must always sooner or later dispel the apparent mysteries of natural manifestations. In the case of gas, it was difficult at first to collect data for systematic study. Men were wildly excited; they exaggerated every fact; they proceeded in the most haphazard way to their work; and through both ignorance and a desire to conceal the truth for the sake of speculation, they misrepresented the order and nature of the rocks through which they drilled in sinking their wells.

A corps of enthusiastic and thoroughly trained scientists, however, were steadily pursuing the investigation.

Every feature of the gas region was studied; every well was visited; the materials brought up out of the ground were subjected to microscopical and chemical examinations; and the gas itself underwent the most searching analyses. Such a method could not fail in the long run to give good results, and before many months had passed, some of the safest and coolest thinkers among those conducting the investigations had, independently of one another, reached the same general conclusion as to the nature, the origin, and the situation of natural gas; all of which can be explained in the simplest terms and with very few words.

But there were some men of most excellent attainments in natural science who were in too great a hurry to be sure of what they were doing; they were anxious to be the first to tell the world the whole truth about natural gas. It was a very laudable ambition; but science never jumps at conclusions without first seeing where it is going to land. The first theories flung forth by those over-anxious scientists have now a ludicrous appearance. For example, one theory was that our natural gas deposit had its origin in the action of hot water upon mineral substances in the bowels of the earth. Very learned essays were written to explain how this meeting of superheated water with metallic oxides had been brought about and how the gas had been generated thereby. Other theories equally fanciful, and having no basis whatever upon the facts actually existing in the gas field, were laboriously built up. But the truth was not for mere theorists. Nature gives up her facts to the man who wrings them from her grasp.

The first great fact settled in connection with the gas deposit was that in Ohio and Indiana the supply came from a certain rock formation known to geologists as the Trenton limestone. In the substance of this rock there was discovered no evidence of the action of heat. It is a grayish stone of ordinary appearance to the naked eye, but more or less finely porous when looked at through a magnifying glass. It lies at the bottom of the Silurian limestone formation, just above what is called the Potsdam sandstone, which rests upon the igneous rocks. You may have a good general impression of its situation by thinking a moment over the following statement of what the drill goes through in boring down to the gas rock (Trenton limestone): First, soil; next, drift or boulder clay; next, the Carboniferous formation, including what is often called the Subcarboniferous; next, the Devonian shales and limestones; next, the Upper and then the Lower Silurian formations, reaching the Trenton in the lowest limestone of the last, usually somewhat below the level of the sea. Of course, where the Carboniferous formations are absent, as is mostly the case in the gas area, the drill will reach the Devonian rocks first after passing through the soil and drift. In some places even the Devonian is missing, and probably a part of the Silurian, which of course leaves less rock to drill through before reaching the Trenton.

When the drill gets well down into the Trenton limestone, the gas, if it is there, will immediately begin to escape at the top of the well, usually with a great hissing and roaring noise, easily heard a furlong away; and

when it is set on fire it makes such a roar that it sometimes reaches to a distance of two miles, the blaze leaping up high into the air, lighting the whole country round about, and making intense heat.

The actual depth of the boring to reach gas in Indiana depends, of course, upon the distance from the surface down to the Trenton limestone, in which it is stored. Usually this is from 700 to 1500 feet. At Kokomo the wells were a little over 900 feet deep. At Muncie, Trenton rock was found at 878 feet below the surface; at Anderson, about 850 feet; at Winchester, about 1000 feet.

It was soon found, by careful experiments with accurate instruments for measuring pressure, that the gas had a force of about 325 pounds to the square inch all over its vast area. When this tremendous power was made public, a great many people again became alarmed. They feared that the whole top of the earth would be blown off. It was, indeed, very difficult to explain the situation to the understanding of many simple minds. They were inclined to think that the gas was a recent manifestation of some awful underground volcanic plot of Nature's planning, by which dire calamities were to be precipitated. One man, somewhat gifted in mathematics, but of a most hysterical disposition, came into the office of the State Geologist at Indianapolis one day and insisted upon showing a calculation by which it was proven conclusively to his mind that in a few years the whole northern part of Indiana would be upheaved into a mountain range by the upward pressure of natural gas. He had

weighed many samples of rock, and had arrived at the average weight of a cubic inch, from which he had calculated that a force of less than two

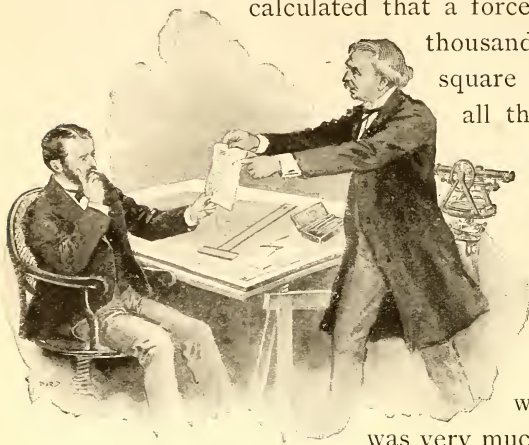
thousand pounds to the square inch would uplift all the rocks overlying

the Trenton. His theory was that the gas pressure was very rapidly increasing, and that in a short time the cataclysm would come. He

was very much excited over his discovery.

"Whenever the pressure down there," he cried in a high key, "gets a little stronger, the crust of rock and earth will break with a mighty crash, and up will fly everything!"

But geologists soon solved the main problem of the natural gas supply. To the question, What is this gas? they replied: It is an elemental product of petroleum or rock oil. And it was easily shown that the great gas area of Indiana had its deposits of oil near the gas and in the same Trenton rock. A careful examination disclosed the fact that, although the surface of the ground in the gas field was generally level, the deep-buried rocks were bent into wavelike cones and ridges, in which the gas was usually found. Moreover, all the strata of our rock formations showed a slant westward,



dipping deeper down as they were followed from near the eastern line of the State toward Illinois. As the rock dip increased, the depth of the wells became greater, until water took the place of gas in the porous



An Indiana Oil Well.

Trenton limestone. Sometimes oil was found instead of water; but it was noted that gas rarely appeared in very deep wells. In other words, when the rocks dipped down very far, the stratum in which gas should have been was found to hold either water or oil. This

showed simply that gas, being light, arose into the highest parts of the porous rocks, while water and oil, being heavy, sank to the lowest parts of the same. The gas was like the steam above hot water in a closed vessel.

But if gas is the product of rock oil, of what is the oil a product? This question can be answered, not certainly with an air of absolute knowledge, but with probable accuracy in the main. All indications point to a relationship between its origin and that of coal. The following statement from the Fifteenth Report of the State Geologist of Indiana is clear and simple: "Nearly all the conditions which point to a vegetable origin for fossil coal, affect both petroleum and natural gas, as will be better understood by keeping it in mind that oil and gas are able to travel through passages in the rocks underground, while coal must remain in the place where first deposited. It is because oil and gas have flowed readily and, perhaps, to great distances under favorable circumstances, through subterraneous channels, that we cannot always trace them to a local source. It is very significant, however, that, as a rule, any strong and persistent stream of natural gas will not be far from deposits of petroleum."

It seems most probable that petroleum and natural gas may have originated from the decomposition of both vegetable and animal matter, or it may possibly have been wholly from either one or the other. We know that decaying plants buried deep in the ground do generate a fine, light, very combustible gas. Furthermore, in all coal mines there is a constant danger from

gas, evidently the product of a similar process. But animal bodies also throw off, when decomposing, the same sort of inflammable gas. Bituminous coals and petroleum afford large quantities of splendidly illuminating and heating gas, scarcely different from natural gas, save in lightness. All of which considerations suggest that coal, petroleum, and natural gas all may have had much the same origin, and that if this be true, natural gas might safely be referred to the decomposition of organic matter mostly vegetable.

But where did the vegetable matter come from, and how did it find its way into the substance of the Trenton limestone? In the first chapter of this book, we have outlined the story of how the stratified rocks of Indiana were deposited. The Potsdam sandstone lies upon the ancient igneous rock, and it marks the bed of the first sea formed here after the earth cooled. Upon the Potsdam sandstone lies the Lower Silurian formation, of which the Trenton limestone is a part. There are but slight remains of plant life in these lower rocks; but it is not probable that plant structures were then of a character to be preserved in a fossil state. It has been supposed that vast rafts of seaweed possessing but little woody matter had accumulated on the water, and had finally been driven into a landlocked place, where in time they were cast upon the sea floor and covered with the limy deposits thereof. Since then all the present rock system has been laid over them by the ever-subsiding and ever-returning seas. Thus imprisoned, the vegetable matter has been slowly changing through the ages and turning itself into petroleum and natural gas.

It has been found that sea plants do not flourish well in water of over 150 fathoms depth, so that a comparatively shallow sea would best afford large quantities of them; but enormous amounts of coarse, floating seaweeds form the surface of what is called the Sargasso sea, and these are blown to and fro by the wind, or kept in position by counteracting forces. Some such almost incredibly vast raft of early seaweed may have been imprisoned on some sandy shore of the Potsdam Sea and so, having been covered with rock substance, it at last, after the proper chemical changes, passed upward into the porous substance of the Trenton limestone to be freed by the drill thousands, possibly millions, of years later, for the benefit of a highly civilized people. If this is not indeed the reality, it is at least the romance, of natural gas.

There is no means of reckoning up the advantages afforded to the people of Indiana by the discovery of our gas field. It has changed the whole business atmosphere; and within reach of its pipe lines almost every home has become the seat of perpetual summer. Wherever its burners flame, smoke and soot and ashes are banished. The heat in a house may be regulated to one's desire, and there is no such thing as making fires, or carrying out ashes, or sweeping dirt off the hearth. You may no longer distinguish a great manufacturing town by the cloud of black smoke hanging upon it. And the cheapness of the gas is amazing. A whole house may be heated with it at scarcely greater expense than was involved in the heating of one room formerly, when we burned wood or coal.

Shall we always have this gas? Probably not twenty years; but possibly much longer. At all events, the supply has been rapidly failing in most places. At first it was regarded as inexhaustible, and there was enormous waste of it at the wells. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of it went up into the air or flamed itself away, while gaping multitudes stood by to gaze and wonder. Any schoolboy may profitably amuse himself with the following problem: How much gas, having a pressure of 325 pounds to the square inch, will escape in 24 hours from a pipe 3 inches in diameter? Some of the best wells were left open for many weeks, the gas rushing forth at full pressure.

At present every effort is being made to secure the most economical management of the gas output in order to make the supply last as long as possible. It will be very hard for people accustomed to the steady and perfectly controlled heat furnished by a fuel so cheap, handy, and clean, to take up again the old unsatisfactory round of wood and coal, smoke and ashes. Already the attention of inventors and experimenters is turned to the problem of manufacturing a cheap gas which may take the place of natural gas when the subterraneous reservoirs shall be exhausted. Man fancies that if Nature can make gas out of seaweeds, there is no reason why he should not make it out of coal quite as good and equally cheap.

This mention of coal brings us to the point of saying a few words about the vast bituminous coal deposits of Indiana. There is no great story to tell about them, yet they are in many regards most wonderful. What

is known as the "block" coal of Indiana is by far the finest bituminous coal in the world. It is almost as clean as anthracite, burns nearly as purely as cannel coal, has no sulphur in it, and after burning falls to light, clean ashes like the ashes of wood. All the coals in the State lie in seams of varying thickness between massive strata of rocks where they appear to have been subjected to immense pressure for ages. And here it is that some of the most curious and interesting relics of ancient days have been found.

Beautiful fernlike plants have left their perfect impressions in the shales lying next to the coal seams, and the casts of roots, tree stems, leaves, fruits, spores, and the like are plentifully packed away in clayey partings and in the siliceous earth between the coal and the rocks. Above these and below, the limestones and sandstones are loaded with the shells of marine animals.

But we must not run away into geology and paleontology. We are concerned with the gas fields and coal fields at present only so far as they testify to the progress of our State and help to give a competent impression of her history. The building of railroads and manufactories hastened the development of our mines. A very large part of the southeastern quarter of Indiana proved to be underlain with many seams of coal, one above another, and separated by rock strata of varying thickness and nature. When mining operations were begun on a liberal scale, the result was that a large increase of population and wealth soon stimulated public improvements. For a number of years, no State

in the Union surpassed Indiana in the rapidity with which internal resources were developed. From 1866 to 1885, railroads were built through the State in every direction. This opened the markets of the world to our coal, timber, grain, cattle, building stone, kaolin, and, indeed, everything that we had to offer for sale. The price of products advanced and land rose rapidly in value.

In 1873, when the Vandalia Railroad, then the Logansport, Crawfordsville, and Southwestern, was beginning to take hold of the magnificent coal treasures of Parke County, a party, consisting of a railroad president, a chief engineer, a State Geologist, and a number of Eastern capitalists, visited the Sand Creek mine in that county for the purpose of examining the output. While on the ground the attention of all was attracted by a slab of stone in which were imbedded thousands of curious and interesting fossil shells. Meantime a Quaker farmer of demure countenance and quiet bearing had joined the company. The State Geologist was learnedly explaining how the shells had found their way into the solid substance of the rock, and all the rest were respectfully listening.

"This limestone," said he, tapping it with his hammer, "came from the roof of the coal mine yonder. It is the bed of a sea that deposited it a hundred thousand years ago. These fossils were shellfish living in that sea. They died and were buried in the lime sediment constantly forming on the bottom of the sea. That sediment became limestone, and now we find it with all its shellfish still in it."

The good and pious Quaker had held his peace as long as possible.

"Friend," said he to the geologist, "thee says what thee can't prove, and thee ought to be ashamed to dispute the Holy Book."

"But I can prove it," insisted the geologist, glad of a polemical opportunity.

"Here is the rock. It came from deep in the bowels of the earth. These are seashells. Where did they come from, if they didn't come from a sea?"

"Friend," quietly spoke the Quaker, "let me ask thee a question."

"Certainly."

"Is not God all-powerful?"

"Yes."

"Did not He make all things?"

"Yes."

"He made fishes, clams, periwinkle shells and all?"

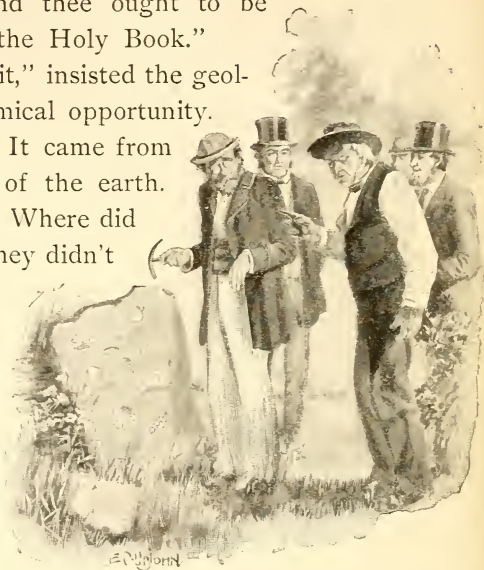
"To be sure."

"The earth and all that is in it?"

"Yes."

"Then, friend, it was just as easy for God to make rocks down in the ground with shells already in them, as it was for Him to make a sea with shells in it. Thee's not as smart as thee thinks thee is, friend."

The laugh was upon the geologist during the rest of



the day, and whenever he offered a learned remark some one was sure to say, "Thee's not as smart as thee thinks thee is!" And probably he was not.

The coal lands of Indiana cover an area of nearly seven thousand square miles in the southwestern part of the State. In all there are fourteen distinct seams of coal; each seam, as a rule, is overlain with a bituminous shale and underlain by a bed of fire clay. In this fire clay are found roots, coarse stems of very large plants, and various other vegetable remains, while in the shales above the coal, leaves and ferns and grass-like impressions are abundant. This would seem to indicate unquestionably the vegetable origin of coal. But immediately above the plant-bearing shales lie rocks crowded full of marine shells, which shows that after the growth of the coal plants there came a time when the sea covered the whole area and deposited thereon its burden of lime, sand, and dead animal forms. Then, after a long time, the water receded and the coal plants grew again to be covered as before. This was repeated at least fourteen times before the coal age ended.

We can now look back and understand in some degree how the vegetable matter from which petroleum and natural gas were formed found its way into the rocks far below the coal measures. But do we realize what strides the civilization of Indiana has made since the days when people depended for heat upon log fires built on clay hearths in "stick-and-dirt" fireplaces? When the pioneers were toiling and suffering in our wilderness country, deep under their feet lay the coal

and the gas which were to drive the car of progress at dizzy speed a hundred years later. What would Colonel George Rogers Clark and General William Henry Harrison have said, had some person told them what Indiana would look like now? Wouldn't you like to know just how Simon Kenton would have received the statement that seventy years after his time people would read by lightning, travel by lightning, talk by lightning, and warm their houses and toes with an invisible fuel drawn up from wells a thousand feet deep?

Even when Christopher Harrison was laying out the site of Indianapolis, romantic dreamer as he was, he would have been scarcely able to entertain a vision of our magnificent stone Capitol and the splendid and populous metropolis in which it stands; the asphalt streets, the electric cars, the electric lights, the telephones, the underground pipe lines for natural gas, the rush of business and pleasure, the best schools in the world, and the best bicycle path! You see that history is but a chain of facts drawn out by the unceasing activities of man. Nature was finished long ago by a divine hand; but man has yet a great deal to do before he shall have found out all that Nature is made of. It seems that the earth is but a mighty storehouse of materials and energies for the fulfillment of the conditions upon which is based the mysterious fabric of human destiny in this life. The progress of civilization is along two parallel roads, the material road and the moral road. Every material advance has its equivalent moral movement. The pioneers were great and good; but we are greater and better.

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